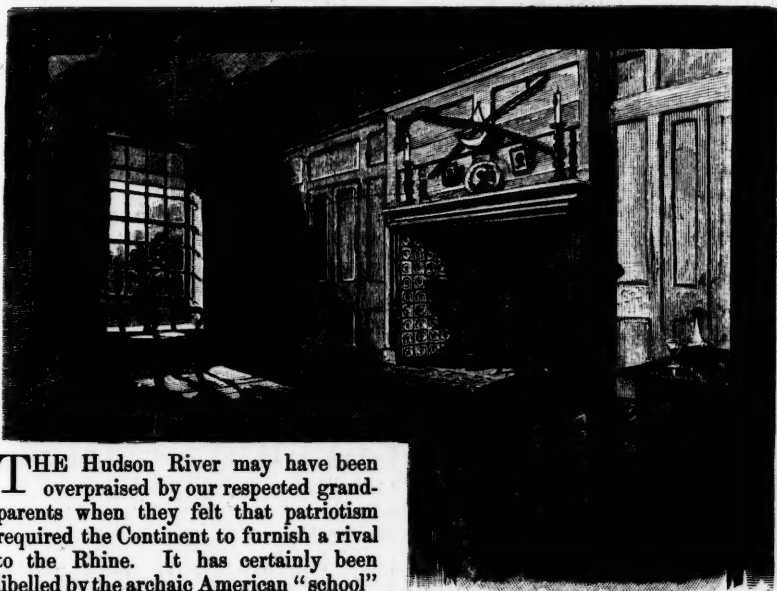


# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1884.

## SOME SUBURBS OF NEW YORK.

### II.—WESTCHESTER AND LONG ISLAND.



DUTCH INTERIOR.

THE Hudson River may have been overpraised by our respected grandparents when they felt that patriotism required the Continent to furnish a rival to the Rhine. It has certainly been libelled by the archaic American "school" of landscape-painters which has been named after it, whose members long represented it as a stream flowing with milk and water and bordered by feebly-tinted landscapes of a profoundly uninteresting character. The result of disparaging delineation and of the revolt against exaggerated description is that the

river is little esteemed as a picturesque object, except by old-fashioned tourists of the same kind as those who still occasionally demand to be driven from the wharf to the Astor House as the fashionable centre of contemporaneous New

York. The native commonly ascends its banks, when he must, in a sleeping-car, and a country residence upon them is no longer one of the visions which rise before the American Whittington when he betakes himself to the metropolis to seek his fortune. A cottage at Newport has displaced the Hudson-River villa as the goal of the mercantile ambition. As a matter of fact, in spite of the interested statements of the real-estate agents, country-seats along the Hudson are not easily salable or rentable. We are more gregarious than our grandparents, and in our summer relaxations, though we be baked out of "towered cities," "the busy hum of men" and the idler buzzing of the softer sex lure us to seek communion by the camps on the sea-shore rather than in the seclusion of country-seats. Many an inheritor of a country-place on the Hudson lives in it because no man hath hired it and he cannot afford to shut it up and buy or live at Newport. The result is that the most recent buyers of what were formerly the show-places on the river have generally made very good bargains.

Nevertheless, the Hudson remains a noble stream. If fashion has tended elsewhere, its banks have escaped a deal of vulgarization. It is, too, the most historic of our rivers, and, thanks to the gentle and pensive fancy of Irving, the most storied also with legends. No pilgrim to the immediately suburban banks of the Hudson, if he be worthy to go his pilgrimage, will neglect the quaint and characteristic place which so well represents the good man whose latter life was passed within its gates. Thackeray, I remember, recalls pictures and descriptions of Sunnyside which were treated "with a not unusual American exaggeration;" and here lately hung in the shop-windows, as an advertisement to a "Sunnyside" sewing-machine, or, for all I know, a Sunnyside corset, a picture in which the home of Irving appeared as a tremendous castellated edifice glaring with yellow and ejecting smoke from a dozen chimneys. "A pretty little cabin of a place," is

Thackeray's own description. It was, all readers of Irving will remember, "Wolfert's Roost," and the very mansion of Baltus Van Tassel, in which Ichabod Crane excited the jealous wrath of Brom Bones. "It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the early Dutch settlers, the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather." This appears to have been the north wing of the existing Sunnyside. In that case Irving added to it a transverse building, with a crow-stepped gable at each end; and a porch with its own crow-stepped gable juts out on the south side. Behind the house—that is, on the side back from the river—is a square steep-roofed addition. Over the south gable is the galloping horse in metal which once surmounted the great Vander Heyden Palace in Albany, and above the eastern gable is the weathercock which formerly veered above the Dutch Stadt-Huys of New Amsterdam. A tablet inserted in a little arch above the porch sets forth that the house was "erected Anno 1650,"—which must be more or less conjectural,—and "rebuilt by Washington Irving Anno 1835," under the supervision of "George Harvey, architect." One is inclined to felicitate the memory of George Harvey upon the success of his restoration, though it is altogether probable his client had more than he to do with the success. The walls are of rough stone, whitewashed, the heavy quoins of the windows and the crow-steps of a reddish-brown stone. It is gratifying to note the exquisite neatness with which the place is kept up, and to be informed that it is still in the possession of the family of its rebuilder, whose occupancy makes it an object of interest among those who, like Carlyle, "never saw Washington at all, but still cherish a mild esteem for the good man." It gives rise to reflections of considerable extent and variety to compare the little domain with the "castellated Gothic mansion" in white limestone which is the next place but one on the

north of it, and which is now the property of Mr. Jay Gould.

Sleepy Hollow itself is a mile or two north of Sunnyside, beyond Tarrytown, and there is little in its present aspect to recall the legend. The place may in-

deed be seen where the bridge stood at which Ichabod met his final disaster, but the "resounding planks" over which his old horse clattered, and the whole structure of which they formed a part, have long since disappeared. The most



MANOR-HALL, YONKERS, NEW YORK.

interesting historical association of Tarrytown itself is with the capture of André. It was on the river-road, which here runs roughly parallel with the Hudson River Railroad and not far above it, and it was about half a mile from the village of Tarrytown, that the three patriots suspected, from the fineness of his clothes, and perhaps from the gallantry of his air, that the wayfarer who carried Arnold's pass for "Mr. John Anderson" was not what he seemed. The trial and the execution were transferred to the Jersey shore. Tappan, behind the Palisades, was the last scene of all that ended this strange, eventful history,—a history that still somehow makes a more direct appeal to human sympathy than almost any other incident of the Revolution. It was the capture alone in which Tarrytown was concerned, and it is the capture alone of which Tarrytown contains a visible memorial, in the monument erected to Isaac

Van Wart in the graveyard of the Presbyterian church. It was "inaugurated," with the uncouth ceremonies of the period, in 1829, the year following Van Wart's death, and it bears a comically-ambitious inscription. Here is the legend of one of its four faces:

Vincit Amor Patriæ.

Nearly half a century  
before this monument was built,  
the conscript fathers of America  
had in the senate chamber voted that

ISAAC VAN WART

was a faithful patriot, one in whom  
the love of country was invincible,  
and this tomb bears testimony  
that the record is true.

School-boys have been taught to revere the noble conduct of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams; but in order to represent them as heroes it is necessary, with Dick Swiveller's marchioness, to "make believe a good deal." There is no doubt at all that the three patriots, in conjunction with four other patriots half a mile away, were in ambush for the purpose of contributing to the cause of the struggling colonies by intercept-

ing cattle destined for the king's troops and converting the same to their own private use and behoof. They were diverted from this purpose by the appearance of the Briton, gorgeous in "a light blue swan's-down cloak" and a "tight body-coat that was a kind of claret-color." No doubt they did refuse bribes to let André go, when they discovered his business, but, except for the paper in his stocking, it is probable that André would have escaped, leaving his blue swan's-down cloak, his "beautiful bay, bitted with a handsome double-snaffle bridle," and his watch, in the possession of the patriot band.

Altogether, if it be not looked at through the rose-colored glasses of patriotic memory, the incident is very characteristic of the condition of the "neutral ground" between Washington's outposts up the river and Clinton's in the city, which prevailed until the evacuation of New York. Whoever within this region took the oath of allegiance to the king was exposed to visitations from the rebels, and whoever cast in his lot with the colonies invited the wrath of the regulars. Colonel De Lancey's "Cow-boys" were perhaps as regardful of the difference between public and private warfare as could be expected of guerillas whose business, as their name denotes, was foraging; but they attracted a trail of irresponsible rascality which was fully offset by the rascality of the patriotic "Skinners." Between the two, whoever in Westchester had anything to lose was in a bad way. The hostile partisans, indeed, were only superficially hostile, and it was common for the Skinners to sell the Cow-boys, in return for contraband from the city, cattle plundered from loyalists, whom the Tories could not openly molest. The result was that the Tories, who were, as a rule, the swells of Westchester,—as was natural, seeing that their swelldom came from patroonates and manorial grants,—took refuge within the British lines, abandoning to the guerillas whatever they could not move.

The Hudson-River front of lower Westchester County is one of the

noblest reaches of the great river. The eastern shore is comparatively of a gentle slope, and ends in a rounded and well-cushioned ridge. On the other side, from opposite Kingsbridge to opposite Dobbs Ferry, just below Sunnyside, the serrated ridge of the happily-named Palisades shows a gaunt and sheer face of rock, at a height of four hundred feet from the water, while the detritus of this scarped cliff, piled steeply up three-fourths of its height, sustains a dense and dark growth of woods, that conceal the ugly sharp boulders of which the wall is composed. Just opposite Sunnyside the Palisades fall away into gentler hills, and the river widens into the Tappan-Zee, which with Haverstraw Bay, from which it is parted only by the protrusion of Croton Point on the eastern shore, forms a great lake of twenty-odd miles by two, extending northward till it is closed by the gorge of the Highlands at West Point. It is a noble expanse, with its background of hills still high enough to be impressive, but now picturesquely varied in contour. In the summer, when its surface is spotted not only with the white sails of sloops and the great card-board castles of up-river steamboats, but with the canvas of sea-going ships and the black hulls of the steam-yachts appertaining to the estates of the riparian millionaires, it is worth going a long way to see, and worth a more skilful brush than has yet been employed in reproducing the impression it makes. On the Westchester side it is "bordered by the pomp of cultivated nature," and by the pomp of an art which at a distance cannot be discerned to be uncultivated. Indeed, when it is seen close at hand, one must recognize that the last few years have wrought a great improvement in this respect. The Hudson-River mansion of a generation ago was apt to be either a pretentious platitude or a pretentious freak. The newer houses, whatever their defects may be, are very seldom pretentious, and look like comfortable and livable country houses.

Except the James, the Hudson was the scene of an earlier settlement than



any other American river; and this fact has been fortunate in giving it character. A mouldering and moss-grown vulgarity ceases to be vulgar, and the newest builders along the Hudson have taken hints from the oldest, in whose work there is a homely straightforwardness which is quite inconsistent with vulgarity. All this shore was part of the great manor of Van Cortlandt, acquired in 1683, through treaty with the natives, by Stephen Van Courtlandt,

and confirmed by the patent of William III. in 1697. What is now Yonkers, however,—the land bounded by the Hudson, the Croton, the Neperhan, and the Bronx,—was acquired in various ways and from various persons, Indian and European, by Frederick Philipse, before the year 1694, in which year a patent for the "lordship or manor of Philipsburg" was issued to him. He had for many years been the leading merchant of New York, and had aston-



INTERIOR, MANOR-HALL, YONKERS.

ished its population in 1674 by actually paying tax upon eighty thousand florins, the florins of the assessment being about forty cents each. He continued to increase his store by fortunate enterprises and judicious marriage with a rich widow, and he built the manor-house, which, even in its first estate, was the wonder of the neighborhood. A pleasant place Philipse Manor must have been when its lawn sloped to the river's edge over ground not given over to trade, with the Palisades in full view across the gleaming mile of river,

and the hills rising behind. If fortunes were not as rapid or as large in those days as in these, they were considerably more secure; and the Philipse money increased and multiplied with successive generations, so that the house which had been built in the Dutch taste at the end of the seventeenth century underwent a noteworthy enlargement and embellishment in 1745, under the direction of Frederick Philipse the second, grandson of the first, and the second lord of the manor, and was converted into what is still a larger building perhaps than any

private dwelling in Yonkers, even than Governor Tilden's mansion of gray stone, which overlooks the river from an eminence a mile and more north of the heart of Yonkers. The contrast between the two periods of building in the finish of the interior is striking and interesting. The Dutch work of the seventeenth century is honest but rude, inasmuch that it seems as if the artisans could have had no finer tools than a shipwright's adze; and, indeed, the woodwork of the Dutch interior forcibly suggests a shipwright turned joiner. The decoration is confined to big clumsy mouldings in wood and the border of Dutch blue tiles around the fireplace. The later work is far more elaborate and far more precise, and abounds in mouldings and ornaments at once profuse and delicate, in the best manner of the Georgian era. It is of this room that the illustration is given, and its ceiling is a remarkable piece of elaborate modelling in plaster.

The rebuild- the manor-house was, as has been the second lord of the manor. son Frederick was the third and last. Like most rich men in time of trouble, he meant to stand well with both sides; but the early royalist victories of the Revolution decided him to cast in his lot with the king, in consequence of which he was compelled to retire to New York, and all Philipsburg was confiscated by the State of New York, including the dowries of the second lord's daughters, the sisters of the third lord. One of these was Mary Philipse, with whom Washington fell in love on his visit to New York in 1756. This, however, is not a tradition of the manor-hall; for it was at the New-York house of her brother-in-law, Colonel Beverley Robinson, of Virginia, that Mary Philipse and the colonel were guests when the tender passages occurred. There is a doubt whether the colonel actually came to the point, or whether he was frightened from the field by the young lady's evident preference for Colonel Roger Morris, who had been with Washington as aide-de-camp on Braddock's staff, and who, at

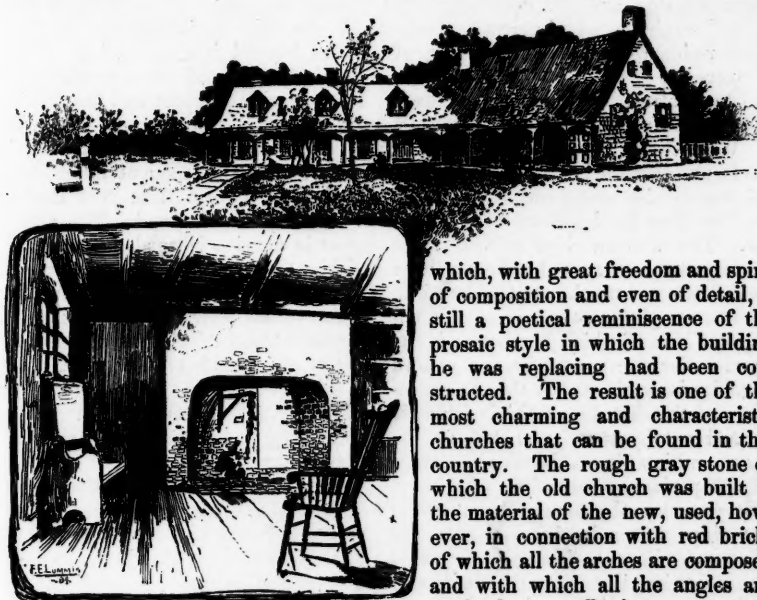
any rate, took the prize, leaving the Virginian to console himself with the widow Custis and the Arlington estate in default of Mary Philipse and Philipsburg. Morris took the king's side, and when the Continentals occupied Harlem Heights, in 1776, abandoned the big house he had built there, better known in recent times as the residence of Madame Jumel, Aaron Burr's widow, and it became Washington's head-quarters. Washington was also a guest at the manor-house before Westchester became too hot to hold its owner. In order to leave no pretext for contesting the validity of the confiscation, the females of the Philipse family were included in the act of attainder; and so it happened that Washington's old sweetheart was one of the three women, the other two being her sisters, who were outlawed during the Revolution. She followed her husband to England, and died at York in 1825, at the age of ninety-six, after a widowhood of thirty years. Her brother, the last lord of the manor, had died in exile at Chester, forty years before. The attorney-general of England having given an opinion that the rights of her children in the estate were not cut off by the attainder, in 1809 John Jacob Astor bought their claim for twenty thousand pounds, and in 1828 sold it to the State of New York for five hundred thousand dollars.

It is worth adding to this story that Mary Philipse has another claim upon our remembrance, as the heroine (Frances) of Cooper's "Spy."

Local pride and an intelligent interest in local history are so rare in the neighborhood of New York that it is peculiarly a matter of congratulation that the Yonkers people of our day should in 1867 have had the happy thought of acquiring the old manor-house, which is their chief historical monument, for a city hall. In no other way could its preservation have been so well assured, and in no other way could they have obtained a more accessible or a more commodious building for the transaction of their municipal business. It is to be hoped they may complete their pious

work by taking into counsel an architect who is also an archaeologist, for the purpose of wiping out some vulgarities which the minor rooms of the building have acquired during their modern occupancy, and restoring these apartments to the condition, as nearly as may be, in which they were left by their original builder.

This is something like what has been done, on a larger scale, and with a freer hand than would be commendable in the treatment of the manor-house, in the case of the only other historical monument which Yonkers has to show. St. John's Church is also a relic of Philipsburg, the second lord of the manor, who died in 1751, having left four hundred



OLD FARM-HOUSE AND INTERIOR, FLATBUSH, NEW YORK.

pounds to build it, and his widow having added two hundred pounds on her own account. This edifice was burned down in 1791, and replaced by a church that lasted until about 1870. By that time the congregation had outgrown the church, and the edifice was in an unsound condition mechanically, so that Mr. Edward T. Potter was employed to design a new church. All of the old that could be retained was a piece of the side wall, with the old door-way, now boarded up. It is to be remembered that this was before "Queen Anne" had been heard of, and all new churches were done in English Gothic. Mr. Potter, however, designed a church

which, with great freedom and spirit of composition and even of detail, is still a poetical reminiscence of the prosaic style in which the building he was replacing had been constructed. The result is one of the most charming and characteristic churches that can be found in this country. The rough gray stone of which the old church was built is the material of the new, used, however, in connection with red brick, of which all the arches are composed and with which all the angles are quoined,—an effective contrast of color, made more effective by the general composition of the building, the irregularities of which conform to the site. It would be hard to find any later work more spirited than the general design, or more successful than the west front, with the great arch of its door-way in wedges of red brick, the five single openings above, the deeply-recessed half-arches over the aisle-walls, and the Dutch "weathering" of brick-work.

Modern Yonkers is so thriving and populous a suburb that it is not wonderful it should have no more than these two memorials, even of an historic past so long and so eventful. But modern Yonkers has not altogether lacked the sacred poet. I don't know whether the

"Sparrowgrass Papers" find any new readers, but the old readers, who read them when they were new, are not likely to forget them, nor that Yonkers was the scene. The humor of Cozzens is more modern than Irving's, but it is not less gentle nor less remote from vulgarity; and the adventures of Mr. Sparrowgrass's horse and Mr. Sparrowgrass's dog and Mr. Sparrowgrass's "fyke" ought to add interest to a suburban residence in "the ancient Dorp of Yonkers."

The contrast between the Hudson and the Sound shores of the peninsula of Westchester is very marked. The Hudson washes the base of a rocky ridge, the same which crops out below Spuyten Duyvil as the backbone of Manhattan. The western slope of this ridge is everywhere sharp. At the northern end of the county the crest widens into an uneven plateau, the base of the triangle of hills of which Manhattan is the apex. For the most part the eastern declivity is much gentler than the western, and the east side of this triangle is formed not by the Sound, but by the Bronx, which bisects the larger triangle of the peninsula and defines with tolerable accuracy the eastern boundary of the ridge of gneiss that confines the Hudson. Poor Rodman Drake would not recognize his "own romantic Bronx" if he could revisit it. For the greater part of its course it is but a muddy ditch, bordered with ugly factories and staring pasteboard boxes of dwelling-houses, and with little left about it romantic except the name. Some of the romance of the name disappears, as often happens, when its origin is explained. The first owner of the bottom-land was one Jacob Bronck, and the Bronx is historically simply Bronck's River. To the eastward of the lazy stream and stretching to the Sound the land is a flat deposit of sediment, intersected with countless estuaries, and, where it has not been brought under culture, an expanse of salt-marsh between the estuaries. The very contour of the coast on a map, with its projecting "necks" of peninsula and its embayed coves, indi-

cates its origin. The land has a richer and more promising look than the great sand-spit of Long Island, which is interposed as a breakwater between it and the open sea, and the country is of a more boggy and dropsical character. All the beaches have the gruesome aspect at low tide that is so characteristic of the whole north shore of the Sound. Except the great sheet of water itself and the blue horizontal line of Long Island beyond it, there is little to give picturesque attractiveness to the shore. Yet this wide prospect, and the facilities for yachting, fishing, and still-water bathing, have sufficed to sprinkle with modern villas at frequent intervals the whole line of coast from New Rochelle to Stamford and beyond. The amount spent in massive villas along the Sound within the past ten years is probably much greater than the amount put into country-seats along the Hudson, albeit the advantage of picturesqueness is so clearly on the side of the latter. Even now the successful stock-operator and the fortunate adventurer in oil are erecting gorgeous mansions upon those oozy banks.

It was down this shore that the resistless tide of Yankee invasion made its way, and it was with respect to the title to the Sound shore that Stuyvesant first got himself into trouble with the cunning men of Pyquag. These latter "claimed" as far east as the left bank of the Hudson, in pursuance of a Yankee trait of not losing anything for lack of asking. The correspondence of the magnates of New Haven with the Dutch governor illustrates another Yankee trait which may seem to be more or less persistent. They began operations by accusing Stuyvesant of having incited the Indians to animosity against them, the only evidence they adduced on this head being their own observation that the Indians were in point of fact unfriendly. It never entered their minds that an Indian might possibly fail to admire a Puritan, even if the Indian had not been tampered with. The seventeenth-century Puritan was very clearly of the opinion that the meek should in-

herit the earth, and that he was the meek. He did continue to make his way along the Sound shore and to populate the same far beyond the line which was finally drawn as the boundary between New York and Connecticut. Not only Rye and Greenwich on the shore, but White Plains and Bedford inland, and Westchester and Eastchester, al-

though incorporated before the end of the seventeenth century, were all English settlements, and their charters contain scarcely a Dutch name; while along the Hudson, on the other side of the ridge, society was almost purely Dutch down to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Toward the end of the seventeenth



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, FLATBUSH.

century another very notable settlement was made upon this shore. It was not until 1685 that the Grand Monarch thought the time ripe for revoking the edict of Nantes; but the pressure upon French Protestants to emigration had been applied with steadily-increasing severity for twenty years before. The estimates of the number of exiles for conscience' sake vary from half a million

to a whole million. England and Holland competed with each other for the possession of a people so skilful, industrious, and thrifty, and the Huguenot emigration to America came by way of both countries. In many cases the exiles had tarried for a generation, and came to America as naturalized Englishmen or Dutchmen. The first American Bayard, for example, was a grandson of



the Protestant preacher exiled from France to Holland. Many came singly, as the first American Jay, whose parents had taken refuge in England, and who landed in Charleston, a refugee direct from France, and the first American De Lancey, who came to New York from Holland as a merchant. These, the Jays of Rye and Bedford (there are still Jays of Bedford), the De Lanceys of Westchester and Mamaroneck, were afterward of the "county families" of Westchester. But the Huguenot settlement of New Rochelle was formed by a colony of immigrants who had been settled in England since 1681, and who took ship together for these shores in 1689, recruited by subsequent arrivals of their compatriots and co-religionists up to 1695. It was in 1689 that John Pell, of Pelham Manor, in his sale of the site of New Rochelle to Jacob Leisler, freely gave on his own account, "for the French church erected or to be erected by the inhabitants of the said tract of land," a hundred acres more. French Calvinism, however, softened under the genial influence of toleration, and it was only twenty years afterward (1709) that the inhabitants of New Rochelle applied for a site on which to erect a church in which service should be performed according to the Anglican liturgy, and received a subsidy from the "Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." In 1714, Queen Anne granted a charter to Trinity Church, New Rochelle, to which she had in 1706 sent out a chalice and paten for the communion-service. The pretty Gothic church which the traveller on the New Haven Railroad sees from the cars is the lineal successor of the first French church, built in 1710.

Another historical association of New Rochelle is with Thomas Paine, the mention of whose name excites the pious historian of Westchester to strong animadversion. Thomas did not compose any of his blasphemies at New Rochelle, but he lived on a farm in the township in circumstances of extreme squalor, and was buried on the farm until Cobbett exhumed his remains and sent them

to England. A marble monument, however, commemorates the place of his first sepulture.

Fifty years ago, when travel was transacted by stages and sloops, New Rochelle was practically almost as distant from New York as Newport now is, and its waterside hotel fulfilled the function of a fashionable watering-place to the simple society of that day. "Cottaging" had not then been invented, and people who had not inherited "seats" or acquired "places" up the river or in the hills were divided between New Rochelle and Rockaway. The newer resorts now brought near have nothing prettier to offer than the group of islands off the New Rochelle shore, the prettiest of which has been acquired by a practical philanthropist and is employed for the greatest good of the greatest number as the goal of almost hourly cheap excursions from New York during the summer.

Mamaroneck is as yet free from the excursionist, and it is quite as much out of the track of traffic as New Rochelle. Its business-quarter is a sleepy and somewhat slatternly village, where a stranger paralyzed the energies of the tradesman by demanding to be furnished with his wares. The stranger, who is now recording his observations, is still in doubt whether the liveryman from whom he finally extorted a vehicle has yet recovered from the shock. One drives toward the shore with some painful apprehensions of what he is to find, seeing that the inhabitants have rechristened "De Lancey's Neck" into "Orienta Point," thus passing the sponge of vulgarity over a characteristic name which is also a piece of local history. "Orienta Point" is one of the names which call up before the eye of the experienced mind a vision of pasteboard boxes packed as close as they will go, and inhabited by—well, by people who are capable of improving the name of their abode into "Orienta Point." But in point of fact Orienta Point is not that kind of a place at all. There is nowhere—not even at Newport—a group of half a dozen "places" more elegant,

or more admirably kept, or of more picturesque, appropriate, and tasteful houses. The estates, indeed, are more like family-seats than mere watering-place resorts, and the houses are by no means the mere wooden tents that are so common at the sea-side, but solid and durable mansions, fit to live in all the year round, while the old timber and the lawns are attractions that cannot be had ready-made at any price, and that even time will not furnish on the shore of the open sea in these latitudes. There are many pieces of skilful and happy design,—more, as is perhaps to be expected,

in the adjuncts of the houses than in the composition of the houses themselves. Very eminent among these are the lodge and gate that form the entrance to the superb place at the extremity of the Neck, as we may continue to call it in spite of the Orientalists. This is a simple but extremely effective and clever construction in rough gray stone and wood, painted a dull red. I should like to celebrate the architect if I knew his name. The boy who drove me told me what it was; but I distrust that boy, although, far from being depressed by the consciousness of having no coat or hat



FLATBUSH ACADEMY.

and only one "gallus," he was familiar enough with the owners of the mansions to allude freely to each of them by a diminutive of his Christian name, since I caught him in several inaccuracies. He could tell me nothing of the one historical "place" of Mamaroneck,—Heathcote Hill.

Hon. Caleb Heathcote (the colonial "Hon." denoted a member of the Governor's council) was the great man of these parts in Queen Anne's time, being lord of the manor of Scarsdale,—named from his native Scarsdale in Derbyshire,—a tract eighteen miles long, which he bought from the Indians and had con-

firmed by patent from King William. He was a very zealous Churchman, and it is to his assiduity in application to the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts that this region owes the ancient Episcopal parishes, with Queen Anne communion-services, which still survive, and, in spite of the Puritan invasion from eastward, have maintained a continuous existence for near two centuries. Christ Church, Rye, dates from 1706, and St. Peter's, Westchester, from 1702. Heathcote had a lofty scorn of "dissenters," and his zeal for the propagation of the gospel did not include the Presbyterian

mode. The documents which have come down to us indicate that he induced the Puritans of Westchester to put up a church while they fondly imagined they were building a meeting-house, and that they provided a place for an idolater in a surplice without in the least meaning to do so. St. Peter's, Westchester, is, like Sam Weller, the "consekens of the manöver." The present church, a recent building with a very beautiful interior, is the chief ornament of the oldest village in Westchester County,—a village the corporate existence of which dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century, at which time, though within five or six miles of Manhattan Island, it formed the first bone of contention between Stuyvesant and the magistrates of New Haven.

However, we are wandering from Heathcote Hill. The lord of the manor was not the founder of a Westchester family, for his two sons died without issue. One of his daughters married Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey, and another a Johnston of Perth Amboy, and Heathcote Hill became the seat of the De Lanceys. It is a curious illustration of the persistence of the Heathcote Churchmanship that the lord of the manor of Scarsdale and propagator of a High-Church gospel in foreign parts should have become the progenitor of two bishops,—in the fourth generation of William Heathcote De Lancey, Bishop of Western New York, and in the fifth generation, through the Johnston alliance, of Charles Petit McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio.

Heathcote Hill is interesting only as the seat of the manor-house, which was burned down during the Revolution,—presumably as a Whig criticism of the political conduct of its loyalist owner. The house that has replaced it is a plain parallelogram, apparently dating from about the beginning of this century.

These rambling notes upon Westchester have left me little space in which to do Long Island. But this is the less to be deplored since it cannot be said that nature has done much to render Long Island interesting, and the latest

and most elaborate efforts of art to enliven its monotony have been exerted at the sea-side resorts, which do not come within my commission. The western end of the island is indeed diversified in surface, and as you are borne eastward over the Long Island Railroad the country undulates more or less until you are past Jamaica, when it flattens out into a mere plain,—a Sahara tempered with scrubby pines. The bolder promontories are at the northern angle, and Glen Cove and Roslyn are really picturesque. At the southern end the hills behind Brooklyn suddenly decline eastward, and on this eastern slope the well-named Prospect Park gives a wide, unbroken view over the plains of land and water. At the foot of the slope is Flatbush, named with equal felicity, and beyond it Flatlands.

Flatbush is not much farther from the City Hall of New York to the east than is Bergen to the west, and it has not been protected from change by eminence. Nevertheless, the principal avenue of the village, through which the horse-cars run, has a quaint and ancient aspect, and you have only to drive half a mile away on either side to forget that you are in a world where horse-cars exist. There are long and leafy lanes which look very much as they must have looked when the British riflemen marched through them a hundred and eight years ago this August, past farm-houses which even then were old, and of which many are still standing. Very sensible houses they are, made weather-tight with stout shingles which show the adze-marks of the laborious and primitive method by which they were got out. The simplest possible veranda is that which many of them exhibit. The beams of the second floor are simply projected over the walls for some three or four feet on either side of the house. As a device for umbrageousness, this arrangement would be of little value except under an equatorial sun; but it is a complete shelter from rain and eavesdropping, and it supplies the old houses with their one characteristic and picturesque feature. There are no houses in Flatbush which ante-

date the eighteenth century; but that matters little to the architecture. It took the Dutch emigrant some years to reach the conviction that a house could be built of wood at all, and when he had reached it he clung to the first type of wooden house that he evolved, so that houses fifty years apart in age cannot be architecturally distinguished from each

other. The "best room" of the house, as is apt to be the case in farm-houses, old or new, is a somewhat dismal apartment; but the spacious and homely kitchen, which was the living-room of the builder's family, has a character of its own, and a very attractive character.

It seems strange that these relics of colonial times should be lying in



OLD FARM-HOUSE, FLATBUSH.

the path of yearly-broadening Brooklyn and should border one of the highways from New York to Coney Island. It all comes of the Batavian inertia. The houses are still inhabited by the descendants of their builders, who follow as nearly as practicable the ancient ways. Instead of farmers, they are now market-gardeners. All the summer evening long, from sunset till midnight, and later, you may meet on the streets of lower New York the great wagons of the Long-Island farmers from Flatbush, Flatlands, Gravesend, and New Utrecht, trundling their slow way from the ferries to Washington Market, and a surprising proportion of them bear Dutch names. Arrived there, and their place secured in the line, the drivers sleep for a few hours, in their wagons or in the neighboring taverns, until their wares are disposed of, and then make their way home, still in the gray of the morning. This laborious and unexciting life is admirably adapted to the keeping up of ancient customs. Dutch, indeed, has

departed, though it died hard. The latest Dutch inscription in the churchyard bears the date of 1817. It is worth noting that one of the two or three Dutch words that have become current in American speech—the word "boss"—is still in common use in the markets of New York, not as a piece of slang at all, but as a respectful appellation.

Long Island, like New Jersey, has its proprietary colony; but Garden City was founded under less happy auspices than Short Hills. When the late A. T. Stewart "went out of his business," his excursions were apt to be as unsuccessful as his exertions in his own line were uniformly successful. Garden City was one of the boldest of these excursions, and one is not surprised to hear that as an investment it has not been profitable. The site has nothing to recommend it except salubrity, nor indeed anything to explain its selection. The village simply occurs on the great Long-Island plain in the same fortuitous way in which villages crop out on the Western prairies,

with nothing to indicate why it should be here rather than elsewhere. And Mr. Stewart was by no means so fortunate in his architect as the projector of Short Hills. There is a hotel with a little park in front of it, and from this centre streets diverge at right angles, bordered with houses to the number of not less than fifty, I should guess, nor more than a hundred. The hotel is admirably kept, and the whole policing of the town thoroughly done, all under the direction of the estate. For a Flatbush farmer, or any person who required nothing but quiet in his surroundings, it would be a desirable place of residence. But to a less phlegmatic person the monotony, topographical and architectural, must be intolerable. Neither the hotel nor any of the houses has the slightest interest as a visual object. Bacon indeed reminds us, with his usual soundness, that houses are built to live in, and not to look on; but man must have something to look at, and in Garden City there is nothing, natural or artificial, except, indeed, the cathedral and the schools.

The cathedral is an extremely ambitious and elaborate piece of English Gothic, of brownstone without, and plaster, with iron columns, within. It is by no means a cathedral in scale, having been begun, indeed, merely as a memorial chapel and tomb for Mr. Stewart. In the costliness and profusion of its detail, however, it is very noteworthy.

It seems the more a pity that it should not have been honestly vaulted in stone, instead of ceiled with a wagon-vault of plaster covered with a web of meaningless ribs. In outline the church is very good, and makes an impressive silhouette from every point of view, being a full cathedral in arrangement, with aisled transepts, an apsidal chancel, and a row of flying buttresses to suggest a real vault within. The interior is wonderfully rich in detail, and the detail is cleverly modelled. But the structural modelling of the building everywhere lacks vigor, and the decorative detail is everywhere too naturalistic to be accepted as architectural decoration. The lack of vigor, and the copiousness of detail which the masses are not powerful enough to carry as an efflorescence of the structure, make an impression of mere prettiness. This impression is strongest in the crypt, where the profuse spending of money is more obvious than anywhere else in the church, and where the most costly and gorgeous materials have been brought together, with the result of making a memorial chapel strongly resemble one of the edifices in confectionery that adorn the tables at public banquets. Though the cathedral be the architectural lion not only of Garden City but of all Long Island, it does not remove one's wonder at the patient suburban people who can endure to live in a place where there is nothing else to look at.

## VIVISECTION.

OMITTING entirely any consideration of the ethics of vivisection, the only points to which in the present article the attention of the reader is invited are those in which scientific inquirers may be supposed to have a common interest.

I. One danger to which scientific

truth seems to be exposed is a peculiar tendency to underestimate the numberless uncertainties and contradictions created by experimentation upon living beings. Judging from the enthusiasm of its advocates, one would think that by this method of interrogating nature all fallacies can be detected, all doubts



determined. But, on the contrary, the result of experimentation, in many directions, is to plunge the observer into the abyss of uncertainty. Take, for example, one of the simplest and yet most important questions possible,—the degree of sensibility in the lower animals. Has an infinite number of experiments enabled physiologists to determine for us the mere question of pain? Suppose an amateur experimenter in London, desirous of performing some severe operations upon frogs, to hesitate because of the extreme painfulness of his methods, what replies would he be likely to obtain from the highest scientific authorities of England as to the sensibility of these creatures? We may fairly judge their probable answers to such inquiries from their evidence already given before a royal commission.\*

Dr. Carpenter would doubtless repeat his opinion that "frogs have extremely little perception of pain;" and in the evidence of that experienced physiologist, George Henry Lewes, he would find the cheerful assurance, "I do not believe that frogs suffer pain at all." Our friend applies, let us suppose, to Dr. Klein, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who despises the sentimentality which regards animal suffering as of the least consequence; and this enthusiastic vivisectioner informs him that, in his English experience, the experiment which caused the greatest pain without anæsthetics was the cauterization of the cornea of a frog. Somewhat confused at finding that a most painful experiment can be performed upon an animal that does not suffer, he relates this to Dr. Swaine, of Guy's Hospital, who does not think that Klein's experiment would cause severe suffering; but of another,—placing a frog in cold water and raising the temperature to about 100°,—"that," says Dr. Taylor, "would be a cruel experiment: I cannot see what purpose it would answer." Before leaving Guy's

Hospital, our inquiring friend meets Dr. Pavy, one of the most celebrated physiologists in England, who tells him that in this experiment, stigmatized by his colleague as "cruel," the frog in reality would suffer very little; that if we ourselves were treated to a bath gradually raised from a medium temperature to the boiling-point, "I think we should not feel any pain;" that were we plunged at once into boiling water, "even then," says the enthusiastic and scientific Dr. Pavy, "I do not think pain would be experienced!" Our friend goes then to Dr. Sibson, of St. Mary's Hospital, who, as a physiologist of many years' standing, sees no objection to freezing, starving, or baking animals alive; but he declares of boiling a frog, "That is a horrible idea, and I certainly am not going to defend it." Perplexed more than ever, he goes to Dr. Lister, of King's College, and is astonished by being told "that the mere holding of a frog in your warm hand is about as painful as any experiment probably that you would perform." Finally, one of the strongest advocates of vivisections, Dr. Anthony, pupil of Sir Charles Bell, would exclaim, if a mere exposition of the lungs of the frog were referred to, "Fond as I am of physiology, I would not do that for the world!"

Now, what has our inquirer learned by his appeal to science? Has he gained any clear and absolute knowledge? Hardly two of the experimenters named agree upon one simple yet most important preliminary of research,—*the sensibility to pain of a single species of animals.*

Let us interrogate scientific opinion a little further on this question of sensibility. Is there any difference in animals as regards susceptibility to pain? Dr. Anthony says that we may take the amount of intelligence in animals as a fair measure of their sensibility,—that the pain one would suffer would be in proportion to its intelligence. Dr. Rutherford, of Edinburgh, never performs an experiment upon a cat or a spaniel if he can help it, because they are so exceedingly sensitive; and Dr. Horatio Wood,

\* The contradictory opinions ascribed to most of the authorities quoted in this article are taken directly from the "Report of the Royal Commission on the Practice of Subjecting Live Animals to Experiments for Scientific Purposes."

of Philadelphia, tells us that the nervous system of a cat is far more sensitive than that of the rabbit. On the other hand, Dr. Lister, of King's College, is not aware of any such difference in sensibility in animals, and Dr. Brunton, of St. Bartholomew's, finds cats such very good animals to operate with that he on one occasion used ninety in making a single experiment.

Sir William Gull thinks "there are but few experiments performed on living creatures where sensation is not removed," yet Dr. Rutherford admits "about half" his experiments to have been made upon animals sensitive to pain. Professor Rolleston, of Oxford University, tells us "that the whole question of anæsthetizing animals has an element of uncertainty;" and Professor Rutherford declares it "impossible to say" whether even artificial respiration is painful or not, "unless the animal can speak." Dr. Brunton, of St. Bartholomew's, says of that most painful experiment, poisoning by strychnine, that it cannot be efficiently shown if the animal be under chloroform. Dr. Pavy, of Guy's, on the contrary, always gives chloroform, and finds it no impediment to successful demonstration. Is opium an anæsthetic? Claude Bernard declares that sensibility exists even though the animal be motionless: "*Il sent la douleur, mais il a, pour ainsi dire, perdu l'idée de la défense.*"\* But Dr. Brunton, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, has no hesitation whatever in contradicting this statement "emphatically, however high an authority it may be."

Curare, a poison invented by South-American Indians for their arrows, is much used in physiological laboratories to paralyze the motor nerves, rendering an animal absolutely incapable of the slightest disturbing movement. Does it at the same time destroy sensation, or is the creature conscious of every pang? Claude Bernard, of Paris, Sharpey, of London, and Flint, of New York† all agree that sensation is *not* abolished; on

the other hand, Rutherford regards curare as a partial anæsthetic, and Huxley strongly intimates that Bernard, in thus deciding from experiments that it does not affect the cerebral hemispheres or consciousness, "jumped at a conclusion for which neither he nor anybody else had any scientific justification." This is extraordinary language for one experimentalist to use regarding others! If it is possible that such men as Claude Bernard and Professor Flint have "jumped at" one utterly unscientific conclusion notwithstanding the most painstaking of vivisections, what security have we that other of our theories in physiology now regarded as absolutely established may not be one day as severely ridiculed by succeeding investigators? Is it, after all, true that the absolute certainty of our most important deductions must remain forever hidden "unless the animal can speak"?

II. Between advocating state supervision of painful vivisection, and proposing with Mr. Bergh the total suppression of all experiments, painful or otherwise, there is manifestly a very wide distinction. Unfortunately, the suggestion of any interference whatever invariably rouses the anger of those most interested,—an indignation as unreasonable, to say the least, as that of the merchant who refuses a receipt for money just paid to him, on the ground that a request for a written acknowledgment is a reflection upon his honesty. I cannot see how otherwise than by state supervision we are to reach abuses which confessedly exist. Can we trust the sensitiveness and conscience of every experimenter? Nobody claims this. One of the leading physiologists in this country, Dr. John C. Dalton, admits "that vivisection may be, and has been, abused by reckless, unfeeling, or unskilful persons;" that he himself has witnessed abroad, in a veterinary institution, operations than which "nothing could be more shocking." And yet the unspeakable atrocities at Alfort, to which, apparently, Dr. Dalton alludes, were defended upon the very ground he occupies to-day in advocating experi-

\* *Leçons de Physiologie opératoire*, 1879, p. 155.

† *Text-Book of Human Physiology*, p. 595.

ments of the modern laboratory and classroom; for the Académie des Sciences decided that there was "no occasion to take any notice of complaints; that in the future, as in the past, vivisectional experiments must be left entirely to the judgment of scientific men." What seemed "atrocious" to the more tender-hearted Anglo-Saxon was pronounced entirely justifiable by the French Academy of Science.

A curious question suggests itself in connection with this point. There can be little doubt, I think, that the sentiment of compassion and of sympathy with suffering is more generally diffused among all classes in Great Britain than elsewhere in Europe; and one cannot help wondering what our place might be, were it possible to institute any reliable comparison of national humanity. Should we be found in all respects as sensitive as the English people? Would indignation and protest be as quickly and spontaneously evoked among us by a cruel act? The question may appear an ungracious one, yet it seems to me there exists some reason why it should be plainly asked. There is a certain experiment—one of the most excruciating that can be performed—which consists in exposing the spinal cord of the dog for the purpose of demonstrating the functions of the spinal nerves. It is one, by the way, which Dr. Wilder forgot to enumerate in his summary of the "four kinds of experiments," since it is not the "cutting operation" which forms its chief peculiarity or to which special objection would be made. At present all this preliminary process is generally performed under anæsthetics: it is an hour or two later, when the animal has partly recovered from the severe shock of the operation, that the wound is reopened and the experiment begins. It was during a class-demonstration of this kind by Magendie, before the introduction of ether, that the circumstance occurred which one hesitates to think possible in a person retaining a single spark of humanity or pity. "I recall to mind," says Dr. Latour, who was present at the time, "a poor dog,

the roots of whose vertebral nerves Magendie desired to lay bare, to demonstrate Bell's theory, which he claimed as his own. The dog, mutilated and bleeding, twice escaped from under the implacable knife, and threw its front paws around Magendie's neck, licking as if to soften his murderer and ask for mercy! I confess I was unable to endure that heart-rending spectacle."

It was probably in reference to this experiment that Sir Charles Bell, the greatest English physiologist of our century, writing to his brother in 1822, informs him that he hesitates to go on with his investigations. "You may think me silly," he adds, "but I cannot perfectly convince myself that I am authorized in nature or religion to do these cruelties." Now, what do English physiologists and vivisectors of the present day think of the repetition of this experiment solely as a class-demonstration?

They have candidly expressed their opinions before a royal commission. Dr. David Ferrier, of King's College, noted for his experiments upon the brain of monkeys, affirms his belief that "students would rebel" at the sight of a painful experiment. Dr. Rutherford, who certainly dared do all that may become a physiologist, confesses mournfully, "I dare not show an experiment upon a dog or rabbit before students, when the animal is not anæsthetized." Dr. Pavy, of Guy's Hospital, asserts that a painful experiment introduced before a class "would not be tolerated for a moment." Sir William Gull, M.D., believes that the repetition of an operation like this upon the spinal nerves would excite the reprobation alike of teacher, pupils, and the public at large. Michael Foster, of Cambridge University, who minutely describes all the details of the experiment on recurrent sensibility in the "Hand-Book for the Physiological Laboratory," nevertheless tells us, "I have not performed it, and have never seen it done," partly, as he confesses, "from horror at the pain." And, finally, Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, physiologist at University College, London, states with the utmost emphasis in regard to the performance

of this demonstration on the spinal cord, "I am perfectly certain that no physiologist—none of the leading men in Germany, for example—would exhibit an experiment of that kind."

Now mark the contrast. This experiment,—which we are told passes even the callousness of Germany to repeat; which every leading champion of vivisection in Great Britain reprobates for medical teaching; which some of them shrink even from seeing, themselves, from horror at the tortures necessarily inflicted; which the most ruthless among them *dare not* exhibit to the young men of England,—*this experiment has been performed publicly again and again in American medical colleges*, without exciting, so far as we know, even a whisper of protest or the faintest murmur of remonstrance! The proof is to be found in the published statements of the experimenter himself. In his "Text-Book of Physiology," Professor Flint says, "Magendie . . . showed very satisfactorily that the posterior roots (of the spinal cord) were exclusively sensory, and this fact has been confirmed by more recent observations upon the higher classes of animals. We have ourselves frequently exposed and irritated the roots of the nerves in dogs, in public demonstrations in experiments on the recurrent sensibility, . . . and in another series of observations."\*

This is the experience of a single professional teacher; but it is improbable that this experiment has been shown only to the students of a single medical college in the United States; it has doubtless been repeated again and again in different colleges throughout the country. If Englishmen are, then, so extremely sensitive as Ferrier, Gull, and Burdon-Sanderson would have us believe, we must necessarily conclude that the sentiment of compassion is far greater in Britain than in America. Have we drifted backward in humanity? Have American students learned to witness, without protest, tortures at the sight of

which English students would rebel? We are told that there is no need of any public sensitiveness on this subject. We should trust entirely, as they do in France,—at Alfort, for example,—"to the judgment of the investigator." There must be no lifting of the veil to the outside multitude; for the priests of this un pitying science there must be as absolute immunity from criticism or inquiry as was ever demanded before the shrine of Delphi or the altars of Baal. "Let them exercise their solemn office," demands Dr. Wilder, "not only unrestrained by law, but upheld by public sentiment."

For myself, I cannot believe this position is tenable. Nothing seems to me more certain than the results that must follow if popular sentiment in this country shall knowingly sustain the public demonstration of an experiment in pain, which can find no defender among the physiologists of Great Britain. It has been my fortune to know something of the large hospitals of Europe; and I confess I do not know a single one in countries where painful vivisection flourishes, unchecked by law, wherein the poor and needy sick are treated with the sympathy, the delicacy, or even the decency, which so universally characterize the hospitals of England. When Magendie, operating for cataract, plunged his needle to the bottom of his patient's eye, that he might note upon a human being the effect produced by mechanical irritation of the retina, he demonstrated how greatly the zeal of the enthusiast may impair the responsibility of the physician and the sympathy of man for man.

III. The utility of vivisection in advancing therapeutics, despite much argument, still remains an open question. No one is so foolish as to deny the possibility of future usefulness to any discovery whatever; but there is a distinction, very easily slurred over in the eagerness of debate, between present applicability and remotely potential service. If the pains inflicted on animals are absolutely necessary to the protection of human life and the advancement of

\* "A Text-Book of Human Physiology." By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D. New York, 1876. Page 589; see also page 674.

practical skill in medicine, should sentiment be permitted to check investigation? An English prelate, the Bishop of Peterborough, speaking in Parliament on this subject, once told the House of Lords that "it was very difficult to decide what was unnecessary pain," and as an example of the perplexities which arose in his own mind he mentioned "the case of the wretched man who was convicted of skinning cats alive, because their skins were more valuable when taken from the living animal than from the dead one. The extra money," added the bishop, "got the man a dinner!"\* Whether in this particular case the excuse was well received by the judge, the reverend prelate neglected to inform us; but it is certain that the plea for painful experimentation rests substantially on the same basis. Out of the agonies of sentient brutes we are to pluck the secret of longer living and the art of surer triumph over intractable disease.

But has this hope been fulfilled? Pasteur, we are told, has claimed the discovery of a cure for hydrophobia through experiments upon animals. It will be well worth its cost in agony, if only true; but we cannot forget that its practical value yet remains to be demonstrated. Aside from this, has physiological experimentation during the last quarter of a century contributed such marked improvements in therapeutic methods that we find certain and tangible evidence thereof in the diminishing fatality of any disease? Can one mention a single malady which thirty years ago resisted every remedial effort to which the more enlightened science of to-day can offer hopes of recovery? These seem to me perfectly legitimate and fair questions, and, fortunately, in one respect, capable of a scientific reply. I suppose the opinion of the late Claude Bernard, of Paris, would be generally accepted as that of the highest scientific authority on the utility of vivisection in "practical medicine;" but he tells us that it is hardly worth while to make

the inquiry. "Without doubt," he confesses, "*our hands are empty to-day*, although our mouths are full of legitimate promises for the future."

Was Claude Bernard correct in this opinion as to the "empty hands"? If scientific evidence is worth anything, it points to the appalling conclusion that, notwithstanding all the researches of physiology, some of the chief forms of disease exhibit to-day in England a greater fatality than thirty years ago. In the following table I have indicated the average annual mortality, per million inhabitants, of certain diseases, *first*, for the period of five years from 1850 to 1854, and, *secondly*, for the period, twenty-five years later, from 1875 to 1879. The authority is beyond question; the facts are collected from the report to Parliament of the registrar-general of England:

*Average annual rate of mortality in England from causes of death, per one million inhabitants:*

Name of Disease.	During Five Years, 1850-54.	During Five Years, 1875-79.
Gout . . . .	12	25
Aneurism . . . .	16	32
Diabetes . . . .	23	41
Insanity . . . .	29	57
Syphilis . . . .	37	86
Epilepsy . . . .	105	119
Bright's disease . . . .	32	182
Kidney disease . . . .	94	114
Brain disease . . . .	192	281
Liver disease . . . .	215	291
Heart disease . . . .	651	1,335
Cancer . . . .	302	492
Paralysis . . . .	440	501
Apoplexy . . . .	454	552
Tubercular diseases and diseases of the respiratory organs	6,424	6,886
Mortality from above diseases . . . .	9,026	10,994
Mortality from all causes whatsoever	22,299	21,250

This is certainly a most startling exhibit, when we remember that from only these few causes about half of *all* the deaths in England annually occur, and that from them result the deaths of two-thirds of the persons, of both sexes,

\* See Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, June 20, 1876.



who reach the age of twenty years.\* What are the effects here discernible of Bernard's experiments upon diabetes? of Brown-Séquard's upon epilepsy and paralysis? of Flint's and Pavy's on diseases of the liver? of Ferrier's researches upon the functions of the brain? Let us appeal from the heated enthusiasm of the experimenter to the stern facts of the statistician. Why, so far from having obtained the least mastery over those malignant forces which seem forever to elude and baffle our art, they are actually gaining upon us; every one of these forms of disease is more fatal to-day in England than thirty years ago; during 1879 over sixty thousand more deaths resulted from these maladies alone than would have occurred had the rate of mortality from them been simply that which prevailed during the benighted period of 1850 to 1854! True, during the later period there has been a diminished mortality in England, but it is from the lesser prevalence of zymotic diseases, which no one to-day pretends to cure; while the organic diseases show a constant tendency to increase. Part of this may be due to more accurate diagnosis and clearer definition of mortality causes; but this will not explain a phenomenon which is too evident to be overlooked.

"It is a fact," says the registrar-general, in his report for 1879, "that while mortality in early life has been very notably diminished, *the mortality of persons in middle or advanced life has been steadily rising for a long period of years.*" It is probable that the same story would be told by the records of France, Germany, and other European countries; it is useless, of course, to refer to America, since in regard to statistical information we still lag behind every country which pretends to be civilized. Undoubtedly it would be a false assumption

\* In 1879 the total mortality in England, above the age of twenty, from *all causes whatsoever*, was 287,093. Of these deaths, the number occasioned by the sixteen causes above named was 191,706, or *almost exactly two-thirds*.

tion which from these facts should deduce retrogression in medical art or deny advance and improvement; but they certainly indicate that the boasted superiority of modern medicine over the skill of our fathers, due to physiological researches, is not sustained by the only impartial authority to which science can appeal for evidence of results.

The facts in the foregoing paper seem to me to make reasonable the following conclusions:

I. Vivisection, involving the infliction of pain, is in its best possible aspect a necessary evil, and should be restricted within the narrowest limits consistent with original research.

II. Absolute liberty in the matter of painful vivisection has produced admitted abuses by scientific investigators in France and Germany. In America it has led to the repetition before students of Magendie's extreme experiments,—demonstrations condemned by every leading English physiologist. The only method by which we can rise from the level of France and Germany to that of England in this matter of humanity is state supervision of painful experimentation.

III. In view of the dangerous impulses not unfrequently awakened through witnessing the infliction of acute pain, experiments of this kind upon animals should be rigidly restricted to original investigations, and absolutely forbidden by law before classes of students, especially in our public schools.

IV. Vivisection cannot be regarded as a completely satisfactory method of interrogating nature, while the highest authorities in physiology are divided in opinion on the simple question of animal sensibility to pain.

V. So far as can be discovered through English statistics, physiological and pathological investigations upon animals have in no single instance lessened the mortality of any disease below its average fatality of thirty years ago.

ALBERT LEFFINGWELL, M.D.

## AURORA.

## CHAPTER III.

## A "SCOPREFATTI."

ONE spring morning Fra Antonio received a letter from Aurora. She had written him from time to time a few lines, informing him of their movements and health, but he had looked in vain for any sign that the journey was a pleasure to her. She did not refer to her sorrow: she declared that everything was very interesting, and that Mrs. Lindsay was the kindest and most delicate of friends; yet her letters depressed him. There was none of that life, poetry, and intellect which had made up the Aurora of the past. She wrote mechanically and with a cold correctness, and she described nothing, exaggerated nothing.

He sighed in anticipation as he opened this new missive.

She wrote, "It is midnight, and we have just returned to the house. The gate of the Alhambra is visible from my chamber, and between it and my window the elms stand like a forest. They soar upward so far into the air, and are so slender, that one feels as though they might fall, like unsupported vines, when the passion that has lanced them skyward shall have passed. The moonlight lies on their topmost boughs like a silvery cloud; the shadows underneath them are sweet with violets and musical with running water and with nightingales.

"Why does a bird sing at night, if it have no soul?

"Three inches of candle with a shade over it throws a small circle of light on the paper where I write, but leaves the chamber in such darkness that I am invisible to myself. We have been seeing the Alhambra by moonlight to-night,—Mrs. Lindsay, *mamma*, and I. For I have found her again, O my father! I have found her again!

"You will ask me how, and I do not know how to tell you. The cause was far away, apparently. But so is the

tidal wave that sends the sea flowing and melting up along the Riviera,—such greens and purples breaking into white foam round the rocks! There must be, too, some such reason why the wind blows east or west,—some one breath of air on which all the winds that blow about the earth depend,—a little sigh, perhaps, which sets a thousand breezes going hither and thither, and makes a tornado in one place and leaves a calm in another. So the change reached me from afar as I stood under a cypress-tree this afternoon.

"I was frozen, as you know, my father, and no earthly thing reflected itself in me except in a dull image without life or worth. I had no life nor worth to myself. To sing, as *mamma* and I had begun, was no longer possible to me. She had supplied all the deeper chords, and I was never sure that my lighter ones were correct till she told me that they were. To ask a poem from me was like asking a symphony from some poor flute left forgotten in a concert-room when all the players with their instruments are gone away.

"But now life reflects itself in me again. I stir with the leaves, and my blood ripples like a brook when the wind blows. My heart aches, indeed, but it beats. And my mind is awake, too. I have thought that the sorrow which has fallen upon me is only a necessary part of my education for the work of my life, and that in losing my mother I was made able by the very loss itself to supply her part in our work. If I am to sing so as to touch all hearts, I must know all sorrows from having suffered them. My first view was so imperfect. I thought that I could know what anguish is by looking at it from without. I could not. I thought that I knew what death is because I had looked at the dying and the dead. Oh, how little I dreamed what it can be! Now I know the terror, the incredibility, the

despair of it; but I also begin to divine some possible sweetness in it too. The bees are gathering and murmuring about the rent lion.

"I write you this before I sleep, because I know that you have been troubled about me."

Fra Antonio breathed a word of thanksgiving as he finished the letter. How brave and thorough she was! But just emerged, bruised and panting, from under the weight of a crushing sorrow, she contemplated without a word of protest or reluctance the possibility of many other sorrows, of all the griefs which she could suffer, being needed to fit her for the work of her life. He felt some spirit more vivid than a sense of duty stirring in him at her words. No longer calm and gentle merely, he contemplated the devotion of his life with a rising breeze of enthusiasm blowing through his soul. And for the first time in his life, perhaps, it seemed possible to him that a woman might aid him on his way and repay with help the help that he should give to her.

Suor Benedetta, of the Bambino Gesù, had sent a messenger praying him to come to the convent that afternoon and bring certain pearls he had to sell for a woman who had left them to him in dying. The Signora Passafiori would probably buy them for her daughter Nina, who was about to marry, and the two could meet on neutral ground and make their bargain, or refuse to make it, according to circumstances.

Going out to answer the summons, he took Aurora's letter with him, thinking that the nun would be glad to read it.

It was a lovely, capricious day, with a few light clouds that meant no harm, and little puffs of air flitting about, from every direction, it seemed. Fra Antonio, being told that Suor Benedetta was in the garden, followed her there, and found her superintending the tying of some vines. He begged to be allowed to talk with her there instead of returning to the convent, and insisted on her finishing her task before attending to him.

"I would willingly remain silent a

few minutes," he said, and seated himself on a bench beneath an old olive-tree that stood almost miraculously on a foot-wide strip of bark thinly lined with wood and twisted like a corkscrew, all the rest of the trunk having been hollowed out by some little gnawing creatures and by the knife that had been used to eradicate them.

If he had tried, he could not have remembered a time when he had deliberately seated himself to look about at nature and see what her expression was, himself passive. Now and then he had knelt before his open window at night and given force to his meditation on the greatness of God, or the terrors of the Last Day, by gazing at that glittering array of worlds, or by trying to imagine them wrapped together like a scroll. He had looked for might and for terror, which should make him bow his face into the dust; now he sought a gentler, soothing beauty.

After all, it was the same God whom he served, and not to displease whom he scourged himself and fasted, who had set those pink buds bursting open and those birds dashing through the air. The monk looked about with an expression of wondering sweetness, smiling faintly, and let his delight grow naturally, as a spring flower grows, delicate and pure, on the edge of a winter. What an exquisite thing was a light breeze! What a wonder was a summer cloud sailing in space and coloring itself from the light! Why had he never before looked at a blooming cherry-tree for its beauty alone? One stood before him like a bride, all white from head to foot.

"I am sorry to have given you the trouble to come here, Fra Antonio," said the voice of Suor Benedetta. "But I thought it better that the meeting should seem accidental, in case you and the signora should not agree about the pearls. I told her that I would ask you to bring them for me to see, and she could happen in on some other errand. She seemed to think the price rather high."

"I can get the price I ask for them,

Suor Benedetta," said the priest, producing a little box, and opening it to show five rather fine pearls. "You know I paid poor Giacomina's funeral expenses for these; and she must have some masses said. They were the only treasure of a poor woman. I must stand by the price."

As he spoke, the Signora Passafiori appeared, and the nun exclaimed as though she were astonished to see her. The pearls were shown, and the bargain made, the ladies pouring out torrents of talk, Fra Antonio uttering a few words, which he found himself obliged to repeat several times, and which he repeated always in the same way, with a quiet persistence which at length won the day.

Then, the Signora Passafiori having inquired for news of Aurora, he produced the letter and gave it to Suor Benedetta to read aloud, watching her face, while she read, with the expectation of seeing it express a pleasant surprise. It expressed nothing whatever, and her mode of reading was so dry that the letter no longer seemed the same. Aurora's soft voice pouring out those fancies, touching the words as lightly as a moth touches a flower, would have made them enchanting, and, while reading, he had imagined he heard it; but this judicial pronounciation, which weighed and measured every phrase, was to the last degree incongruous. Suor Benedetta had the air of reading something nonsensical and laboriously trying to make some sense out of it; and when she had ended, she sat awhile silent, looking attentively at the sheet in her hand, as if still doubtful what it might mean. The sudden change, as she considered it, in Aurora had certainly taken her by surprise; but it would have been comprehensible had a material religious motive been assigned for it, such as a novena, a sacrament, the intercession of some saint. She herself in like circumstances would have had a good deal to say of devotions and of "Almighty God," and she could not understand the mind that took Almighty God for granted. She found something pagan in this talk of nature in connection with what was to be taken as

a grace. That this girl, living in the world and writing poetry, was infinitely more spiritual than herself, would not have seemed possible to her. She would have been offended by such a suggestion.

The Signora Passafiori broke the momentary pause with an exclamation: "How very pretty! Everything that Aurora writes and does is pretty. I am so glad that she feels more reconciled, *povera figliuola!*"

Fra Antonio glanced at her with a slight approving inclination of the head, but the light had grown dim in his face. He was disappointed.

"I am glad that she feels better," Suor Benedetta said at length, still gazing down at the open letter in her hands. "It is time."

"It takes time to accustom one to such a loss," remarked Fra Antonio quietly.

"But one can be reasonable," replied the nun, in an unmistakably cold manner. "And Aurora's conduct was extravagant. Of course it was hard to lose her mother, and I was very sorry for her. I tried all I could to comfort her and convince her that she ought to resign herself to the will of God."

"The heart may bleed, yet not rebel," said Fra Antonio gently, looking away into the air.

"It was almost impossible to do anything with her," said Suor Benedetta, turning to the sindaco's wife. "I asked her to come here as soon as all was over, and she refused to leave the house while her mother's body was in it. And there she stayed the whole twenty-four hours, walking about and crying, or screaming, or thrown down with her face on the floor."

"Poor girl!" murmured Fra Antonio.

The nun did not appear to have heard him. She went on:

"The only one who could have done anything with her was the duke, and he was prostrated. It was his death-blow. When I persuaded her to come here after his death, she was worse than ever. She wanted me to let her stay out in the

garden all night; said that it suffocated her to stay in-doors. She said that she should be nearer to them out-doors than in. Of course it was out of the question. And then she insisted on going to the castle at ten o'clock at night. *S'immagini!* We had almost to use force with her."

"Poor child!" said the Signora Passafiori, and, thinking of her own daughters, she wiped her eyes.

Fra Antonio looked at the suora with an authority which was almost severe. "We should be very careful how we oppose the wishes of a person or use force in such circumstances," he said. "It may be dangerous. Exceptional maladies require exceptional remedies. It is most probable that it might be a relief to a person suffering the first agonies of grief to walk about in the open air and so work off some of that nervous agitation. My experience has taught me to be very cautious in forcing my will, however reasonable I may think it, on the will of one who passionately protests. I have known death to result from such violence. Persuasion is always safe."

He rose to go, and the two ladies accompanied him to the garden gate.

"*Povera figliuola!*" he murmured, as the gate closed behind him. Then, after a moment, "Poor Suor Benedetta! She means so well!"

Suor Benedetta meantime led her other visitor into the convent-parlor. "It is surprising," she said, "how many people there are who seem to think that fire scorches some and does not scorch others. Many a girl might lose her mother and nobody disturb himself much about her,—there would be a word of pity at first, and she would be expected to resign herself without more ado,—while one who knows how to express prettily what others can only feel, is supposed to have a particular faculty for suffering."

The Signora Passafiori was good-natured, and Aurora in her first grief had clung to her more than to any other woman. She could imagine she still felt the convulsive clasp of those arms

around her neck and heard the trembling voice: "Oh, signora mia, don't ever leave your daughters so! Take care of your health, and live till they can let you go, or you will have given them death instead of life!" And she remembered her own weeping answer: "Dear child, it is the fate of mothers to give death as well as life."

With this recollection in her heart, she could not criticise the girl.

Suor Benedetta seated her visitor in the only arm-chair in the room, a luxury reserved for the bishop and a few other occasional grand visitors, and drew a chair close to her side. She had, evidently, something of interest to communicate, and the signora's eyes brightened with expectation. Who is there who doesn't like to hear a secret?

"The duchess has been here this morning," she said, in a low tone.

"Oh?" replied the signora interrogatively, and waited for what might follow.

"She wants the castle for some relatives of her own," pursued the nun.

"Ah!" exclaimed the signora, and leaned back to look in the nun's face.

"Of course, that is the gist of the matter," said Suor Benedetta, "and it is between ourselves, you understand. The duchess came to have some work done, and she wanted me to recommend an apartment to her for two cousins who wish to take up their residence here. She asked my advice because she knows as yet so little of the place. She said that they are not rich, but want a pleasant, comfortable apartment. There is a gentleman, unmarried, and his widowed sister,—only those two."

It seemed as though the word "unmarried" was pronounced with a certain emphasis; or it might have been only the imagination of a mother with three marriageable daughters unengaged. To marry a cousin of the duchess! It was a swift thought, perhaps a foolish one. But who can always avoid foolish thoughts? The mind is like one of those basilicas that stand open from morning to night for every wandering foot, and while you watch the great



portal, and offer blessed water to purify all who enter, and perhaps keep an eye on the side-entrance, and an aspersorium there also, there is ever some narrow, hidden door through which one may slip in unseen.

"After mentioning several houses," the suora resumed, "I just happened to say, 'What a pity that the castle is let!' I supposed that she knew all about it. But—would you believe it?—she knew nothing at all,—not even that the castle is her husband's property; and I had to explain the whole story. How odd that the duke never told her! I felt sorry for having mentioned the subject, the more so that I fancied she seemed not to approve of Aurora living there alone."

"But she doesn't live there alone, Suor Benedetta," said the other. "She will always have the Signora Nina, or some other respectable woman, as protectress."

"A paid companion, or a companion who is glad to have a good home without being paid, is not the proper protectress for a young girl," the nun said. "Aurora is mistress, and can do as she likes. Now, would you wish a daughter of yours to live so?"

"Aurora is a poetess and a student," the lady returned, evading the question. "She has few of the tastes which young girls usually have, and her needs are different. She saw but few young people, and seldom went out in the evening. As for a lover, there isn't a young man in town who would dare to approach her in such a way. She only talks with poets, and editors, and professors."

"That is just the difficulty," said the nun quickly. "She talks more with men than with women. Of course no one would say any harm of her; but it isn't prudent. When her mother was alive it was of course correct enough, though they had a great many gentlemen going there. All the strangers who came to town called upon them; and once, Giovanna says, Aurora talked for half an hour alone with Professor Serini in the terrace by moonlight, while the countess went down to order supper."

"The Signora Nina is very prudent," replied the sindaco's wife, looking serious. "I don't believe that she would leave a girl alone with a gentleman a single moment. Perhaps it would be well to say a word to her when they come here again."

"Then, there isn't a single point of observation in the house," pursued the suora. "In the old time there were some tubes in the walls, and some secret doors and stairways; but when the Scotchman fitted the place up he closed them all. I have been up and looked through the whole place."

Suor Benedetta would scarcely have made this imprudent avowal if she had not believed that she had made an impression on her visitor's mind.

The Signora Passafiori's eyes dropped and hid a quick light that was not all of approbation; then, fearing that her involuntary expression had betrayed her, she made haste to say, in a suggestive way, "Oh, with the doors a little open.—Aurora is not suspicious."

"Indeed she is," exclaimed the suora. "Giovanna says that once she was on the point of turning Gian away because she saw him standing behind a door. Giovanna put him there. Poor soul! she couldn't stand behind a door unless it were half open. Oh, Aurora takes a very high hand sometimes. Her mother used to. The countess had a locked post-bag made for herself just because one day she saw some one glance at the outside of her letters as they were being brought from the post. She had a key, and the postmaster had a key."

"Oh," the signora said, "that was when the duke first began to visit her, and the Donna Clotilde wanted to know whether he wrote to her when he was away."

The suora shook her head and sighed: "Poor Donna Clotilde! She almost went mad about that marriage."

The signora smiled slightly: "But she never ventured to say much about it to her father. She was very much afraid of him. Some one overheard their conversation when the duke announced his intended marriage to her."

'What would mamma say!' she cried out. And the duke answered,—you remember that smooth, cutting way of his?—'My dear, I should not have proposed to marry the Countess Emilia, or any other lady, if your mamma had been in a position to express any opinion on the subject.'"

The speaker rose to go, and the suora accompanied her to the door, where they parted with the greatest apparent cordiality. But the lady went away thoughtful and clouded. "So she has been up there talking with Giovanna and examining the house," she whispered to herself. "*Scoprefatti!*"

Nevertheless, as she went homeward she thought that a little too much over-looking might be better for a girl than not enough, and that Aurora would perhaps be better off in some other person's house than her own.

This thought did not, however, prevent her uttering again, as she reached her own door, the unclassical but expressive "*Scoprefatti!*"—which may be awkwardly translated, "Discoverer of other people's affairs."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE traveller who knows the mountain-town of Sassovivo will have no difficulty in finding La Cala by the sea. The distance between them is but half a day of railroad-travel and half a day by diligence. Taking the diligence, you pass, first, a rich, broken campagna, then a low, pestilential wood, where in old time travellers were conveniently robbed. Then the dwindled end of a mountain-range interposes some rocky defiles and steep, from which you have occasional glimpses of the sea. Lastly, the land sinks, and on a narrow level before you, with a deep, circular cove beyond, the dwarfed, gray town of La Cala becomes visible.

If the shore were not high and rocky, the town might have been a seaport and come to something; but nothing can

land on this splintered coast but waves, and in wild weather the cove is like a boiling caldron.

On the landward side of the town is a large piazza, called the Mercato, where all the marketing is done. In the midst of the town is another. There are two churches, two convents, the municipal offices, a few shops, a *caffè*, and a fountain. The piazza, with the principal streets leading from it, are paved, and every paving-stone has a fringe of grass. The steps leading up to the central fountain are half turf and half stone, and the fountain-rim is soft with flowery weeds. The Church of the Concezione has a bunch of wall-flowers blooming high up its dark front, and its beautiful great blocks of red-brown stone, that still sends its warm color flushing out in spots through the dark veil of time and weather, seem to be set in a cement of minute blossoms and microscopic leaves. The Santa Lucia, at the opposite side of the piazza, had, a few days before our present visit, a crop of weeds and grasses creeping to the threshold, and tall plants growing in the eaves; but the municipality have rooted them out in preparation for a grand *fiesta* close at hand, the centenary of the patron saint.

It is half-past six o'clock of a spring morning, and not a person is visible in the piazza. The two church doors stand open, and mass is going on within. The two congregations consist of three persons, unequally divided. The only other door open is that of the post-office. The postmaster rises every morning at this early hour to sort and distribute the mail which comes in the evening before at nine o'clock. Out in the piazza you can hear him stamping letters. At the sound, a little green lizard on the fountain-rim starts, stops, looks behind it, with its body curved to a half-circle, then darts away to hide itself between two stones.

There is more life in the Mercato. Half a dozen *contadini* have come in with their produce, and a dozen persons, chiefly servants, are there buying. This marketing is for them the event of the day, and a good deal of gossip is going

on. There is more than usual on this spring day, for they have two important subjects to talk about. The centenary is, of course, one; but they have been talking of that for months,—for years, indeed. The other is newer,—is quite new to them, having come to their ears but the day before.

Palazzo Fantini was sold! Or, rather, it was resold as a whole, after having been sold piecemeal in a lingering bargain covering about twenty years. A prosperous contadino beyond the mountains had bought it in this way from the young Count Fantini. And now the municipality had bought it of the contadino, some said for one thing, some for another; but, at all events, they had bought every stone of it, and were going to take possession at the end of two months. Some Roman college had taken a five years' lease of the greater part of it for their *villeggiatura*, and the students were coming in July.

"What will the Signor Clemente do?" everybody asked, and nobody could answer, except that he would, of course, have to leave the palace. They all knew that the condition of his last sale had been that he should occupy an apartment there, free of rent, till the palace should be sold, and they had taken for granted that that meant as long as he lived. Who ever heard of selling a house in La Cala? There had not been a house built there for fifty years; and as for selling, they could not remember any such sale.

It was a terrible downfall, they all agreed, for the last of the Fantini. The family had been their great people time out of mind. Once they had been rich, and there had been gay entertainments in that long pile that stretched from the piazza half-way down Via Fantini. The parents of some of them had served on those grand occasions, and had described to them the long line of illuminated rooms, with a vista of door after door, till the last looked too small to pass through upright. Though it was no longer his, a certain halo of grandeur had surrounded Count Clemente Fantini as long as he dwelt in his ancestral home;

but suppose that he should go to live in the little apartment over the barber's shop!

There was a sister in the case, but no one gave much thought to her. The Signora Paula had married a man who was rich but not noble, had lost her husband and children, and all her money but barely enough to live upon with her brother. They had wondered enough over her vicissitudes. But the Signor Clemente had always kept his position. Growing poorer year by year, he had been like a besieged garrison which retreats, fighting, step by step to its last fastness and—no, he was not going to do anything so dignified as to die there: he was going to be turned out. Without meaning to be cruel, more than one of the gossips felt that to die in his palace when he could no longer be permitted to live there was the most proper ending for him.

While they talked, a woman issued from one of the palace doors, and came down toward the Mercato, with a basket on her arm. She was a very respectable-looking servant-woman, about fifty years of age, and it was evident by the manner in which the gossips hushed their talk and saluted her when she reached them that they held her in some esteem. On her side was a certain reserve and politeness which indicated a consciousness of superiority, though her affability showed a desire to conciliate.

Martina understood perfectly the reason why she was on this particular morning the object of a special respect and attention. They had at length found out what she had known for weeks, and were longing to talk the subject over with her. She understood their shy approaches, their inquiries for the health of the Signora Paula, their laboriously-careless "What is the news?" and their even more artful confidences concerning their own affairs; and she baffled them with the ease of one who had long been the faithful confidante of family secrets which everybody about wished to know.

Her small marketing done in haste, Martina went back to the piazza. Every morning for five days she had gone to

the office to ask for a letter, only to hear the postmaster's laconic "Nothing," and every morning she had had to meet the sharp, inquiring glance of Count Fantini with apparent unconsciousness, and give the postmaster's discouraging answer to the Signora Paula, who was not too proud to inquire. Her heart beat quickly, therefore, as she entered the door and presented herself at the window of delivery.

"Good-morning, Sor Pietro. Is there anything for Casa Fantini to-day?" she asked, with an heroic smile and an air which succeeded very well in intimating that she had only happened to come that way and it was not of the slightest consequence whether there were letters or not.

Sor Pietro was a tall, military-looking man, white with stinginess and rigid with a sense of official power. His back was toward the window when Martina entered,—he had turned it on hearing a step, as being more dignified,—and he took a noticeable time in turning his face and returning her salutation.

To have said at once, "Yes, there is a letter from Sassovivo for the Signora Paula," would not have been official. He therefore looked intently for a moment at Martina's sculptured smile, as if to assure himself that he was not communicating a state secret to the wrong person, then said solemnly, "There is something," and slowly faced about again in search of it.

Martina's heart leaped into her mouth, and she began to whisper an Ave Maria, with her eager face half through the window and her bright eyes watching the postmaster with a devouring impatience.

He drew a snuff-box from his pocket and took a pinch of snuff. Then he drew out a blue cotton handkerchief from another pocket, shook it out square, dusted off his nose and shirt-front, felt for the hem, so as to keep it right side out, rolled it up in a hard ball, and restored it to his pocket. Then he carefully took up a small package of newspapers with his right hand and laid them off at arm's length

on the table before him. Then he went through the same performance with a second package of papers at his left hand. The table thus made clear between him and the case of lettered pigeon-holes, he took two letters out of compartment Z and looked at them critically. They were not for Casa Fantini. Having satisfied himself fully concerning this fact, he made a conscientious examination of compartments Y, U, and V, which were perfectly empty. There being one letter under T, he adjusted his spectacles and read the directions of it from beginning to end. Then he once more produced his handkerchief ball, shook it out, used it, and made it up again, putting it into his pocket as carefully as though it were a butterfly which he was anxious to preserve unhurt. He then recommenced his search, this time with letter A, and descended slowly, with many pauses, to F.

While this was going on, Martina went through with a series of moral convulsions which quite changed the character of her smile, though it still remained a smile. She had a poor cousin who might have written to beg a lira of her, and the Signor Clemente had creditors who occasionally favored him with a reminder. She went on praying, but not without mental interruptions,—her thoughts running somewhat in this way: "O Santa Lucia,—I should like to have the wiping of your nose, you old imbecile!—obtain for me the grace that it may really be from the duchess.—I've a great mind to ask him if he doesn't know the alphabet.—I will begin a novena this very afternoon—now he's spelling out the B's—if only the letter is the right one.—May the devil fly away with you!—O Lord, forgive me! but he is too aggravating.—Hail Mary—" and so on.

Sor Pietro arrived at letter F, looked the little pile of five letters through twice, selected one, turned deliberately to the window, and handed it to Martina, whose smile had time to regain its sweetness while he was turning.

She received the letter with the greatest carelessness, put it into her pocket

without glancing at it, inquired for Sor Pietro's wife, who had a sprained ankle, and for his baby, which was teething, and, wishing him an elaborate good-morning, departed.

Crossing the piazza in haste, she turned into Via Fantini and entered the first *portone* at the right. There were three great doors to the palace, but the Fantini had long since lost all right to enter at any but the first. Above this, on the second floor, they occupied a small apartment looking into the street and the piazza.

Martina paused a moment inside the *portone* to look at her letter. It was directed to the Signora Paula, and bore the post-mark of Sassovivo. In writing to his cousin Laura, the Signor Clemente had requested that the answer might be addressed to his sister; but Martina had orders to bring all letters to him.

Panting with joy, she ran up-stairs with her prize, opened the door at the landing with a huge iron key that might have served for a prison, and hastened through the lofty anteroom to the kitchen, to toss her market-basket on the table there.

There were doors opening in all four walls of this anteroom. That opposite the entrance led through a second small anteroom to the Signor Clemente's chamber, which looked into the piazza. Martina listened at this door, but heard no sound. Twice she laid her hand on the latch, and twice withdrew it. It lacked an hour of the count's usual time of rising, and to disturb his slumbers was a capital sin; but the letter was important.

Suddenly, while she listened, his bell rang imperatively,—so imperatively that Martina entered without waiting to take his coffee.

"Good-morning, Sign' Clemente," she said cheerfully. "Here's a letter for you."

He was sitting up in bed, and did not seem to see the letter as she laid it within reach of his hand.

"What is this confounded noise in the street?" he asked sharply. "I have been waked an hour too soon."

The truth was that he had watched with sleepless eyes the pale dawning of day as it stole through his shutters, had calculated the time before the post would be distributed, and had waited half an hour, peeping into the street, for Martina's appearance crossing the piazza.

The gossips had not gone far beyond him in their idea of what was fitting, for he had written to the Duchess of Cagliostro, "If you haven't some sort of place where I can hide myself, I may as well blow my brains out here on the day appointed for me to leave. Perhaps that would be best. I have a pistol. It is the only gentlemanly possession left me. I bought it with a part of the price of our last old majolica plate, having a presentiment that I might need it for some such occasion."

Here was her reply,—life or death. Of course she would do something; but if she offered what was disagreeable, or if she offered in a disagreeable manner, he would not accept. It was life or death; yet he left the letter untouched, and scolded because there was a chattering of voices in the street.

Martina opened the window and looked out. That portion of the street between their *portone* and the piazza was covered as with a many-colored carpet. Men, women, and children, down on their knees, were picking up the weeds from between the stones and chattering like magpies.

"Oh, they are picking up the weeds for the centenary," said Martina, and shut the window again. She had passed through that crowd without seeing it, had picked her way among them, had nodded to them and smiled at them, in absolute unconsciousness of their presence.

In fact, the municipality, with the hope of a concourse of *forestieri* to their *festa*, had set all the poor and unemployed to picking the weeds out of the piazza and the principal streets. These weeds betrayed their lifelessness; and it was the gnawing ambition of official La Cala to be thought a prosperous and busy town.

Martina had given her master time to



open his letter, but, to her astonishment, he had not touched it. It lay, as if forgotten, on the counterpane where she had placed it.

"You can give me my coffee," he said, and, leaning back on the pillows, twined his arms together above his head and languidly closed his eyes.

Wondering much, she hastened to the kitchen. "He doesn't like to open it before me, for fear it may contain bad news," she thought. "Poor Sign' Clemente! I needn't hurry with the coffee. He will read it now."

He did not read it then. He lay perfectly motionless as she had left him, and waited. He was naturally pale; but his face looked so white now against the pillows that with his eyes closed he seemed to be dead.

Count Clemente Fantini was a handsome man, tall, straight, lithe, with a rather long face, a slender, pointed beard, a long, slender moustache, and hair so arranged as to seem more abundant than it was. After his toilet is made, that small bald spot on the top of his head will not be visible. Hair and beard were of a jet-black, but the eyes were green-gray, and had a way of seeming to look at nothing, probably because their owner knew that their glance was very piercing. Altogether, the Signor Clemente was a very gentlemanly-looking man.

Martina came in with a little brass tray holding a service for black coffee. Her master roused himself as from a half-sleep, sat up, and yawned. She poured the coffee, stirred the sugar in for him, and gave him the cup. He deliberately drank its contents, and, as he gave it back, asked languidly, "What have you bought this morning, Martina?"

"Artichokes," she replied shortly. "There's nothing else to be had."

The gentleman, sunk into his pillows again, looked mildly critical. "Artichokes are good for nothing but to soak up oil," he remarked.

"Oh, as to that," Martina said, "the Signora Paula's brother-in-law has sent her a *boccione* of oil. We shan't have

to buy any more *here*," with an emphasis born of her rising displeasure.

"Very well, then," her master returned, yawning: "dress them 'alla Judea.' And drain them well on a cloth. And, Martina, be sure that you use only the blossoms of the pennyroyal. The leaves are too strong, and, besides, they harden and look black. And now you may give me the hot water."

This meant dismissal, as the hot water was invariably left outside the chamber door, with three light taps and a subdued "Hot water, Sign' Clemente!"

Stupefied, Martina went out of the room without a word; but as soon as she was outside of the door her stupor burst into anger, as smoke into flame. What did he mean by ignoring that letter and not letting her know what it contained? She, who had been the confidante of all their miseries, not to know if there was hope for them in this last strait! Who but she had sold the kitchen copper for them, they pretending to know nothing about it? Who but she had got a cousin in Rome to sell their bed- and table-linen, all but enough for decency? Who else had refused to gossip about them and their affairs, and studied out lies to maintain their grandeur? To whom else did they owe two years of service?

At this point, with tears of rage bursting from her eyes, Martina took the kitchen door between her two hands and banged it with all her strength. It did not make the unmistakable crash she had meant it should: so she opened and banged it again, shaking that part of the house with the concussion.

To be sure, it did not take much to make the house tremble, for it was cracked in forty places and sinking in forty more. At the farther end, a ten minutes' walk from their present quarters, in the time of the old countess the whole corner next the chapel had rattled down one fine morning, and scared the poor old priest who was saying mass there into a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered. He had thought that it was an earthquake. She hoped

the Sign' Clemente might think this an earthquake. He deserved a fright on many accounts. Had he not said, when he knew that the municipality had bought the place, that he hoped an earthquake might bury them under it? And had not she, a pious woman, and a child of Mary, sympathized with him so deeply that she had added, it would serve them right? And had she not abused the municipality to all her cronies, and declared that a judgment of God would fall upon them for taking the house of the oldest family in town, which ought to be as sacred as church property? And when the sacristan of Santa Lucia had said that though certainly no one had a right to buy an ancestral palace and turn the family out, yet it could not be called sacrilege, as when church property was taken, had she not flown at him and declared that it was only the difference between murder and manslaughter, and altogether berated him so that he had been very cold toward her ever since? And now the Sign' Clemente left his letter unopened till he had drunk his coffee, and then sent her for hot water! Oh, she would give him hot water!

She took the cocorna, or boiler, from the hot ashes where it stood, and pushed it into the midst of the blazing branches, turning the iron handle toward the flame.

At this instant he was reading that letter, or he had read it, and knew all that was to be known. Why had she not steamed it open and read it first herself? Nothing was easier; and she knew how to read. This was what she gained by giving him and the Signora Paula the first reading of their letters! And he could tell her to put pennyroyal blossoms instead of leaves into the artichokes "alla Judea" while her heart was in her mouth! She had half a mind to put in the bitterest leaves she could find, and a bit of a red pepper besides, and make them not only "alla Judea" but "alla Gehenna." The Sign' Clemente was as soft-mouthed as a baby. He couldn't bear peppery dishes, but would have liked to be fed on sweets

and rices. And she,—she wasn't even permitted to know what was in that letter!

She caught the kitchen door once more in her nervous hands, and gave it a bang that made it shut and bound open again. He would know what that meant well enough. Then, with a coarse towel, she drew the cocorna from the fire, and carried it to his door, giving three raps that took the skin off her knuckles. "Hot water!" she growled, and tramped heavily away to hide herself behind a door and watch the result.

A few minutes passed, then the bedroom door opened a few inches, an arm in a shirt-sleeve was put outside, and the hand grasped the handle of the cocorna. There was a cry, a splash, and the cocorna fell, and the hot water went steaming over the brick floor.

Martina stole softly away, softly shut the kitchen door, and went down into the garden for her pennyroyal blossoms, determined not to hear any bell whatever, though it should be rung near enough to tangle itself in her hair. She felt better, and went about complacently pinching and pulling out the pale little violet-colored blossoms into a white saucer, wondering that no bell tried in vain to make itself heard by her. Had the cocorna-handle cooled down below the blistering-point in those few minutes of waiting? or had the Sign' Clemente fainted with pain? He was as delicate as a lady.

The handle had cooled so much below the blistering-point, and, moreover, had been released so quickly, that it left only a momentary pain. The only impression, in fact, made by the hot water was a mental one.

When the Signor Clemente, peeping through the shutters, had seen that Martina had a letter in her hand,—poor Martina had held it conspicuously in her hand in coming down the street, with a secret thought that he might peep,—his first impulse had been to ring at once when she should enter. But as he returned to bed, and lay listening breathlessly for the sound of her key in the lock, another thought pre-

sented itself to his mind and fixed itself there. He was superstitious, like all persons who leave Fortune to do everything for them instead of working with her, and he believed in a thousand trivialities which he would not have confessed could influence him. His thought was, "If I catch the letter in a vulgar haste and read it in the presence of a servant, it will be unlucky. If I take my coffee as usual, dress myself as if for a visit, and open it when I am alone, it will bring me good fortune."

He had acted upon the thought. The only deviation from his usual habits had been that he used cold water, since the hot was long in coming. But when he heard Martina's loud summons, he thought, "Hot water signifies trouble. I will not have it standing at my door. I will pour it into the street."

We have seen that it remained at his door in spite of him. He examined his hand, swore a little, and finished dressing. Then, taking the letter at last, he gave a glance at his reflection in the long mirror, to see if Fortune would be likely to find him agreeable. His conclusion was that if she did not she would be very hard to please. And he was, indeed, a very elegant-looking gentleman, at the agreeable age of forty.

"But I need a flower in my button-hole," he said.

The thought was an inspiration. He would read his letter in the garden, with sunshine, roses, and spring about him. He would thus escape the spilt hot water at his door.

As he went down into the garden, Martina melted away from before him, entering by one door as he came out by another. She pretended not to see him, and he pretended not to see her. He went to seat himself beside an old trellis covered with roses and myrtle. The myrtle was full of tender, light-green shoots, set on the ends of its dark winter sprays, the roses clustered in a superb abundance of garnet-hued blossoms, and the morning sun shone through both, giving them the splendid color of jewels.

The Signor Clemente drew a sharp breath, compressed his lips, and broke

open the letter. The outer envelope was closed with gum, but there was an inner one sealed with wax.

The sheet was open in his hand, and no sign or warning forbade his reading it, yet he dropped the hand that held it on his knee, and looked about him, at the walls, the flowers and weeds, and up into the air. He felt a certain indifference to the letter all at once, or a disgust with it, or with the importance it had in his life. That life rose before him now, with its brief sunshine and long bitterness: the school and university days in Rome, when his family had been able to educate him and give him society; the return to La Cala; the short occasional visits to Rome, growing shorter and fewer with lessened means, till they ceased altogether; the tempting heiresses who had failed him; the melting away of his bare inheritance. He remembered the old arras he had sold to a cunning Frenchman—damn him!—for one-twentieth part of their value, not knowing that the faded old gods and goddesses were from a precious loom. He had gone to bed with a fever when he learned how much money he might have had for those tapestries and how he had sacrificed them. He had also sacrificed the fine carved chairs and alabaster-topped table of the anteroom only two years before for a debt; and the crimson brocade hangings had gone the same way. All the pictures but a few old family portraits were gone; there were only knives, forks, and spoons left for six persons; the old porcelain adorned the walls and tables of American, German, and Swiss houses; the chandeliers lighted drawing-rooms which he never entered; the satin bed-spreads covered sleepers whom he knew not. There was nothing of any value left in the house, and the house itself was gone from him. He had eaten, drunk, worn, smoked, and lounged it all away. Not that he had been extravagant, even for a poor nobleman. It was merely that there had been no income, and, of course, a constant expenditure. What a life it was!—grind, grind, with luxurious tastes, a haughty spirit, and an ever-

present consciousness that he was sinking lower every day without being able to help himself! Nothing had offered that his pride would allow him to accept, and he could not seek employment like a nobody, he assured himself. If Laura did not help him, there was nothing but the pistol.

He had, however, become so sure that she would help him that when finally he read her letter he seemed to be reading it a second time.

"Dear Cousin Clemente," she wrote, "you must of course leave La Cala if you leave the palace. It would never do for you to remain in your native place in a lower position than that you were born to. I will study what can be done for you in the way of matrimony and a career, and I have already a very respectable apartment in my mind for you. At present it is occupied, but I shall see to that. It is our own property, an apartment in the old castle here, delightfully situated, and, they tell me, very comfortable, having been modernized. Marcantonio extorted from the duke a promise of a perpetual free lease of it for a *protégée* of his, but her circumstances have changed so much since the agreement was made that it is no longer proper for her to remain there. You say that you *must* leave the palace in two months. It would therefore be dignified for you to leave in seven weeks. The tenant of the castle will be back in a month, being now on a journey. Perhaps I cannot get rid of her so soon as a fortnight; but you and Paula can come and make me a visit. Or couldn't Paula visit some of her husband's relatives till the place is ready for her? I fancy she might find the question of toilet embarrassing here. I like to dress a good deal, and to have my visitors *comme il faut*. You are always that, Clemente mio. I shall be quite proud of you as an escort. My legal escort is absent, in Turin, or Venice, or some other place. He is a great deal absent. Apparently, to move about from place to place, and live as if he were in camp, is a second nature with him. I am half sorry I did not let him stay in the army.

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I should then, at least, know where he was."

The duchess was not too dignified to criticise her husband to almost any one.

"Don't talk or write any more about shooting yourself, therefore," she concluded. "And please give the lire one hundred, which I enclose, to Paula for some little present from me."

This bank-note Signor Clemente had, on opening the letter, carefully folded very small and put into his vest-pocket, and there it remained. He understood perfectly that it was for himself, and that though he should write back to Cousin Laura that Paula was "so much obliged," etc., the two ladies would never speak together of the matter.

It was, on the whole, a pleasanter letter than he had expected, for it passed lightly over the painful part of the subject, and gave him an enchanting prospect of driving and walking about with a duchess who would be proud of him as an escort. As he sat and dreamed over the pictures her suggestions called up, the town of La Cala dwindled in his eyes, and all it contained became worthless. He glanced up along the back of the palace. It was rough and full of cracks and patches. The garden was uncultivated, the courts damp and dark. There was no society in the town, no theatre, no gayety of any kind, and there never would be. He was tired of it all. He had not known it before, but it was intolerable to him, and seven weeks longer were scarcely to be endured. He would have liked to go away that very day. He was sick of old dingy things, and disgusted with antiquity. How delightful to know that the apartment in Sassovivo had been modernized! His ideal of an apartment was a cluster of snug little rooms, just enough to use, carpeted and cushioned everywhere, with cretonne hangings, and birds and butterflies on the ceilings.

He sighed with longing for such a place.

The voice of Martina singing loudly and defiantly from the kitchen aroused him from his reverie. Slighted, grieved, and furious, her thoughts had spurned

the present, and gone back to a lover of her youth and to a song he had sung her more than once in their *patois*. She poured it out now, between anger and tears, as a tribute to herself:

Più prestu per l'inzà jirra lu fume,  
La fiamma de lu focu perignone,  
Prima lu camì mia n' farà più fume,  
E nu rubberà più 'n gran latrone,  
Prima lu sole nun farà più lume,  
E nun aèrò sete lu solleone,  
Prima pijiaro pesce su lu pratu,  
Ch'io nun te orrò bè, finchè arrò fiatu.

She stopped with the words in her mouth; for her master, looking a good deal more like a prince than most princes

do, had stopped at the kitchen door on his way in from the garden. He was smiling, and a smile from him seemed a royal grace. "It's all right, Tina," he said.

"What's all right, Sign' Clemente?" she asked, trying to look stupid and to resist.

"About Sassovivo, you know," he replied, and, waving his fingers at her, passed on to his room, leaving her to regain her good nature by herself. He never coaxed a sulky woman.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE.

### FIRST PAPER.

MANY years ago (I forget the precise date), when in my "teens" I was principal tragedian in Bath and Bristol, Mr. E. T. Smith offered me an engagement to make my *début* in London, in a piece written by Charles Reade, called "Gold." At that time I was successful beyond my deserts; nothing less than Hamlet would have suited my modest aspirations; and the offer was declined, I fear, with more curtness than courtesy. "Gold" was subsequently acted at Drury Lane for five or six weeks, and, it was alleged, enabled Mr. Smith to clear upward of eighteen hundred pounds. The author's honorarium amounted to twenty pounds a week and the use of a private box. Even that sum the manager thought too much, and after the thirtieth night he proposed to reduce it to twelve pounds a week. Mr. Reade declined to assent to this proposal, and he withdrew the piece altogether. From that day to this, "Gold" has never been acted in town, and it was never acted in the country except at two theatres, in both of which it was a dead failure; yet this unfortunate play, which had disappeared altogether from the living drama, and which, in my boyish arrogance, I had

disdained to act in, was not only destined to become the medium of my acquaintance with my dearest friend, but also to become a landmark in the history of dramatic literature.

Everybody knows that Mr. Reade was a fellow of Magdalen College and took his degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford; yet he has often assured me that his original bent was toward the drama, and the drama alone. For fifteen or sixteen years after attaining his fellowship and being called to the bar, he oscillated betwixt Oxford, London, Edinburgh, and Paris, and once, in conjunction with his friend, young Morris, son of the Haymarket manager, he made a pedestrian tour half over Europe. During this period he wrote for the magazines much, studied more, and acquired his intimate acquaintance with the French theatre, although he frankly admitted that, much as he desired to do so, he never could emancipate himself entirely from the "fetters" of that which he usually designated "our cumbrous, sprawling, Anglo-Saxon drama."

He had fondly hoped that the production of "Gold" at Drury Lane would open all the theatres to him; but to the end of his life he alleged that he was



perpetually baffled by the caprice and stupidity of the public and the perversity and obtuseness of the managers. Barely twelve months ago, he told me that he had made an appointment only a short time previous to read a play of his in a certain fashionable theatre. He was kept waiting for more than an hour, and the manager did not deign to put in an appearance, nor did he afterward condescend to explain or apologize for this impertinence. Still more recently, Mr. Reade wrote to the management of another fashionable theatre, offering to send a printed copy of a new comedy for approval, and he never even received an answer to his proposal.

At the commencement of his career the Haymarket was under the management of Mr. Morris. Mrs. Seymour, a charming and accomplished actress, then in the very flower of her beauty, was one of the principal attractions of the company, and Mr. Reade was as much impressed by her ability as by her personal charms. He frequented the theatre nightly, studied the actress's method, and composed a comedy of which he intended her to be the heroine. Obtaining an introduction from his friend young Morris, he carried his play under his arm, and presented himself in Jermyn Street, where he found the pretty actress at tea, or, to be more precise, at the actors' popular "tea-dinner," with her husband and Captain Curling, who divided the expenses of the household with the Seymours. Mr. Reade impressed the little family party so favorably that they invited him to join them. During his first visit he was shy, nervous, and embarrassed. A few days later, on returning from the theatre, Mrs. Seymour found that the servant, after having helped herself to her mistress's wardrobe, had taken her departure without preparing the dinner-tea. At the very moment when Reade called to pay his second visit, the fair Laura was vainly endeavoring to light a fire to set the kettle boiling, and the young author volunteered to assist her. This incident he afterward utilized and elaborately developed in the highly humorous

dramatic situation between Charles and Nell Gwynne, in the last act of "The King's Rival."

The Seymours did not think much of the comedy, but they thought very highly of the author, and, finding that he occupied very expensive apartments, invited him, with a view to economizing his resources, to join their modest *ménage* as a member of the family upon the same footing as Captain Curling. Hence commenced an intimacy which terminated only with the death of Mrs. Seymour long subsequently to the decease of her husband and his Pylades, Curling.

Mrs. Seymour's goodness of heart was only equalled by her generosity, but both were held firmly under control by her native shrewdness. Differing in many respects, Mr. Reade and she agreed upon one point,—they would fight for farthings on a matter of right, though they would give away pounds when appealed to in the nobler spirit. At all times they had a number of pensioners, absolutely supported by their generosity; and their hospitality was unbounded. No friend ever needed a formal invitation; there was always a knife and fork and a cordial welcome waiting at that hospitable board.

It was in the year 1851 that Mr. Reade, then thirty-eight or thirty-nine years of age, made his first dramatic experiment.\* It was an adaptation of a comedy by Scribe and Legouv , anglicized under the name of "The Ladies' Battle," and chiefly remembered for Mrs. Stirling's admirable impersonation of the Comtesse Dautreval. After this came "Gold," with the result already stated. His next composition was a drama founded upon certain romantic incidents connected with his own history which occurred during his sojourn in Scotland. This play he sent to the late Tom Taylor, then a rising and popular dramatist, supposed to possess considerable influence with the managers of

\* Since the above was written, I have seen a copy of a yet earlier dramatic effort, an adaptation of Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." It was published at Oxford. On the title-page is written, in the author's own hand, this ominous inscription: "Bosh! Bosh!! Bosh!!! O. R."

the day. Mr. Taylor himself informed me that he read the drama through one night, while swinging in his hammock at his chambers in the Temple. He was struck with the power and vigor of the diction and the exciting nature of the incidents, but thought the plot quite unsuitable for dramatic action. Under this impression he got up in the "wee small hours ayont the twelve," and wrote to Reade, urging him to convert the drama into a story, suggesting a particular mode of treatment, and concluding the letter with the famous quotation, "Yea, by—!" said my Uncle Toby, 'it shall not die!'" Adopting Taylor's suggestion, Reade ultimately converted the drama into the delightful story of "Christie Johnstone." He, however, alleged to me, no later than last September, that he still felt that his first idea was the correct one, and in corroboration of the opinion he quoted the fact that "Christie Johnstone" had been adapted and acted in America, with remarkable success, thousands of times.

Previous to the production of this work in narrative form, he wrote "Peg Woffington." Taylor thought the subject admirably adapted for dramatic treatment, and he proposed to Reade that they should collaborate in the transmogrification of the story into the comedy of "Masks and Faces," which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, and in which Mrs. Stirling and Ben Webster distinguished themselves so highly as the large-hearted Peg and the poor starving author Triplet. Although this work brought great credit, it brought little coin to the authors, who, under happier auspices, repurchased their rights, and were ultimately enabled to realize a considerable sum from royalties accruing from the performance of the play at the Prince of Wales's, the Haymarket, and elsewhere. "Christie Johnstone" immediately followed the publication of "Peg Woffington," and Charles Reade made his first mark as a novelist.

In her youth Mrs. Seymour had enjoyed the advantage of being on terms of friendly intimacy with all the dis-

tinguished actors of her time, including Macready and Charles Kean. Many a time and oft, when people used to complain of Macready's temper, have I heard her exclaim, "Ah, you didn't know him! He was a darling, and the truest, noblest gentleman in the world!" Charles Kean, she also declared, was a most lovable, charming fellow (and so he was). She told me once, with perfect *naïveté*, that when he was engaged at Drury Lane, under Bunn's management, at Charles's request she devoted the whole morning preceding his *début* to preparing laurel wreaths, garlands of flowers, etc., in anticipation of the coming triumph. Kean came, and took some away for his friends: the remainder Mrs. Seymour disposed of among her friends, but "they were all right at night." These little expedients to pepper up popularity were, it seems, in vogue before the days of Patti and Nilsson, Rossi, Salvini, and many others on our own stage. Owing to Mrs. Seymour's influence with Kean, Reade and Taylor's now almost-forgotten play of "The First Printer" was produced, with questionable success, at the Princess's. This was soon followed by "The Courier of Lyons," in one respect a truly remarkable piece of stage-craft. Most of Reade's dramas are distinguished by prolixity and redundancy; but here, in adapting another man's work, he produced a masterpiece of construction. Except Palgrave Simpson's adaptation of Edmund Yates's novel "Black Sheep," which is a model of dramatization, there is nothing on the modern stage which, for terseness, simplicity, and strength, can compare with Charles Reade's arrangement of the third and fourth acts of "The Courier of Lyons." This is a mere expression of individual opinion, but it may at least be accepted as an impartial one, since I myself had previously adapted the play, and had acted it repeatedly, but upon seeing Reade's version I put my own into the fire. Excellent as his manipulation of the work was, "The Courier of Lyons" did not at that time do much to advance Mr. Reade's reputation. Find-

ing the majority of theatres closed against him, and determined not to be kept out, he, in conjunction with Mrs. Seymour, went into management at the St. James's on his own account, where he commenced his campaign with "The King's Rival," a strong but clumsy play, remembered principally for being the medium of introducing Mr. Toole to a London audience, and for Mrs. Seymour's inimitable performance of Nell Gwynne.

This season, I fear, involved a serious loss, to retrieve which a tour in the provinces was projected and carried out, with anything but successful financial results. On returning to London, Mr. Reade collaborated with Mr. Tom Taylor in the composition of "Two Loves and a Life,"—a noble play, but never attractive to the extent of its merits, either in town or country. As literary work, there can be no doubt it is far in advance of any drama of the same class in this century. There is nothing more touching or more beautiful in the whole range of dramatic literature than the story of Juanita in the second act; yet, such is the perversity of public taste, this play was only acted in one or two important country theatres, and has never been revived in London since its first production at the Adelphi. I had such faith in it that during the first year I went into management I expended three or four hundred pounds upon its production, with most direful results. The manager, as well as the author, is unfortunate who is "before his time."

It was at this crisis in Mr. Reade's career that the sound, practical common sense of Mrs. Seymour came to the rescue, and she incessantly urged him to quit the precarious pursuit of the drama, in which he was so often defeated, and to devote his great powers and his undivided attention to narrative literature. He was now forty years of age, and as yet had done nothing to satisfy his ambition; but he knew his own strength, and felt convinced that everything, the world itself, comes round to him who knows how to wait and who lives long enough. It was at this time he said to

his brother Compton, "I am like Goldsmith and others: I shall blossom late." And he kept his word.

Four years later, he awoke one morning to find himself famous. "It is Never Too Late to Mend" had been published, and at one bound he had leaped into the foremost rank of living authors. Then followed in regular succession all the works which constitute the claim of Charles Reade to be remembered as one of the greatest writers of fiction of this century.

Up to forty-three years of age his life had appeared almost a wasted one. Before he had reached fifty he had acquired fame and fortune. Yet amidst his continually-increasing successes as a novelist he perpetually hungered for the glamour of the foot-lights and the applause of the audience, and was never happy out of the theatre. With this feeling ever dominant, circumstances now occurred which were peculiarly aggravating. "It is Never Too Late to Mend" caught the public eye and heart, rushed through several editions, and became the rage of the hour. Its great and continually-increasing popularity attracted the attention of the minor theatre dramatists. Various unauthorized dramatizations of the novel were produced in town and country, which crowded the theatres nightly and replenished the managerial coffers, while not a cent ever found its way to the pocket of the original author. It must be confessed that to a less irascible man this would have been annoying enough, but it incensed Charles Reade almost to madness. He had given his best work to the theatre, had been repeatedly baffled, defeated, had lost time and money,—and yet, on the very first occasion when he had "struck oil," a horde of pirates and plunderers rushed in to rob him with impunity, and made heaps of money by the nefarious transaction. Justly angered at this anomalous state of affairs, he commenced the prolonged litigation which ultimately settled the question of dramatic copyright as it now stands. The judges decided, in the first instance, that the

author had no exclusive right to the dramatization of his own novel. Often baffled, but never beaten, Mr. Reade returned again and again to the charge. At last it occurred to him that "It is Never Too Late to Mend" was (except the prison episode) founded upon his own dead and buried drama of "Gold." Now, the law which permitted the pirates to steal his novel surely would not allow them to pilfer his play. Acting on this happy inspiration, he changed his front, and based his claim for compensation on the infringement of his rights in the drama of "Gold." The result was that he gained a signal triumph, and the final verdict laid down the law, "that if an author will take the trouble to dramatize, however crudely, his novel, prior to its publication, his rights are absolute."

At this period I read the book,—fortunately, I had not seen any of the spurious plays on the subject,—and I was immediately struck with the dramatic capabilities of the story. Without delay, I ran up to town, presented myself at Bolton Row, May Fair, and introduced myself to Mr. Reade. Thus, after all these years, the obsolete drama of "Gold," at which I had turned up my nose in my youth, at my maturity brought me into immediate communication with the author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend," and led to an intimacy of twenty years' duration.

On arriving at Bolton Row, I was shown into a large room littered with books, manuscripts, and newspapers of every description, from the "Times" and the "New York Herald" down to the "Police News." Before me stood a stately and imposing man of fifty or fifty-one, over six feet high, with a massive chest, herculean limbs, and a bearded leonine face, showing traces of a manly beauty which ripened into majesty as he grew older. He had large brown eyes which could at times become exceedingly fierce, a fine head, quite bald on the top, but covered at the sides with soft brown hair, a head strangely disproportioned to the bulk of the body;

in fact, I never could understand how so large a brain could be confined in so small a skull. On the desk before him lay a huge sheet of drab paper, on which he had been writing; it was about the size of two sheets of ordinary foolscap; in his hand, one of Gillott's double-barrelled pens. (Before I left the room, he told me he sent Gillott his books, and Gillott sent him his pens.)

His voice, though very pleasant, was very penetrating. He was rather deaf, but I don't think quite so deaf as he pretended to be. This deafness gave him an advantage in conversation: it afforded him time to take stock of the situation, and either to seek refuge in silence or to request his interlocutor to propound his proposal afresh. At first he was very cold, but at last, carried away by the ardor of my admiration for his work, he thawed, and in half an hour he was eager, excited, delighted, and delightful.

When I said that I wanted to dramatize his book, he told me he had dramatized it already; that he had sent printed copies to every manager in London, and they had not had the decency even to acknowledge his letters on the subject. He had lost all hope and heart about it, he said, but if I liked I might take the play and read it and form my own opinion as to its chances of success. I read it that night, and breakfasted with him the next morning, when we arranged to produce it forthwith at my theatre in Leeds.

Mr. Reade's frank egoism is so well known, and he was so *naïve* and manly about it, that I cannot refrain from chronicling my first impressions of it. After breakfast, he asked me to read him George Fielding's farewell to the farm. There was a lady present, and the tears rose in her eyes at the touching lines about "church-bells and home." Seeing this, Reade rose, and paced the room in violent agitation, muttering to himself, "Beautiful—beautiful!—music—music!—isn't it?" He then turned to me abruptly, and desired me to give Tom Robinson's curse in the prison-scene. I did, to the best of my ability.

When I had done, he became quite wild with excitement, and exclaimed, "Sublime! sublime! My only fear is, if you let him have it like that they'll be sorry for that beast of a Hawes. Now, seriously, on your honor, sir, do you think that Lear's curse is 'in it' with this?"

When we laughed at his almost boyish exuberance, he was not at all offended, but laughed heartily as he said,—

"No, no, it isn't exactly that; but I can't help kicking when those d—d asses, the critics, try to hang dead men's bones round living men's necks!"

That night there was a cosy little dinner-party improvised in Bolton Row in honor of "the young man from the country" who had had the temerity "to beard the lion in his den,"—so Reade always described the process of my introducing myself to him. The only persons present besides myself were Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Dr. Dickson, Mr. Reade, and Mrs. Seymour. This charming woman had long passed her *première jeunesse* when I became acquainted with her. She was still beautiful, but in the heyday of her youth she must have been supremely lovely; and Mr. Reade always maintained that at her zenith, she was the most delightful and ebullient comedy actress he had ever seen. And I can well believe it. The first time I ever saw her was on the stage of my own theatre, at Sheffield, with the Haymarket company. On that occasion she acted Mrs. Charles Torrens in the comedy of "The Serious Family." I can see her now as she appeared then, just in the full, ripe prime of womanhood,—a trifle below the middle height, a fair complexion, oval face, frank, open brow, large, bright hazel eyes with long, dark lashes, a profusion of light-brown, glossy, curly hair, a pure yet delicate aquiline nose, an exquisitely-cut mouth, with dazzling teeth, a slender waist and a magnificent bust, a bright, ringing laugh, a crisp, clear, sympathetic voice, which at times was "soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman." In her Quaker dress of lavender silk she was piquantly charming; but when she appeared in ball-room costume, which

revealed her majestic neck and shoulders, she was dazzlingly beautiful. I almost think I can hear her now, as she exclaimed, "I have been deceived, betrayed, insulted! Take me from this house, Charles, or I shall stifle."

Years afterward, when our friendship had ripened into intimacy, Mrs. Seymour informed me that she was the daughter of an impecunious physician who hailed from somewhere in Somersetshire. From her earliest childhood she was the Little Dorrit of the family, and had to be bread-winner for her sister and herself. As early as fifteen years of age Miss Alison made her *début*, as Juliet, at the Victoria Theatre, then under the management of Abbott and Egerton, and subsequently she transferred her services to Braham, the singer, under whose management she appeared at the St. James's Theatre and at the Coliseum in Regent's Park. Thence she went to the York Circuit, and subsequently to the Theatre Royal, Dublin. On her return to town, the necessities of her family urged her to a marriage with Mr. Seymour, a man much older than herself and reported to be in affluent circumstances. It appeared that this rumor had no foundation in fact. Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Seymour, accompanied by her husband, went to America, vainly hoping by the exercise of her profession to obtain the fortune which her marriage had certainly not brought her. The American tour was a disappointment, and the newly-married couple returned to England. At or about this time I am under the impression that she acted Desdemona and parts of a similar character with Macready. Ultimately she was a member of the Haymarket company, where Mr. Reade first became acquainted with her. It was a genuine and unexpected pleasure to me when I recognized in this genial and graceful lady the presiding genius of the little house in May Fair. What a delightful evening that was on which I first made her acquaintance!

When Mr. Reade chose, he could be as austere as a stoic, dumb as an oyster;



but when he unbent, he was a boy, and could talk like a woman. On this occasion he was as frolicsome as the one and as garrulous as the other.

Boucicault was, and is, a delightful *raconteur*; the ladies, too, contributed their quota, and Dr. Dickson was inimitable. Availing himself every now and then of a pause in the witty warfare between the two authors, he would let out some quaint, pawky saying which convulsed us with laughter. I had just been reading "Hard Cash," and Dr. Dickson's manner struck me so much that I couldn't help hazarding the remark, "Pray pardon me, but you remind me wonderfully of Dr. Sampson." At this there was a roar. Dr. Dickson was Dr. Sampson himself, and his honest face flushed with gratified vanity, as indeed did the author's, at my involuntary compliment to the fidelity of the likeness.

"Ah, you villain," said Dickson, "see how brutally you've caricatured me, since this boy is enabled to spot me the moment he sees me. I'll bring an action for libel against you, Charlie; I will, now, 'pon my soul I will."

Some time afterward, speaking to Mr. Reade about his remarkable portraiture of this gentleman, he said, "Come into my workshop, and I'll show you how it is done." We went into his study, where he picked out of a hundred huge sheets of drab mill-board one headed "Dickybirdiana" ("Dicky" was a pet name for Dickson). The sheet was divided into sectional columns, like a newspaper, and every column was filled with manuscript in Mr. Reade's writing, containing anecdotes, traits of character, peculiarities of pronunciation, and a perfect analysis of Dr. Dickson. It was thus that Mr. Reade labored from first to last in the construction of character and in the building up of his works.

After dinner, Boucicault sang us "The Wearing of the Green" (this was before the production of "Arrah na Pogue") with such fervor that it set every drop of Irish blood in my body boiling, and made me for the time being as big a rebel as my grandfather was before me, and he was pitch-capped twice,

and hung up to a lamp-post once, once taken out to be shot, yet was at the last moment saved through the intervention of the Duchess of Leinster, and lived to tell the story nearly half a century after '98. But I am digressing.

With that night commenced an intimate friendship between Mr. Reade and myself which existed until his death. In the relations in which we were placed there was sometimes a little friction, but that was of the slightest and most temporary character, and no more than might naturally be expected from two men of equally impetuous temperaments and different opinions. We scarcely had, however, the slightest difference on the subject of the management of the stage,—over which, in every instance, I exercised complete control, arranging and inventing the entire stage-business of most of his important pieces exactly as they now exist.

"It is Never Too Late to Mend" was produced for the first time at Leeds. We had new scenery and appointments, and a cast of characters which has not since been excelled. It elicited considerable enthusiasm during a run of four or five weeks, although it was never played a single week to its current expenses. Fortunately, I was able to bear the brunt, and, as I believed in the piece, I too resolved, like Uncle Toby, that it should not die. I arranged, therefore, a tour of all the principal towns, commencing at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The sequel justified my confidence: from that moment the success of the piece was assured, and wherever we went the theatre was crowded nightly.

My friend the late George Vining was at that time manager of the Princess's Theatre, and he came down to York and Manchester to see the play, and eventually arranged for its production in town. The first night at the Princess's was made memorable by a deplorable scene, not wholly unprovoked by a revolting piece of realism, introduced, against my advice, in the prison-scene. A perfect riot ensued, and a by no means undistinguished man of letters so

far forgot himself as to jump up in the stalls and harangue the audience, protesting against the conduct and character of the drama. This gentleman had reason to regret the part he took in this scandalous transaction; for, finding afterward that he sought under a pseudonyme to justify his conduct on that occasion, Reade scarified and pilloried him in an article which for scathing invective equalled anything which ever came from that terrible double-barrelled pen.

Annoying as it was to the author and actors at the moment, this shameful scene served to attract attention, and indeed was a sensational advertisement. The play was a great commercial success, and crowded the theatre nightly until the termination of the season. From that time to this its attraction has been perennial. It has been revived at the Princess's, it has been acted at the Adelphi and at all the minor theatres with considerable success, and at this moment there are two or three companies touring the country with it in various directions.

After its production at the Princess's, the late Benjamin Webster reproached me bitterly for not having recommended the play to him, utterly oblivious of the fact that it had passed through his own hands and he had never taken the trouble to read it, although he knew Charles Reade to be the author. I have dwelt at length upon the circumstances relative to the production of this play, for the encouragement of young authors. Here was a work of world-wide popularity, by a great man, which went begging from stage door to stage door, and no manager would look at it, yet after its production in the provinces it became a great metropolitan success, and is so to this day.

The triumph so long delayed, but at length achieved, filled Mr. Reade with a fever of delight and contributed greatly to the intimacy which existed so long between us. For many years he always found a home whenever he pleased in my house, and whenever I came to town I found a home in his.

During my frequent visits to Albert Gate I had ample opportunities for ob-

serving Mr. Reade's systematic mode of going to work. He scoffed at the idea of burning "the midnight oil." Maintaining that a man of letters had no right to lead the life of a recluse, he worked in the early part of the day, the rest he devoted to society. Literature was the business of his life, society its relaxation.

At the period of our early intimacy he got up at eight, skimmed the papers, breakfasted at nine. In those days he had a healthy appetite, and usually made a substantial meal which set him up for the day. Fish, flesh, eggs, potatoes, fruit,—nothing came amiss to him. From breakfast-time he never tasted anything till dinner, at seven, or, when he went to the theatre, at six. From ten till one or two he stuck to the desk. Two chapters he considered a fair average day's work. I have often sat with him for hours together without our exchanging one word. Sometimes, indeed, he would jump up, and say, "My muse 'labors,' but the jade won't be 'delivered.' Come into the garden, John, and let's have a jaw." After a few minutes' talk he would return to his work with redoubled ardor.

One day in every week was devoted to his agendas and scrap-books. Magazines and papers of every description from all parts of the world were piled round him in shoals. Armed with a long pair of scissors, sharp and glittering as a razor, he would glance over a whole sheet, spot out a salient article or paragraph,—a picturesque illustration from "Harper's," "Frank Leslie's Pictorial," the "Graphic," the "Illustrated London News," the "London Journal," down to the "Police News,"—snip went the scissors, slash went the article as it dropped into the paper-basket. During these operations he would sometimes pause to let out an exclamation of astonishment or disgust, or a Gargantuan roar of laughter, or occasionally he would read a more than usually interesting paragraph aloud, and comment on it. When the slashing was completed and the room was littered over in every corner, the maid was called in to clear away the débris. Then came the revision.

Paragraphs and illustrations were sifted, selected, approved, or rejected. Those that were approved were there and then pasted into scrap-books and duly indexed; long articles were stowed away into one or other of his numerous agendas, so methodically that he knew where to lay his hand upon them at a moment's notice. It was by this process that he prepared those wonderful storehouses of information which his friend Edwin Arnold thus describes: "The enormous note-books which he compiled in the course of his various publications, with their elaborate system of reference and confirmation and their almost encyclopædic variety and range, will rank hereafter among the greatest curiosities of literature and be a perennial monument of his artistic fidelity."

To complete his record and have a means of referring at any moment to a reliable authority for verification of dates, etc., he always filed "Lloyd's Weekly News," which he called his "epitome of current events." If any special information were needed upon a particular subject, he had recourse to one or two humble followers whose success in literature had not been commensurate with their industry and ambition: these gentlemen were employed to hunt up authorities, make excerpts, etc., at the British Museum; and thus it was that his fiction always appeared like fact.

In preparing his material for the press he was equally precise. He would rush off his copy, in his great sprawling hand, on huge sheets of drab-colored paper,—which he alleged rested and cooled his eyes,—then carefully revise. This done, he would frequently read aloud to us chapter after chapter and discuss incidents, treatment, etc. It was seldom that he did not avail himself of some suggestion, and frequently some happy thought would occur in the course of conversation. After the next revision the chapters were handed over to his copyist, who wrote a hand like copper-plate. Then came the final revise. If this did not deface the manuscript too much, it was sent to the printer. If,

however, the manuscript was illegible, then a second copy was made.\*

From two to four was devoted to receiving company. People of every description came,—frequently Americans, who would come with or without introductions (he was very partial to America and Americans),—"swells," brother-authors, actors, and actresses, especially the latter. Some of them had never acted, but they only needed the opportunity to "set the Thames on fire;" others had acted, but had been "crushed" by managers and were out of engagements. Hither, too, came disappointed poets, playwrights, escaped lunatics, broken-down sailors, ticket-of-leave men, etc. To most of these he would give a patient hearing, and not unfrequently consolation, advice, and assistance.

After his reception, Mr. Reade usually devoted a couple of hours to calling on his friends, generally winding up in Covent Garden, from whence he returned to dinner laden with fruit and flowers whenever they were in season.

\* The copyist who worked for him for years died last summer under very distressing circumstances. Poor S—— had been a prompter in his time. His was the old, old story: there had been a faithless wife, a deserted home, a motherless child who died. The man lost himself, took to drink, became a slave to it, and was a pitiable object to behold. This infirmity was the one of all others which Reade most loathed, yet he always bore with poor S——, and did all he could to protect him from himself. If the unfortunate creature ever got a lump sum of money into his hands he melted it immediately in drink: hence it was always doled out to him by instalments. Latterly it became absolutely necessary to have the work done in the house. When I last saw him, he came to draw some money: he took it without a word, and passed out like a man in a dream. A fortnight afterward I read in the papers that he had been found dead, seated in a dilapidated chair, in a dismantled garret,—one of those horrible-places described in George Sims's awful book,—a place festooned with cobwebs and reeking with filth. An empty gin-bottle was by his side; the pipe, which had fallen from his hand, lay smashed to pieces on the ground; a few shillings were still left in his pocket. At the post-mortem examination the stomach was found to be entirely empty. It was stated that he had lived for years in this wretched den, where he had never been known to receive a visitor, nor had any human being ever crossed his threshold from the time he took possession of it till they found him sitting dead in the broken chair.

Lunch, as I have intimated, he never took. "It is an insult to one's breakfast," he alleged, "and an outrage on one's dinner." The *menu*, unless upon state occasions, commenced with fish: soup he detested. His taste in fish was peculiar: he preferred herring (which, when fresh from the sea, he maintained was the most delicate and delicious fish that ever came to table) to turbot, sole to salmon. The next course consisted of mutton (beef he abominated) or white meats, followed by game, pastry, and fruit, washed down by sparkling wine, in which he was a connoisseur. During all our acquaintance, I never saw him taste a glass of beer; and he loathed the very smell of tobacco. Spirits he rarely or never tasted. Once, however, when he was staying with us in the country, my landlord, who was a famous wine-merchant, made us a present of a case of wonderful Santa Cruz rum. It was very old, and, made into punch, it was a most insidious beverage. On one occasion, when we came home cold and weary from a long night-rehearsal, I broached a bottle, and tempted Reade into tasting it; he took to it very kindly; indeed, during the remainder of his visit he invariably looked out for a nightcap of this pleasant tippie. Next time I came to town I brought with me a dozen bottles, and he used to say nightly, with a grin, "Produce the poisoned bowl. You are continually leading me into temptation. If I fall into evil it will be your fault."

To me our pleasantest dinners were when we were alone, because then I could induce him to talk without *arrière-pensée*, and—ye gods!—how he could talk when in the mood! He preferred to talk about his plays rather than his books. I preferred to talk about his books, especially about his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth." The labor and research involved in this remarkable work were enormous, yet it was nearly strangled at its birth, and even at its maturity never had half the vogue of "Hard Cash," "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," or "Put Yourself in His Place." Originally brought out under the title of "A Good Fight," in

a certain periodical, its publication was suspended in consequence of the editor's tampering with the "copy," an indignity which the author resented by breaking off further relations, and the story was left unfinished. Ultimately, however, it saw the light in a complete form under its present well-known title. The unfortunate editor was shortly afterward immured in a lunatic asylum, whereupon Reade made one of his characteristic remarks. "Poor fellow!" he said, "poor fellow! I'm sorry for him; but what else could be expected from a man who was insane enough to tamper with my copy?"

In discussing the merits of his works (he was by no means averse to discussion on this or any other subject, except politics and the Athanasian Creed), I always maintained the supremacy of "The Cloister and the Hearth" over all his other books; but in this case, as in the drama, his barometer was failure or success. After "Griffith Gaunt," he declared that he would never go out of his own age again. "I write for the public," he said, "and the public don't care about the dead: they are more interested in the living, and in the great tragi-comedy of humanity that is around and about them, and environs them in every street, at every crossing, in every hole and corner. An aristocratic divorce suit, the last great social scandal, a sensational suicide from Waterloo Bridge, a woman murdered in Seven Dials, or a baby found strangled in a bonnet-box at Piccadilly Circus, interests them much more than Kate Gaunt's piety or Gerard's journey to Rome. For one reader who has read 'The Cloister and the Hearth' a thousand have read 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.' The paying public prefers a live ass to a dead lion. *Similia similibus*: why should the ass not have his thistles? Besides, thistles are good, wholesome diet for those who have a stomach for them. No! no! No more doublet and hose for me: henceforth I stick to trousers. Now, after that, if you please, pass the wine and change the subject."

JOHN COLEMAN.

## SOME NEW THING.

"**A**RE they speaking German, Constance?" said Mrs. Harwood to her daughter.

"It sounds like German, but I can't understand it at all," answered the younger lady.

She and her mother were standing in front of "the hotel" in a Pennsylvania village, looking around for the vehicle which was to meet them and transport them to their journey's end. The conversation of the men who had gathered there to witness the arrival of the stage made them feel as if they were in a foreign land. Constance Harwood had a fair knowledge of orthodox German, but this jumble of Rhineland dialects and American-English was incomprehensible to her. Yet these people were native Americans, whose ancestors had lived in that district for more than a hundred years.

The innkeeper appearing at his door, Constance appealed to him for information, whereupon he addressed one of the loungers as follows:

"*Kookkamole, Weeter, wone d'r Dy-fellas bang'rt iss d'r Barndollar'ss Chaak?*"

"*Wo d'r rett-hett Chaak iss?*" replied the man. "*Spannt kerrich ope, oon will haam to bush reiden.*"

The peculiar inflections and the nasal twang and drawl of this question and answer could not be indicated by any combinations of letters.

"*Meessiz Barndollar'ss kerrich will coom reit-away wunst, laties,*" said the innkeeper.

A few minutes afterward, a large, old-fashioned carriage was driven from the inn stable to where they stood, and in it they were soon travelling toward the wall of dark-blue mountains on the southwestern horizon.

At the outset the driver seemed disposed to be sociable.

"How'ss dingss a-gittin' on down in Philldelphy still?" he inquired.

"I don't know," replied Constance. "We don't live in Philadelphia."

"So-o?" said the driver.

After pondering over this statement for some time, he looked around at her and said, "Ye—ye don't live in Philldelphy a'ready?"

"No," answered Constance: "we live in New York."

He slowly turned away his face and relapsed into a state of bewilderment, from which he did not emerge during the rest of the drive.

As they were passing a little house by the roadside, a small, red-headed boy appeared at the door and shouted, "Hello, Chaak!"

The driver, looking stonily to the front, responded, "Hello!"

"Who is that?" asked Constance.

"Dot iss mine sohn still."

"Your son?"

"Yass."

"Then why did he call you Jake?"

"Coz dot iss mine *name*."

"He is a gem!" said Constance to her mother.

"Don't laugh, my dear," whispered Mrs. Harwood.

Three seasons at fashionable summer resorts had made Miss Harwood very weary of such places, although her rank as a belle was still undisputed. When the fourth summer came, she had asked her mother to go with her to some quiet place in the country, where she might see an entirely new phase of life. They were now on their way to a farm-house in the "Pennsylvania Dutch" district, and she was already convinced that her object would be fully attained.

As the afternoon advanced, they drew near the base of the mountains, and just after sunset the carriage stopped in front of an ancient stone house whose wide portico was covered with a luxuriant growth of vines. Five huge old oaks stretched out their branches over the house, and from the garden behind



it the fragrance of old-fashioned flowers was borne on the cool evening air. A large colony of pigeons had just come home for the night, and their cooings and flutterings made a great commotion about the gable to which their dwellings were attached.

Mrs. Barndollar, the owner of this house, stood at the open gate with her daughter Elsa. A short distance behind them was the "hired girl," gazing eagerly at "the real city ladies." Mrs. Barndollar's welcome to her guests was of the heartiest character, and they could hardly believe they had never seen her before. Her speech was marked by some peculiar provincialisms, but her voice was pleasant, and all she said was easy to understand.

As they entered the portico, Constance noticed above the door of the house a large stone on which was the following inscription:

Ich habe Gott vertraut, und dieses Haus gebaut,  
Anno 1735, M. B.

"Who placed that inscription there?" she asked.

"My husband's great-grandfather, when he built this house already," replied Mrs. Barndollar. "It was the first house built in this part of the country, and was twenty-three miles from the nearest white settlement, so it was. Come in once, and let me show you the Bible he brought with him from Germany still."

The Bible was an enormous black-letter volume with iron clasps, and the first entry among the births was "Melchior Bärnthaler, geboren Juni 8, Anno 1602." Six more Melchior Bärnthalers followed in regular order, and then the surname was changed to Barndollar. Mrs. Barndollar pointed to the last name but one on the list of births, and said,—

"This one is my boy Melker. He's gone to Philadelpy now, but he'll soon be home already."

The record showed the absent son to be twenty-seven years old, but to his mother he had never ceased to be "my boy."

After the ladies had visited their rooms, they were conducted to a neatly-arranged tea-table, and, although they declined making trial of the "lodwerick" and other unfamiliar viands, they found the fare more to their taste than they had expected it to be. Before retiring that night, Constance established intimate relations with Elsa, a somewhat precocious maiden of thirteen, who had evidently received a better education than had fallen to her mother's lot, and who soon lost the shyness with which she received the young lady's first advances.

During the forenoons of the next three days they explored together nearly every part of the house and adjoining grounds. Constance had never lived on a farm before, and the novelty of all she saw gave her unalloyed pleasure. She had a strong natural love for all little, helpless things, and she found in the society of the small, fluffy, chirping balls which had lately emerged from hens' eggs a degree of satisfaction which her fellow-creatures had never afforded her. That they should develop into substantial, matter-of-fact poultry seemed to her a painful error in the operations of nature.

She was not long, also, in winning the approbation of the united "help." Christina, the house-girl, declared that she was "*a gar shaana maad, oon koomma rowss in de faashenss*;" while the cook and the field-hands candidly admitted that she was handsome and sensible enough to be a Pennsylvania German. Jake, whose mind had so signally failed to grasp the idea of her non-residence in Philadelphia, was at first disposed to be neutral. But when he had been convinced by the others that New York had a real existence and was *almost* as large as Philadelphia, he became satisfied that Constance's reason had not tottered from its throne, and he then joined in the general verdict.

When Constance and Elsa were tired of rambling, they usually reclined on the hay and told each other stories in the vast dusky red barn, which was three times as large as the house and looked

like a great wooden church. Elsa's stories were chiefly about certain evil-minded dwarfs whom she believed to lurk in lonely forest-nooks of the neighboring mountains and to be constantly on the watch for wandering damsels, whom they ardently desired to shut up in dark caverns. Her fear of these *baaza tswerricka*, as the farm-servants called them, made her look at the mountains with real awe.

"Melker says it's foolishness," said she, as they were resting in the barn on the third morning. "But I wouldn't go up there with anybody but him for the whole world!"

"Would you go with him?"

"With Melker? Why, I'd go anywhere with him! He's not afraid of dwarfs, or giants either. I even went up to the Dwarfs' Lookout with him, last summer."

"Where is that?"

"It's a big rock up on the side of that mountain, beyond where it turns. The dwarfs come out there on moonlight nights and try to put spells on the children all around the country, so they'll want to come up there and can't stay away. When you're up there you feel as if you could see everything. Maybe that's the way the dwarfs begin to conjure you."

Constance laughed, and asked the girl whether she would be afraid to go to the Dwarfs' Lookout with her that afternoon.

"Indeed I should!" exclaimed Elsa. "They'd keep us both a hundred years, and when we came back we shouldn't know anybody outside of the graveyard. Wait till Melker comes home, and then I'll go."

But Constance had made up her mind to visit the elfin rock on that day, and Elsa's appeals for delay made no impression on her. Mrs. Barndollar also tried to persuade her to wait, but, finding that she was determined to go at once, said that Jake was going up the mountain and would show her the way.

She and her guide set out soon after dinner, the hour for which was one o'clock. Her companion entertained her

on the way with his own particular views about the dwarfs, whom he was a firm believer. He said that in old times the little people and the Indians lived together very amicably, but when the white men came and cut down the forests the dwarfs retreated indignantly to the wildest parts of the mountains, and were now rarely seen between sunrise and sunset. He thought there was very little likelihood of their showing themselves to her, but mentioned, in a friendly way, that if any of them should appear, the best course for her to pursue would be to compliment them on their fine personal appearance and to present each of them with a "chaw" of tobacco. Prompted by his high regard for her character, he even offered her a slab of the blackish compound he was in the habit of masticating, and which he called "*kowtowok*."

After following the mountain-road for about an hour, they turned into a narrow foot-path through a pine thicket, and soon afterward came out on a great bare crag, like a platform. A number of rocks were scattered over it, and near its outer edge was a very large one, not less than ten feet high. This was the Dwarfs' Lookout.

Constance's conductor repeated his advice to her about her behavior to the dwarfs if they should appear, and then he returned to the main road, to continue his journey up the mountain.

The inner side of the large rock was almost perpendicular, but a light wooden ladder rested against it, and by means of this she reached the top. Far below was a lovely landscape, restful and calm in the light of the summer afternoon. The cloud-shadows passed slowly over the hills and woods and fields, and on the distant horizon the faint outlines of another range of mountains were barely perceptible.

Constance had never before been alone on a mountain-height, and she felt the full force of a complete removal from all the petty ambitions, shams, disappointments, and wearisome sameness of her every-day life.

She had been standing some time on

the rock, when she was conscious of a thrill of nervous terror which made her turn quickly in the direction of the pine-trees on the edge of the crag. There crouched the living horror which some nameless influence had made her expect to see. It was a short, strongly-built human figure, parting the undergrowth with its hands and bending forward as if ready to spring. Its shaggy red hair and beard were full of twigs and leaves and cobwebs, its gaunt face was deeply tanned by the sun, and its wild, wolfish eyes were fixed on hers with a hungry intensity which made her suddenly grow faint and sick. There was something in those dreadful, soulless eyes which affected her like a nightmare, and she had no power to move or utter a sound.

For a few seconds they both stood motionless, and then the creature's eyes were turned downward toward the ladder. Instantly, seeing her only chance of safety, Constance sprang toward the ladder, pulled it up to where she stood, and then sank down on the rock, gasping for breath and almost as helpless as before.

As the end of the ladder rose in the air, the man-monster dashed across the open space and clutched at the lowest rounds with its claw-like fingers. Then it raised its head and sent out a long, low cry, strangely like the howl of a starving beast of prey, and yet hardly less like the moan of a tortured and despairing man. After that it began creeping around the rock as far as it could go, searching intently for some place where it might climb up. Suddenly it sprang to its feet, darted away to one of the loose stones, raised it in its arms, and brought it to the base of the rock. Instantly returning with another, it laid it beside the first, and went on bringing stones and piling them up with a sagacity and persistence which were like those of the lower animals. It did not pause, look up, or make any noise, but worked with a concentrated energy that made its success seem sure.

The growing nearness of the danger again roused Constance into action.

Rising and walking to the outer edge of the rock, she looked down, and imagined the effect of a fall from that vast height. She seemed to feel her breath going as she fell faster and faster into space, until the end should come in a horrible crash against the broken rocks far below. She turned away, shuddering, and retreated toward the centre of the rock on which she stood.

Looking down at the creature on the other side, she saw it standing near the pine-trees, with its back toward her, holding a stone in its hands, but perfectly motionless. A moment afterward it let the stone fall, threw itself flat on the crag, and placed its ear close to the ground. A wild hope thrilled her with intense excitement as she saw it was listening. She tried to listen too, though it seemed to her that the beating of her heart would keep her from hearing any other sound.

But in a little while she did hear a noise which she knew was not made by the wind, or the falling pine-cones, or the snapping of withered branches. The sound came nearer every moment, and at last she could clearly hear the clatter of horse-hoofs on the mountain-road. Instinctively and almost unconsciously she began screaming. Her piercing shrieks rang out without an instant's pause, and echoed away through the mountain-woods and down into the valley. Her eyes were fixed on the pine-trees, and from them she suddenly saw the figure of a man rush out upon the crag. Then she grew faint and dizzy, felt herself fall upon the rock, and remembered nothing more.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on the bed in her room at the farm-house, and her mother was bending over her. As soon as she had opened her eyes her mother kissed her and then went and sat down by the open window. Through the window came the sound of somebody sobbing on the portico below. She wondered who it was, but felt too weak to ask, so she lay perfectly still, trying to remember what had made her so very tired. Soon she heard Christina exclaim,—

"Ah, de baaza tswerricka! De baaza, waashta tswerricka!"

This made her remember that her guide on the mountain had called the dwarfs "*tswerricka*;" and then all that happened afterward came thronging back into her mind. She was too weak to feel the full horror of what she had gone through, but tears began to fall from her eyes, and she had no power to keep them back.

Gradually she became more composed, and, when the first shock of the recollection had passed away, she asked her mother, in a very faint voice, how she had been brought home.

"Mrs. Barndollar's son brought you here," answered Mrs. Harwood. "He was driving down the road on his way home, and found you on the rock."

After a short silence, Constance said, "Did he see—anything else there?—anything alive?"

"No, my dear, nothing at all. But don't talk any more now. You are very tired, and need a good rest."

Constance asked no more questions, and her mother soon had the satisfaction of seeing that she was in a sound, natural sleep.

Among the servants of the house and farm her mishap had excited deep interest. The subject was fully discussed in the kitchen, and all agreed that the dwarfs must have appeared to the young lady and bewitched her. Jake reproached himself for having left her alone on the rock, but declared that if she had only followed his directions there would have been no trouble. "The night I met the dwarfs," he said, in the dialect, "I talked to 'em friendly like, and give 'em all a chaw, and they didn't do me a bit o' harm. If I'd 'a' lost my head, now, they'd 'a' bewitched me, sure!"

"You'd lost your head a'ready, a-drinking apple-jack," said Christina. "I don't believe you ever saw any dwarfs at all."

This insinuation was indignantly repelled by Jake, who had persuaded himself that his interview with the dwarfs and his cool and sagacious conduct on

that occasion formed the crowning glory of his life. But, though most of those present were sceptical about his case, there was no doubt in their minds as to Miss Harwood, and many forebodings were uttered with reference to her future life. Elsa's opinion agreed with theirs, and her grief and sympathy found vent in frequent lamentations.

Constance was not able to leave her room until the evening of the next day, when she came down and went out on the portico. There she found her mother talking to a man, who rose as she appeared and was presented to her as Mr. Barndollar. Constance went up to him and held out her hand. The full consciousness of what he had done for her came back with overpowering force and made her feel how useless it would be to try to thank him, but there was an eloquence in her face which thrilled him through and through.

Melchior Barndollar would have attracted attention anywhere as a strikingly handsome man. His manner, though thoroughly courteous to Constance and deferential to her mother, was quite free from awkwardness or embarrassment. This was partly due to association with city people, but still more to his own good sense, self-respect, and inherent manliness. At school and college he had made the most of his opportunities, and he still found time for a great deal of reading.

Constance soon found that his intellect and attainments were superior to those of any other young man she had ever known, but, as he was too much in earnest to be a prig, this superiority never became offensive to her.

Mrs. Barndollar and her daughter soon joined them, and Elsa found her curiosity and concern about what had happened on the rock too great to be restrained. After a hard struggle, she at last said, "Miss Constance, did you see the dwarfs when you were up there on the mountain?"

"Don't ask about that now, Elsa," said her brother. "Perhaps Miss Harwood doesn't care to talk about it this evening."

But Constance assured him that she felt able to describe what had happened, and gave them a full account of the affair.

"What in the world could the thing have been already?" said Mrs. Barndollar. "Do you think it was a man, Miss Constance?"

"I suppose it *was* a man," said Constance. "But it was dreadfully like a wolf, too. I've been thinking to-day that if there really were such things as were-wolves they would be very much like what I saw."

"It may have been the nearest thing to a were-wolf that ever existed," said Melchior. "I mean a lycanthrope."

"What is a lickanthroat?" asked Elsa.

"Lycanthropes are people who have one of the strangest diseases in the world. They believe themselves to be wolves; and it's hard to be sure they're not partly right. They howl and snarl and bite like wolves, and go on their hands and knees till both are as hard as horn. Nearly three centuries ago, hundreds of lycanthropes herded together in the Jura Mountains, associated with real wolves, and lived exactly as they do, even tearing and devouring children."

"The horrid things!" exclaimed Elsa. "They were worse than the dwarfs! Will the disease ever break out in this country?"

"Not unless the same causes arise here, I suppose."

"What *were* the causes of that epidemic of lycanthropy?" asked Constance.

"I believe it grew out of starvation and misery and the whole poisonous social system which the great French Revolution cleared away as a thunder-storm purifies the air. When people have been forced to live like brutes for hundreds of generations, it is not strange that they should come squarely down to the brute level."

Mrs. Barndollar was never happier in the possession of her son than when he was talking about things she could not understand. As he ceased speaking, she turned to Mrs. Harwood, and said,

in a perfectly audible whisper, "I do believe that boy knows everything still. And it's no wonder, too, for he just reads and reads till you'd think his head would crack open, so you would!"

"I was very much interested in what he has been telling us," said Mrs. Harwood, in her kindly way.

Constance saw the slight contraction—more from pain on his mother's account than from annoyance on his own—which Melchior's strong effort could not keep his face from showing, and she was glad the opening of the gate and the entrance of one of the farm-laborers gave her an excuse for looking down the yard.

"What is it, Derrick?" asked Melchior, as the man approached.

Derrick answered in the dialect, and proceeded to narrate something in which the three persons who understood him seemed deeply interested.

"Oh, Miss Constance, it must be the one you saw!" cried Elsa, forgetting that Pennsylvania German is not universally understood.

"I believe the mystery is solved," said Melchior, turning to the two who needed an interpreter. "Derrick has just come from the village, and says two constables stopped there this afternoon with an insane foreigner who escaped from them last week while they were taking him to the almshouse, and whom they recaptured this morning in the mountains."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Harwood. "I hope he wasn't hurt."

Melchior asked Derrick several questions, and then informed Mrs. Harwood that the man was handcuffed, but did not seem to be hurt, and that the constables did not treat him roughly.

Although the mystery was now cleared away in the opinion of the Barndollar family and their guests, the servants still believed that the dwarfs had done the mischief. Their interest in the subject did not decrease, and they were all confident that some "bad luck" would quickly show the power of the dwarfs' spells over the person upon whom they had been imposed.



Constance soon found they had reason to be glad Melchior had returned. He could not have been more anxious to please them than his mother was, but he was much more familiar with their tastes and far better able to satisfy their wants. But they noticed that, though he lost no opportunity to prevent their suffering any inconvenience, he never apologized for the plainness of the household appointments, or showed that he was conscious of the difference between their home and his. Neither did his mother's *gaucheries* make him appear ashamed of her or lacking in respect and affection. After the first time it occurred before them, he even maintained his self-control while his mother was publicly lifting up her voice in his praise.

It was evident that one of the first objects of his life was to give his sister every possible opportunity for development in mind and character.

"Melker wanted me to go to a boarding-school in Philadelphia," said Elsa, during one of the siestas in the barn. "But mother cried, and said she couldn't bear to let me go: so Melker said no more about it."

His constant care had kept his sister's speech free from provincialisms, and he never laughed at her blunders, but answered all her questions with patience and kindness.

Thinking of these things, Constance surmised that he had proposed receiving two lady-boarders with a view to the effect association with them would have upon his sister's mind and manners. The rate of board they paid was so low that it seemed to her ridiculous, and, as the Barndollars were evidently in very good circumstances, she could think of no other reason for such a course.

Being a belle, Constance had seldom been restricted to one cavalier at a time, and when three or four gentlemen are trying to hide their wrath, and each is ardently wishing that all the others would attain *nirvana* on the spot, none of them are likely to shine in conversation. But Melchior talked to her without appearing to think of anything but

the subject they were discussing, and he seldom failed to inspire her with some of his own earnestness. If she had met him in the city he would have impressed her differently. But in his own home among the mountains, where he was the foremost man of the neighborhood and was often called "The King of the Valley" by people old enough to be his parents, he appeared to the greatest possible advantage. Yet, after all, nothing else really gave him as much interest in her eyes as the fact that he was "so new."

To the man himself her sojourn in his house had opened a new world. Her beauty and refinement and intelligent sympathy invested her in his eyes with a sort of poetic halo. He often had a chilling sense of the difference between their associations, although he never showed his consciousness of it. But in thinking of the time when that tall, graceful figure had lain in his arms like a broken lily, with the lovely, flower-like face resting on his shoulder, he lost sight, for a little while, of the barrier society had placed between them, and gave himself up to blissful day-dreams.

One afternoon, nearly six weeks after Constance's adventure on the mountain, she and Elsa were returning from an excursion to a distant part of the farm. As they approached the gate they met Derrick leading a horse and buggy to the stable. Elsa, recognizing them at a glance, shouted, "Rena Reinfelter's here!" and immediately rushed toward the house. When Constance entered the sitting-room, a little later, Elsa was still rapturously embracing a tall blonde maiden, who was certainly eighteen years old, but whose face was like that of a lovely infant. Her pale-golden hair was braided in the elaborate German fashion, her complexion was a pure, creamy white, with a faint rose-tint on the cheeks, and her great, guileless blue eyes looked at everything with a mild wonder which made it impossible not to treat her as if she were at least twelve years younger.

"Miss Constance, this is my Rena," said Elsa. "If she hadn't been such a

bad child, and stayed away so long, you'd have seen her before."

"I've been down at Uncle Casper's for a month," said Rena. In her soft May-breeze of a voice there was a hardly-perceptible tone of pathos, which was not necessarily connected with her meaning, and which did not disappear even when she smiled.

"That's down in York County," said Elsa. "You must have been dreadfully homesick so far away."

"Indeed I was," replied Rena. "You can't see any mountains there; and Uncle Casper's cows don't wear bells; and if you try to play with his cat, she scratches, so she does. He wants me to come and live with him all the time; but I don't think I could ever do that. I'm sorry I can't go, too. Uncle Casper has nobody to live with him, and he must be very lonely all by himself in that big house."

Elsa's extravagant fondness for her most intimate friend often took the form of a violent desire to tease her; and she now found it impossible to resist the temptation.

"Do you have to go as far to church when you're down there as you do when you're home?" she asked.

"No, indeed; only half a mile," answered Rena.

"Rena's a very religious girl," said Elsa, turning to Constance. "She goes to church every Sunday, rain or shine. It's eight miles from her house, but she just feels as if she couldn't stay away. Some people say it's because all the young men in this part of the country come there to see her. She is a belle, that's certain; but it's not her fault, you know."

Rena's soft eyes filled with tears, and she said, "Elsa, you *know* I wouldn't go to church to—"

Elsa's wild embraces and contrite confessions kept her from saying more, and the matter was settled.

"Rena doesn't really care a bit for any of those men," said Elsa. "And she's right, too. They're dreadfully stupid."

"They *haven't* got much sense," said

Rena. "I'm very foolish myself, but I *do* like men to have some sense."

Here a consciousness of being unkind suddenly made her feel ashamed of what she had said, and she added, "I don't suppose they can help it, though; and I don't mean to say any harm about them."

Elsa's eyes danced, and she was in danger of giving way to temptation again. Seeing this, Constance rose to go to her room, and prevailed on Rena to go with her. The latter had never lost the instinct by means of which children recognize those who feel kindly toward them, and this had quickly dispelled the awe with which she had looked forward to her first meeting with ladies from a city. Constance was charmed with her gentleness and simplicity and her pure, wild-flower beauty, and felt toward her very much as she had done toward the first wax doll she had ever owned.

In her room she excited the country-girl's unbounded amazement by showing her "all her things."

"Everything must be beautiful where you live," said Rena, viewing the collective splendor of the apparel with gentle rapture.

"Have you ever been in a city?" asked Constance.

"No; never in my life. But I know a girl that's been to Philadelphia three times, and she told me all about it. Sometimes, though, I think she was fooling me about some of the things she said. She told me the ladies there go around with little silk umbrellas over their heads when it ain't raining, and their dogs wear clothes just like people. She *must* have been fooling me about that. *Your* dog don't wear pantaloons, or a hat, or anything, does he?"

"I don't own a dog."

"Don't you? Why, how do you keep the tramps from stealing your chickens?"

To acknowledge that she was devoid of fowls also required a degree of hardihood which Constance did not possess: so she merely said that the New York tramps were usually held in check by the police.

"Oh, yes, I know what the police are!" exclaimed Rena, indulging her fancy with a vivid picture of civic grandeur. "They're constables with blue clothes on, like soldiers, and golden stars on their breasts. It must be very sweet to see them. Do they ride on horseback, and carry swords? And do they have beautiful long feathers in their hats?"

"Not often," said Constance, smiling. "What a precious lamb she is!" she thought. "I wish I could have her with me always." But as soon as the wish had taken form she remembered that in many similar cases the wished-for object had lost its charm for her as soon as its newness was gone, and she was humiliatingly conscious of her own vacillating will and unsteadiness of purpose. "That I, of all people in the world, should be named Constance!" she said to herself.

"I'm not afraid to ask you questions," said Rena, looking at her affectionately. "You treat me just like Melker does."

"How does he treat you?"

"Oh, he smiles a little sometimes, when I say very foolish things; but I never feel as if he was laughing at me, you know. And then he's so kind to me all the time! But he's kind to everybody,—even the cat. Cats have a pretty hard time, and sometimes I wonder whether there's any good place for them to go to when they die, to make up for their bad times here. But the Bible don't say there is."

The earthly trials of cats and the uncertainty about their future state affected her with gentle melancholy, and she looked out of the window with a mildly pathetic gaze.

When the tea-bell rang they went down to the dining-room, and found the rest of the household assembled there. Mrs. Barndollar greeted Rena with heartfelt joy, and her son's welcome, though less effusive, was quite as hearty and sincere.

As soon as they had taken their places at the table and Mrs. Barndollar had "asked a blessing" in the dialect, Rena said, "Melker, did Miss Constance ever

take you up to her room and show you all her nice clothes?"

Elsa suddenly began coughing with great violence, and seemed in danger of strangulation, while her mother, who would otherwise have laughed good-humoredly and without the least restraint, hurriedly exhorted her to drink some water.

When this temporary excitement had subsided, Melchior said to Rena, without apparent embarrassment, "It would hardly be worth the trouble to show me pretty dresses, would it, Rena?"

"Oh, no, of course not," answered Rena, with a little soft laugh, but not at all disconcerted. "I forgot men don't know anything about nice clothes. She showed them to me, though, and her watch, too, and all her beautiful earrings and breastpins and bracelets. I never saw such things in my life. Oh, *so shaan, so shaan!*"

She committed no more blunders, for Melchior quietly led the conversation to subjects with which Rena was perfectly familiar, and contrived to make her appear at her best. He induced her to talk about the wild flowers on the mountains, the wrens which built their nests every year in a tree before her door, and two poor children who had lately lost both their parents and whose lonely and helpless state had moved her soft heart to infinite pity and loving kindness.

Constance honored him all the more from a well-defined consciousness that if he had followed his strongest natural impulse he would have concentrated his attention on herself.

His mother viewed his seeming devotion to Rena with the utmost satisfaction. She had made up her mind that in the natural order of things Miss Reinfelter ought to be her daughter-in-law, and was always glad to see any indications that she was likely to take that position. Her broad, round face now beamed with pleasure, and she confided to Mrs. Harwood her conviction that "those two children" were "just made for each other still."

The evening was so calm and clear and the air so mild and balmy that they all

went into the garden and walked through its long alleys, bordered by tall rose-bushes in full bloom. As the moon was rising, they sat down in a vine-covered arbor, like those which form the evening gathering-place for the family in the gardens of Southern Germany. The cat having seated itself on the top-most step of the arbor, its sedate aspect induced Elsa to take a position in front of it and go through a series of fierce grimaces and wild and startling contortions. These performances gave Rena much concern. "Please don't do that, Elsa," said she. "Cats know almost as much as people, and it's very easy to hurt their feelings."

"Well," said Elsa, laughing, "I'll stop if you'll be a good girl and tell us a story."

"I've told you all the stories I know, ever so many times."

"Yes, but I never get tired of hearing them.—You like stories, too, don't you, Miss Constance?"

"Almost as much as you do," answered Constance.

"There, now, Rena! Tell us the one about '*De brahf reider oon de arm nixa*.' That's the one I like best of all. But tell it in English, so everybody can understand."

"I don't know how to say '*reider oon nixa*' in English," said Rena.

"They mean knight and water-fairy," said Melchior. "But if I were you, Rena, I'd call them by their names in our language."

"Yes; and now go on, that's a good child. I'll be nice to the pussy-cat. Komm heer, Hintz." So saying, Elsa seized the cat with such violent demonstrations of affection that Rena hastily interfered and placed it on her own lap, where it purred contentedly under the gentle strokes of her hand while she told her story.

"A long time ago," she said, "there was a young nixa who lived down in the Rhine River. Her father and mother were dead, and she had no brothers and sisters, and this made her very sorrowful and lonely. Everything she saw in her own home made her so

sad that she used to come up out of the water, and hide in the reeds on the shore, and look at the people in a town that was on the other side of the Rhine River. One summer evening she was sitting there, watching the people going to church. She was only a poor nixa, and didn't have any religion, so she couldn't understand what it all meant. But the beautiful music in the church comforted her, and as she listened to it she forgot everything else.

"Three bad men saw her come out of the water, and they crept up while she was thinking of nothing but the music, and they caught her by the arms and dragged her away from the river, and when she tried to scream they put their hands over her mouth. But a brave reider was coming along the road that led to the ferry over the river, and he drew out his sword and drove the bad men away, and then he took the nixa up on his horse in front of him, and talked to her kindly, and carried her back to the shore, and let her go down into the water again.

"After that she loved the brave, kind reider with all her soul, and, although she was afraid of the bad men, she came every evening to her place among the reeds, hoping to see him ride past on his black horse, with the feathers in his hat waving in the wind, and his bright sword shining in the light of the setting sun. She never showed herself to him, but she loved to think that some day he would come to look for her and take her away with him to his own home.

"Sometimes he didn't come, and then she was very sad and disappointed. But nearly every time she came there she saw him ride by and cross over the ferry and go to a big house just out of the town."

"They call them castles over there, don't they, Melker?" asked Elsa.

"Yes; but big house is just as good a name for them. Go on, Rena, please."

"One day," continued Rena, "she had almost given up expecting to see him, but at last he came out of the big house, leading a beautiful lady dressed all in white, and a crowd of people fol-

lowed them, and they all went into the church. The gay music of the wedding hurt her heart, for she thought, 'I am only a poor, lonely nixa; and while he has such a beautiful bride he will never think of me.' She watched the wedding-procession go back to the big house, and then she laid herself down among the reeds until it was dark night.

"When the reider and his bride were in the wedding-chamber, he said, 'Who is that singing such a beautiful song, like low church-music, down there below our windows?'

"Then the bride said, 'It's only the night-wind blowing among the branches of the linden-trees.'

"After a little while the song stopped, and then the reider thought no more about it.

"The next morning he got up early, before his bride was awake, and went out of the house. Just outside of the door he found a crowd of people looking at something on the ground, and he went up and joined them. The crowd made room for him, and he looked down on the ground, and there he saw the nixa lying on the stone pavement, dead."

Though Elsa knew this narrative by heart, she was moved to tears by the recital, and said it was the loveliest story she had ever heard. But Mrs. Barndollar said it was too sorrowful, and that she liked stories in which everybody had a good time all the way through, and all the poor people were invited to supper.

"Now, Rena, love," said she, "you must let these ladies hear you sing one of the good old hymns of our Church once. They're all in German still, but the ladies won't like them any the less for that, so they won't."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Harwood. "I should like very much to hear a German hymn."

Rena began a hymn of the German Reformed Church, which had been sung for many a year by her forefathers, among the Pennsylvania mountains or the vineyards on the banks of the Rhine. It was full of faith and trust in "the

loving Lamb of God," and her childlike earnestness and reverence gave it an effect that nothing else could have produced. Her voice in singing was richer and fuller than at other times, and its usual faint suggestion of pathos became deeper and more strongly marked. This tone of shadowy sadness made Constance wonder whether it could have been inherited from some ancestress who had seen her home burned and her kindred murdered by the soldiers of *le grand monarque* in the far-off Palatinate. Then the thought came into her mind that it might be caused by a dim, undefined consciousness of coming heart-break. "Oh, poor child!" she said to herself; "I hope it isn't a sign of trouble for her!"

Rena and Elsa, who were accustomed to very early hours, returned to the house some time before the others were ready to leave the garden. When the two girls had gone, Mrs. Harwood said,—

"Rena is one of those people who make me ashamed of being so artificial. While she was singing, I found myself saying, 'Blessed are the pure in heart!'"

"Indeed, she's the best girl in the world still!" exclaimed Mrs. Barndollar enthusiastically. "And Melker thinks so too: don't you, Melker?"

"I know hardly enough girls to be a good judge about that, mother," said Melcher. "But I'm sure Rena has the characteristics I am proudest of in the Pennsylvania Germans."

"What are they?" asked Constance.

"I mean their earnestness and honesty, and their deep, true affections. Our people are beginning to change in a great many ways, but I hope it will be many a year before they lose what might be called, in one word, their *homeness*. When I first read 'Hermann und Dorothea' it seemed to me that Goethe must have had in his mind just such people as the early German settlers in Pennsylvania."

"It is a long time since I read 'Hermann und Dorothea,'" said Constance. "I think I could understand it better now than I did then. Will you read it to me?"



"I should be very glad to do that, whenever you choose."

"Then I'll ask you to do it to-morrow afternoon."

The next morning Constance went out before breakfast to see the sun rise. This was an accomplishment she had just acquired, and it still possessed for her the charm of extreme novelty. On coming home she stopped to rest in the arbor where they had all spent the preceding evening, and remained there until the breakfast-bell summoned her to the house. When breakfast was over, Melchior told Constance he was going to a village on the other side of the mountain, but would return in time for their reading in the afternoon. She and Rena went into the hall together and sat there for a little while, talking about the best places to find wild flowers and maiden-hair ferns. Then Constance went to the table on which she had laid her hat and gloves, and discovered that one of the latter articles was missing. "I must have left one of my gloves in the arbor," said she. "I remember taking them off while I was sitting there."

"I'll go and get it," said Rena, rising and going quickly toward the back door.

"No, no, Rena: I'll get it myself!" cried Constance, unwilling to sit still and let Rena wait on her.

But Rena would not stop: so she hurried after her, and they both ran out of the house and through the garden.

A wide path ran from the rear entrance of the house straight through the garden, and the arbor was some distance to the left of its intersection with another path. When Rena turned into the second path the tall rose-bushes hid her from Constance's view until she also reached the point where the paths crossed each other. Then she saw her standing a few yards off and looking toward the arbor. She looked in the same direction, and saw Melchior standing there, with his back turned partly toward them and with the object they had come to find in his hand. Their light footsteps had not attracted his at-

tention, and he seemed wholly absorbed in looking at the glove.

When the momentary surprise which had made Rena pause had passed away, she took a few steps forward, and Constance had begun following her, when something happened which instantly caused them both to stop again. The great tide of passion in the man's soul surged up and burst the barriers that had held it down. He kissed the glove over and over again, forgetting everything but the tempest of love which had at last overpowered his strong will.

Constance turned hastily and went back to the house, where she sat down again in the hall. There was a strange tumult in her mind, and she was unable to think clearly about anything. She had been, from the first, conscious of Melchior's admiration, and had even begun to suspect that he was hiding a stronger feeling. But his unbroken self-control had kept her in doubt, until this sudden outburst brought the reality vividly before her eyes. This was not the first time she had undergone such an experience, but nothing had ever moved her so deeply. Her heart was full of sympathy for the brave, strong man who had guarded his secret so well, and yet she exulted in the thought of her power over one whom she knew to be so much her superior. But this very consciousness of his superiority in mind and character made her doubt whether they were fitted to be anything more than friends, and she was well enough acquainted with her own character to hesitate about accepting her feelings of that moment as anything more than passing impulses. "Oh, if I could only be sure about myself!" she thought.

She heard some one come into the hall by the back door, and, looking around, she saw Rena walking slowly toward the stairs. One look at her face made Constance rise and go to meet her. She had entirely forgotten Rena, and, as she saw the pain and sorrow in the girl's face and thought of what it must mean, she felt guilty of selfishness and cruelty. She took Rena's hands in her own, and as she looked into her eyes she

thought she could see a distinct purpose there. "Rena," she said, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to live with Uncle Casper," said Rena.

Her voice was very low, and her eyes seemed to be fixed on something far away. Constance's impulsive sympathy was deeply aroused, and every other consideration gave way before her concern for the poor childlike girl whom she believed to be crushed and helpless. "No, no!" she said vehemently. "You mustn't do that! You must stay at home. And, Rena, my dear child, don't let anybody else see you looking so sad. You must look just as you always did, and try not to be different in any way."

"I can't help it," said Rena.

"Oh, yes, you can! Indeed you can!" cried Constance, her color rising, her heart beginning to beat fast, and her nervous excitement increasing every moment. "Come up to my room now, and stay with me while I pack my trunk. I'm going away, Rena,—going home,—now,—this very morning, as soon as I can get ready!"

Rena looked at her in amazement, which suddenly gave way to concern. "You're not angry with Melker, are you?" she asked.

"No, indeed," said Constance. "There's nothing to be angry about. But come up-stairs with me now, won't you?" She put her arm around Rena's waist and drew her toward the stairs, and, as they went to her room, she continued talking in the same excited way as before. When they were in her room she said, "Wait here a minute, Rena, please. I want to speak to my mother." She ran into the next room, and in a very short time had gained her mother's consent to go at once. Mrs. Harwood went down-stairs to break the unexpected news to their hostess, while Constance hastened back to Rena. "Now I'm going to see how fast I can pack," she said, opening her trunk and kneeling down before it. She talked to Rena cheerily as she worked, laying aside little things as souvenirs for her and

Elsa, and trying to keep her attention fully occupied.

When the trunk was packed and the shawl-strap ready, she said, "Now, Rena, I'm going to write a note. It won't take me long." She sat down to write, and Rena went and stood by the window. As Constance's thoughts came back to the man of whom she wanted to take leave in writing, her resolution began to waver, and she wondered whether it would be better, after all, to go than to stay. All the nobility of his nature came before her in its strongest light, and the memory of his kindness and thoughtfulness made her feel cruelly ungrateful. But, as she looked up and saw Rena standing by the window in silence and looking sorrowfully at the distant mountain-line, her determination was strengthened. She said to herself that the man's force and courage and wide interests in life would make it easy for him to go through the struggle that was in store for him. But she felt that the poor, weak girl into whose life her trivial desire for novelty had brought clouds and darkness must be sheltered and guarded first of all. So she would not let herself hesitate, and wrote, "Don't think me ungrateful, and don't forget me altogether." It was all she could say, and her eyes grew dim as she wrote the words.

She folded the paper without enclosing or directing it, handed it to Rena, and asked her to give it to Melchior. Then she busied herself with her final preparations, and in a few minutes she was ready to go.

She and her mother went down into the hall, and Rena followed them. They found the carriage at the door, and Mrs. Barndollar and Elsa waiting to see them depart. Both displayed a grief at losing them the sincerity of which did not admit of doubt.

When the parting was over and the carriage was on its way to the village, Constance began to feel the reaction which any strong restraint upon her feelings always produced. She soon discovered that the sacrifice she had impulsively made was far from being

slight or easily forgotten. As she looked back at the mountains and thought of the happy days which had passed since she first saw their mighty outlines looming up against the sky, she believed she was leaving behind the only life she had ever found really worth living. Her view of the matter was, in reality, distorted by morbid sensibility and nerve-strain; but it seemed to her, at that time, as real as anything could be.

As the stage drove away from the village, with the two ladies inside, Jake stood looking after it, holding in his hand the unexpectedly large *douceur* he had received, and struggling to bring some order out of the chaos in his mind. At last he shook his head regretfully, and said, "Some dingss ias went wrong a'ready! Wot for didn' she dake dot *kowtowok* an' gif it to de *tsverricka* still?" Then he went to the bar of the tavern and refreshed his spirit with a large tumbler of gin.

It was a long time before Constance understood that all had happened for the best. But the knowledge came to her at last, and she could then look back at her sojourn among the Pennsylvania mountains with nothing harder to bear than kindly regret that she could see her warm-hearted friends there no more.

Melchior had to go through a longer and harder ordeal, and its effect on his character was far deeper. But, when years had gone by and he could think calmly of the stormy days of his heaviest trial, he too saw that his passionate longing of that time ought not to have been satisfied, and that the events of his life had been governed by as perfect a law as that which orders the sunset and the dawn. So these two worked out for themselves the true solution of the problem, though one of them thought more earnestly than the other and reached a point from which there was a wider view.

Rena had not the power to do what they did, but she had what made it unnecessary. Her simple faith brought her at once the knowledge the other two found only after a long struggle between passion and reason. Her mind was confined within very narrow limits, and it never occurred to her to look for "some new thing." But such old things as faith and hope and charity made her life pure and peaceful. She, who was the weakest of the three, had the lightest burden to bear; for, while the others slowly learned to believe that whatever is right, she had felt it in the depths of her heart from the first hour.

W. W. CRANE.

## A WORD FROM A WOMAN AGAINST FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

WHILE the party who are endeavoring to force upon this country the hazardous experiment of female suffrage must be allowed to be the most clamorous and persistent, it must not be forgotten that any claim on their part to represent the wishes or intentions of the majority of their own sex is open to dispute. There exists another and an immense body of women who do not wish to vote, but whose

voices are seldom heard, and whose strength, acknowledged and lamented as it is by the Suffragists, has hitherto lain chiefly in a passive but immovable resistance to all endeavors even to interest them in the subject. This line of conduct, however, natural as it is to women averse to forcing themselves into public notice, may be carried too far, and the noisy few may succeed in thrusting the silent many, before they know it,

into a position where their unwilling shoulders may be loaded with a burden which they are totally unfitted to carry, and which it might nevertheless be dangerous to decline.

Now, therefore, while columns in the newspapers and pages in the magazines are devoted to the favorable discussion of the measure by its friends, or its unfavorable criticism, chiefly by men, whose arguments are of course instantly responded to by charges of interested motives, it seems a proper time to enter another protest from those chiefly concerned in the prompt and final discouragement of one of the maddest pieces of political mischief ever attempted even in this long-suffering country. The heavy batteries of science and statistics have already been brought into line against the measure with arguments whose solid weight cannot be denied; but the light artillery also may perhaps be allowed the privilege of a modest shot or two, and a few words from one of the sex whose deepest interests are at stake may not be out of place.

It is a question whether already in the United States the liberty of the ballot has not been extended to license, and what should have been the valued privilege of those persons justly entitled to it squandered on those who have no other idea of its value than to make it a commodity for sale to the highest bidder. It is now proposed to counteract the evils of this state of things, and neutralize the votes of the many ignorant and dishonest men who exercise the right of suffrage, by adding to them a crowd of still more ignorant and dishonest women. True, the fact of the existence of any such women seems to enter but rarely into the calculations of the Suffragists, or is at least kept carefully in the background, and the idea that a woman might sell a vote or take a bribe or cheat at an election never appears to suggest itself to those innocent persons. The woman who votes is not to be degraded, mercenary, or even frivolous, but is one who, with an intelligent comprehension of her duties as a citizen and an unflinching determination to perform them, marches

up to the polls on election-day and, under the admiring observation of all right-minded men and to the confusion of evil-doers, deposits her righteous vote in the interests of law and order and without regard to prejudice or private feeling. The disorderly classes are not to be represented, apparently, in these halcyon days, and even those members of the fair sex who are embodied boldly, if somewhat ungallantly, by old John Bunyan as Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Lightmind, and Mrs. Know-nothing, are to be entirely absent. No woman will ever come ten minutes late to the polls and then want them reopened, "just for her," and have hysterics till it is done, and then come back in half an hour and want her vote out again because she has changed her mind. Each one will arrive punctually, will know just what she is voting for, and will be actuated only by the most ardent patriotism.

All this is very nice, and that women capable of acting in this exemplary manner do exist, even in the present degraded and voteless condition of the sex, no one who has been blessed with their friendship will wish to deny; but these are precisely the women who prefer the present state of things, and who will never go to the polls unless they are driven there by the necessity of counteracting the evils brought about by a very different class. For it is not of the superior but of the inferior women upon whom this privilege is to be irrevocably conferred that we must think. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; and what the bad or silly women will do with the suffrage is far more important than what the good and clever will make of it. For every one of this latter class who appeared at the polls two at least of the former would appear, and their votes would be just as good as hers,—twice as good, in fact, being two to one. It would be strange indeed if such a powerful political engine remained unused; and every emigrant woman who has been here long enough to obtain her "privileges," though she may know no more about the country than she did on the day she landed, every needy adventu-



ress who has sold her vote to some tricky politician, will be there and vote not only with but for her own associates. How can such women know or care anything about the preservation of law and order, the interests of the nation, or even, in many cases, the first principles of common honesty or morality?

"Educate them up to a sense of their responsibilities," is the immediate reply.

Educate Biddy at the wash-tub, or the woman who ought to be in jail, in even the rudiments of political principles or the faintest comprehension of what the best interests of the people demand in those they choose to rule over them? Not a very practicable scheme, an impartial observer would say. At all events, if it is to be tried, would it not be well to put the education first, and see how far it can be carried, and with what results? Why thrust such power upon persons of whom many are, and may always be, totally unfit to exercise it, and many more do not want it? It would not be deemed expedient to set a wild Indian to manage a steam-engine, nor to bestow a college diploma upon a baby in the cradle.

"But," say the would-be voters, "if Biddy does not understand these things, neither does Pat." Which we immediately grant, only respectfully submitting that if Pat's possession of the suffrage is a misfortune, it will not be mitigated by Biddy's possession of it also; and if Pat makes a mistake and votes for the wrong man, it will be much better not to have Biddy at his elbow to repeat that mistake and give the wrong man two votes instead of one, which she will certainly do. A great deal of mischief would be done by these dangerous votes, and a real disaster threatened, before the more intelligent votes would be called out and the great mass of women who do not desire the ballot induced to use it. Meanwhile, the few well-principled enthusiasts who might think it their duty to go to the polls would find themselves woefully outnumbered by those who, with no enthusiasm and no principles, would go there simply to carry out a dishonest purpose. For when a

woman once throws principle behind her she does it thoroughly and finally, and the political dishonesty of women would probably be a much more flagrant and barefaced thing than that of men, bad as it is. The piece of glaring injustice or fraud which even an unscrupulous man will often endeavor to cover with some flimsy pretence of excuse will be perpetrated by a woman without even an apparent sense of the nature of the offence she is committing. Even in a superior woman a lack of an innate sense of justice is often curiously visible; and though you may find in her the noblest, most endearing qualities, constancy, generosity, the most devoted self-sacrifice, she may be capable of an injustice which a man inferior to her in many ways would be ashamed of, and she will not even be able to see where she was unjust.

For instance, a woman can rarely understand why a rule binding on others cannot be broken for her. The writer has had occasion to know something of a co-operative body in which quite a large number of men and women work together for a common object. Some simple regulations have been found necessary for the prosperous continuation of the work; they are as few as possible, and courteously though firmly enforced, and the men almost invariably submit to them as a matter of course and without apparent thought or desire of changing them. Of the women there is hardly one who has not presented herself with a request that some rule might be relaxed in her case and for her own particular pleasure and convenience,— "just for her," as they usually phrase it; and the endeavor to make them comprehend that such a favor shown to one would necessitate its being done for all is usually met by the indignant reply that they cannot see any reason why it should not be done "just this once," and by the further assurance that no one will ever know it. A distinct refusal generally closes the matter for the time being, very often to be reopened, however, on some future occasion; but no argument could convince any one of



these women that she had been otherwise than hardly treated. And we think that most persons who have had to deal with masses of women and have observed them carefully will acknowledge that this is one of the peculiarities of the sex, to call it by no worse name, which always has to be met and allowed for.

In private life this want of perception of the necessity of an equal rule equally binding on all is merely annoying and troublesome. What it would be when it made itself felt, as it undoubtedly would, in the exercise of political power by women, is a question for consideration before bestowing it on them. In the affairs of every day their sweeter and nobler traits are brought into relief, as they were meant to be, so effectually as to overshadow this fault of character and do away with much of the evil it would otherwise cause; and, though it is pretty generally acknowledged that women are illogical, therefore unjust, no one minds it much if they are. The tender and merciful heart, the loving nature, the forgiving spirit, atone for the want of that due regard for the rights of others and the power of looking at a question impartially and without reference to private feeling, which, on the whole, must be considered manly virtues.

When, therefore, the ordinary woman, while professing a love of economy, teases her husband for the trinket he has not money to pay for, keeps him waiting half an hour at an appointed place, and then insists he came too soon, though he shows her the time over and over again, and has a coolness with her best friend because when her own Tom, aged six and a half, throws a stone at her friend's Jack, aged seven, Jack retaliates with a kick, though he is "a great big boy, you know, and Tom such a mere baby!"—we say, when all these events occur, no one is particularly surprised or disturbed. But put the public business, or even the choice of those who are to conduct it, into such a woman's hands, and what chance would there be of fair dealing or justice for any one?

It does not alter the case that the very same woman will stand by her husband through evil report and good report and do a generous kindness to her friend, while as for Tom, she will give her heart's blood for him, now and always, and believe in him, fight his battles, and shield him, if necessary, from the consequences of his own misdeeds, all her life long. And who would wish it otherwise? We doubt very much if the praise bestowed upon Brutus for his stern regard for justice in condemning his own sons to death because it was the law would have been accorded to their mother had she sat on the judge's seat. But the Romans did not put her there, nor should we. "Equal rights and equal burdens" sounds very well for a war-cry, but the burdens of public life could never be borne by women as they are by men, nor could they even realize their responsibilities as fully.

Behind every man lurks the feeling that in all the affairs in which he is concerned he may be called on sooner or later to support words by deeds, his action by an appeal to brute force. The adoption of a certain set of ideas and their support by the ballot may bring about a succession of events in which he personally may be called upon to fight for all he holds good or desirable in life, and perhaps to lay down that life itself. Even the most ignorant man can realize something of this; but a woman has no such ultimate possibility to restrain her. Even in a private quarrel a woman will give her tongue a license which no man will allow himself unless he is prepared to come to blows, and this simply because the woman knows there can be no such consequences for her. Tears and high words are the worst she has to fear if her antagonist be a woman, and, if a man, a husband, father, or brother takes the matter in hand and defends her cause.

Just so it would be in public life; and women, though they might make any amount of trouble and involve a country in a series of petty quarrels which would end in a serious disturbance, would not be called upon, as they

very well know, to make reparation for their own indiscretion or wrongdoing. They would simply call upon the men to come to the rescue and fight their quarrel out for them. And the men would have to do it, and meet the blood and wounds and death, while the women stayed at home and made lint and cried.

It has been claimed that their services in these two particulars are a complete equivalent for those of the men who die for their country; but it can perhaps hardly be proved that they entitle them to the right to decide whether that country shall be plunged into war or not. Of course there are men who cannot fight, on account of age or sickness; but the old have been young once and able and willing to do their share in the defence of their country,—many of them have done it,—and the few who are physically unable to fight are so few that they need not be considered, especially as many of them are probably unable to vote also.

As, therefore, upon the able-bodied men of the country falls, and always will fall, the defence of its honor at home and abroad, let them at least keep in their own hands the direction of its political measures. And let them be assured that no one will be better satisfied than the great mass of women themselves, most of whom find their hands fully occupied with the attempt to solve their own domestic problems, regulate their own households, and often contribute to their support, to say nothing of the constant calls for their help and sympathy from which their gentle sex rarely turn away. Till there are no more disorderly, ill-managed homes, insubordinate servants, neglected children, and sick and helpless poor, there is no need to add to the duties of women any portion of those which properly belong to men. And so think the women themselves. They are quite content to leave to men their political supremacy, with all that it implies, including the right to vote, do jury-duty, put out fires,

and fight as much as they please, and to accept instead the strong protection which the laws made by men and the chivalrous instinct of men extend to them in this land. The legal restrictions on their rights to property which bore unjustly on them have been removed, without their votes or assistance, by those whom they are urged to consider their tyrants and oppressors; and indeed the pendulum may in some cases be truly said to have swung rather the other way. In the State of New York, certainly, the married women have little cause to complain of the laws which allow them to say to their husbands, practically, "What is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own." The time to talk of oppression will be when the powerful and, on the whole, even hand of the stronger sex resigns the reins of government, even partially, to the jerky, nervous guidance of the weaker. If that time ever comes, we shall see the peculiar failings and faults of which women have their full share made the medium of inevitable public disaster. We shall see a country ruled by impulse, and the doing of right or wrong, justice or injustice, decided by a headache or a fit of hysterics. We shall see the moderate, the self-respecting and respectable of our own sex set aside, and the high places occupied by those who can best hold their own at a primary meeting and give and take the personalities they will meet with there, who will shrink from no publicity to gain their ends, and who will wrangle with man or woman, it matters not whom, in the political arena. And we shall see the real, not the ideal, female voter, clad in emancipated garments and with principles to match, appear at the polls and triumphantly vote for the handsomest man for President, meeting opposition by the final and certainly unanswerable announcement with which women usually conclude all arguments and silence all remonstrance: "Well, I don't care; I'm going to do it, anyway."

E. A. BLOODGOOD.

## A WEEK IN KILLARNEY.

## CHAPTER I.

WE have barely crossed the threshold of the Victoria Hotel when we meet her. She comes toward us across the hall with the prettiest air of surprise imaginable, and the daintiest smile.

"Why, it is *you*, Muriel!" says my wife, going up to her and embracing her warmly. "What a comfort to meet a friend the very *first* thing!"

"For me it will be the very *last* thing," returns Miss Kingsley. "Just to *think* of it! We have been here only two days, and now auntie has had a telegram recalling her to England. This very evening we must go, and we have seen nothing—*nothing*! Isn't it cruel? Of course I must go with her. I dropped a little tiny hint about staying here and finishing my visit without her, but"—here she pauses, laughs, and throws up her hands and eyes with a quaint assumption of the acutest horror—"she was all *that way*," she says, and laughs again.

There is something infectious in her laughter; we both join in it, though, if we were subjected to a cross-examination, we could not perhaps say why. Surely, as we look at her, we know in our souls her aunt is right.

"This lovely Killarney," she goes on, in her slow, sweet fashion, "I have seen only two or three bits of it, but it seems all like a tender dream. And now it will be more a dream than ever, as we *must* leave to-night. And now, too, when you and—" a swift glance at me, and a swifter smile—"have just come."

At this piteous speech, Carrie, who is governed by an impulsive genius, turns to me.

"Why couldn't she stay with *us*, George?" she says, with radiant thoughtlessness, as if the care of a handsome young woman, and an Irish one to boot, involved no responsibility whatsoever. "It seems such a shame that she should

go without seeing anything, and it would be so nice for us, and—"

"It certainly would be very nice for *us*," I remark, but with caution. "Perhaps, however, Miss Kingsley—"

"Oh! if you only *would* let me stay with you!" interrupts that young lady, clasping her hands. "I mean," with a graceful droop into melancholy again, "if you are sure I should not be—in the *way*, I mean."

"In the way? Nonsense! Why, we are quite old married people now, and tired to death of each other. Aren't we, George?" says Carrie, with the clearest laugh.

We are *not* old married people, and I could have said so; but, as I am plainly expected to join in this laugh, I do so with as good a grace as possible.

"Then it is settled?" says Carrie.

"Oh, yes! settled," says Miss Kingsley, beaming upon me.

It is. That very night, at dinner, she sits, auntless, beside Carrie, at the *table d'hôte*, and makes herself equally agreeable, in her gentle way, to me, to Carrie, and to two young men who have got as close to her as circumstances will permit. One, indeed, has secured (no doubt by bribery) the seat on her right hand,—a victory that, I can see, awakes in the breast of the other wild but smothered sentiments of revenge and hatred. She seems to be the centre of attraction to all around, and raises many unholy expressions on the lips of her maiden sisters, whose charms fade before hers. The very waiter (who is as like a bull-terrier as humanity will allow) is obsequious in his attentions, hangs over her with tender inquiries about hock or champagne, and appears cut to the heart when she refuses to partake of any savory dish he brings her.

She seems to me to be saying little, very little, and that of no importance at all, such as the small amount of scenery she has as yet seen, and so on.

She babbles of Torc, the Lower Lake, the sunset on the previous evening,—all in no very exalted style, that I can see; yet those two young men hang upon her lips as though pearls were dropping from them. She is kind to them, too, but in a mild, absent fashion that seems to whet their admiration; and if now and then she does permit her eyes to be sweeter than her tongue, I cannot be sure it is not unconsciously she does it.

"She is the very dearest girl!" says Carrie to me, as we close our doors upon the world that night. "Quite the nicest I know. She never *drags*, does she? I'm so glad you thought of asking her to stay on with us here."

I thought! I asked! As I have never yet disputed a question with Carrie, I don't feel up to beginning it now, yet a mild protest I venture.

"I had a ridiculous idea that it was *you* asked her," I say, with a lenient smile at my own absurd mistake.

"Was it? Well, it is all the same," says she airily, "and I'm sure it was the most fortunate thing I *did* ask her, poor dear child!"

"I only hope you won't live to repent it," mutter I moodily.

"Why should I do that?" demands she briskly. There is a—a *liveliness* about Carrie at times that takes one along with it.

"Oh, I don't know," I say, with hesitation. "Those young men at dinner, for example,—they seem as if they could not live out of her sight. If they can't, you know, they must live *in* it. I wonder if there are many more of them?"

"They seemed nice young men," says Carrie, with an evasion I cannot fail to notice. "One is a Mr. Brooke, —a nephew of Sir Archibald's. You remember him, in Scotland, don't you, darling, and how kind *he* was to *us*? The other is an engineer,—a Mr.—I really forget the name, but he spoke of the Wyatts. And of course, George, a pretty girl must expect to be noticed. She is pretty, isn't she?"

"I have seen uglier girls, certainly," I acknowledge, with a carefulness that does me credit. As I have said, we

are still a young married couple; sufficient time has not yet gone by since our wedding-day to enable us with decency to hate each other. I still think Carrie's eyes very pretty and her laugh full of music. What she still thinks about me I know not,—

For half so boldly can there no man  
Swear and lie as a woman can.

The remembrance, too, of early days is still so fresh upon me that instinctively I pause before openly expressing pleasure in the charms of any woman whose name is not Carrie Desmond. Though it must be confessed that Carrie Desmond, long ere this, has so far forgotten her duty to *me* as to speak with unblushing effrontery and undisguised admiration of the hair, or it may be the shirt-collar, or the languid droop of the moustache, of many a passing acquaintance. Let all this be, however; never, unless she reads these lines, will she know of the mad cravings to grapple with the owners of those unutterable collars and moustaches that have at odd moments seized me.

"I dare say we shan't see much of those men," says Carrie consolingly, after a short meditation. "No doubt they have formed plans of their own by this time."

"No doubt," reply I, with grim disbelief.

And, as usual, I am right. In the morning it does not surprise me to find Mr. Brooke and the Wyatts' friend (who, I discover, calls himself by the distinguished name of Jones) overpowering in their attentions to me. They converse enthusiastically on the charms of the lakes and mountains, though it would be palpable to a year-old infant that their knowledge of them is derived from a tourists' guide; and they hint broadly at a desire to become acquainted with my plans for the growing day.

I am not even surprised at myself when presently I give them both an invitation to accompany us to wherever the gods and the boatmen may carry us after breakfast. I give the invitation as impulsively as Carrie might, and anything like the attention and friendly

care those young men display toward me during that meal, I am bound to say, I never before experienced.

It is a grand morning, bathed in sunshine. Miss Kingsley, tripping downstairs ready for our excursion, in an irreproachable costume, runs as nearly as possible into the arms of two attendant swains.

"Isn't it a good thing I didn't go back with auntie?" she says, turning her limpid blue eyes not on them but on me, whereupon I can see that they both, in spite of their outward seeming, curse me inwardly. "Dear Mr. Desmond, what a day it is! You have brought the sunshine with you."

I begin to fear I shall be assassinated, when Carrie providentially makes her appearance.

"I haven't kept you waiting, have I?" says she to Mr. Brooke, whereupon he is compelled to remove his baleful glance from me and conjure up a sickly semblance of a smile.

"You will find the boat awaiting you below, sir," says the manager, coming forward, with a courteous rubbing of his hands, and, with a salutation to him, we all emerge into the open air and stroll down to the step.

Whoever brought the sunshine, it is certainly with us. It lies upon the unruffled lake in a pale splendor, and touches the trees in the island to a lighter shade, and falls upon Tomies, that fairest of mountains, making its heather golden here and there.

"Some time too hot the eye of heaven shines," but not this day. It seems to suit the soft grandeur of the scene as we glide across the Lower Lake, past Lamb Island and the smaller Heron Isle, from which rise up to greet us, as we pass, a screaming cloud of wild birds, —ducks, divers, and teal.

It is a day to dwarf all mean and angry thoughts, as I believe. I am too trustful. Soon it becomes known to me that ill-suppressed wrath and a raging jealousy have shipped with us. Mr. Jones has obtained the seat of honor next Miss Kingsley. Mr. Brooke therefore (though comfortably stowed away

close to me) plainly considers himself out in the cold and miserably ill used. Now, as Mr. Brooke had been the one to sit beside her at dinner last night, it occurs to me that this day's arrangement is only reasonable. Evidently it does not so occur to Mr. Brooke. He wants *everything*! He glowers at me, and speaks in monosyllables to Carrie, who is too delighted, however, with the scenery to take any notice of his ill humor.

"I thought you wanted to row, Jones?" he says, at length, with a ghastly attempt at friendliness (we have two boatmen with us, but before starting Mr. Jones had unfortunately said something to us about his rowing at Cambridge). "I'm sure you have given us to understand that you are a crack oarsman."

"I think a man never looks so well as when he is rowing," says Miss Kingsley sweetly. This diplomatic speech is loaded with honey. It fills Brooke with the ecstatic belief that she wants to be rid of Jones, and fills Jones with the joyful hope of being able to show himself off to her presently in his best colors. "But you must not stir yet, Mr. Jones," she says: "wait until one of the men shows some signs of fatigue." "Oh, look at that!" says Carrie, suddenly.

That is Ross Castle. There it is on our left, stately, ivy-clad, grand with the memories of many centuries.

"The O'Donoghue's Castle, ma'am," says one of the boatmen, whose name we discover later to be James Matthews. "He had this castle, ma'am, when the Kinmares was unheard of. Fegs, 'tis very handsome intirely. An' The O'Donoghue himself will come to see it ag'in now an' thin, though the grass is green over him for many a hundherd year. Ye wouldn't believe it, now, ma'am, would ye?" with a roguish glance at her, "but every sivin years he'll come to see the ould home an' take a ride across the lake!"

"A ride!" says Carrie, who is an unblushing hypocrite, and pretends always a belief in every legend told her, no matter how shadowy.



"Iss, ma'am. 'Twasn't much of a lake it was thin, in The O'Donoghue's time, but dhry land and a fine huntin'-ground for him. I know an ould man, ma'am, that saw him an' his followers tearin' across it, hounds an' all, one night last October, whin the moon was up; an' he tould me ye could see through the ribs of ivery one o' thim, hounds an' horses an' hunthers an' all. Look! there's his pigeon-house, ma'am," pointing to a rock rising out of the lake, dented here and there and hollowed out and turned into little caves and caverns,—"all by de action of de wather, ma'am," says James, who plainly regards this last as a very ornate speech, as he repeats it on every possible occasion.

He has rowed us in rather close to the castle, so that we may admire more nearly its wonderfully-preserved walls, and see the old women standing on the landing-place, with their baskets filled with pipes and little pigs and gypsypots, all made of bog-oak and arbutus-wood. And then we row away again, past the gray stones in the lake that are supposed to represent O'Donoghue's horse, that wakes with his ghostly master every seven years to hunt o'er hill and dale, and past the stony point they call his library, and so toward "fair Innisfallen" Isle.

"An' there is The O'Donoghue's Prison, ma'am," says James, who will take no notice of any one but Carrie, being blind even to Miss Kingsley's charms,—*"there on yer right,"* pointing to a huge, square, massive rock that rises from the middle of the lake, crowned by little or no herbage. "He used to keep souldiers at the castle, ma'am, and whin one o' thim offinded him he'd have him sint over there. Twenty-four hours he'd leave 'em, on bread an' wather. Very little bread, ma'am, but"—with another roguish twinkle of his Irish eyes—*"plinty o' wather, as ye may see."*

We pass the prison, which looks anything but gloomy in the broad, glad sunshine, and presently come to the small stony landing-place at Innisfallen. The signal for us to get on shore creates instant confusion in the minds of two of

us, and a struggle for first place on land, all with a view to obtaining possession of a pretty gloved hand for the space of one miserable second. To look at Jones and Brooke, you might imagine there is but one pretty hand in all the world, and that Miss Kingsley is the proud possessor of it. I should be sorry to affirm positively that Jones jostled Brooke purposely with a view to upsetting him into the smiling lake, or that Brooke put his foot before Jones in the fond hope that it might bring him to an ignominious end; but certainly there is a suppressed scuffle somewhere, and more haste than elegance in the way they scramble at last on shore.

And, after all, for naught! Miss Kingsley, as though oblivious of the four hands tremblingly extended to her, springs past them, and, tucking her arm confidentially within Carrie's, goes straight for the old ruins that stand scattered over this sacred isle.

Behind come I and the two disappointed youths. They cling to me rather, I cannot help acknowledging to myself, as a means of escape from each other than from any overweening affection for my society, though I am just now in one of the gayest of my many charming moods.

Carrie and Miss Kingsley are wandering through the ruins of the old abbey, *in* at one quaint archway and *out* at another, silent, wrapped in contemplation of its lonely beauty. Somehow we seem very far from man and the din of the madding crowd just now, lost in a bygone century and a vain attempt to rebuild and repeople the sad, crumbling mass of gray stones about us. The trees around have grown so tall as to overshadow the decaying walls; one young oak is standing, strong and vigorous, in the very centre of a roofless cell,—a touch of insolent life amidst all this pathetic death and decay. It has outgrown the surrounding walls, and somehow gives us a greater knowledge of the passage of time since first those walls became roofless than even the sorrowful ivy that clings to them, or the shattered curves and arches.

"How melancholy it is!" says Carrie, with a pensive sigh.

"One can almost fancy the gray-hooded friars stealing in and out here on moonlit nights," says Miss Kingsley, in a pretty, awe-struck tone. "See! out of that wee, ivied door there, and round under that fallen arch, and then in here again,—that is how they would steal along, with their cowls close drawn, telling their ghostly beads the while. It seems all so natural, standing as we do now. And *there* one might imagine a pale young monk,—like the one in Doré's 'Day-Dream,'—lost in a cruel revery, or sunk in prayer for the sins of all mankind."

"It is a beautiful religion," says Carrie softly, alluding to Romanism. She sighs again, and puts on her most pious expression, the one she used to keep expressly for St. Matthias's when we were in town. She is (or at least fondly believes herself to be) an advanced Ritualist, and dotes openly upon lighted tapers and little boys in night-gowns.

"A picturesque religion, but a mass of the very grossest superstition," says Mr. Brooke suddenly, in a tone that seems to come from his boots, it is so deep and saturnine. Unfortunately, he is unaware of Carrie's High-Church tendencies, and is driven to this remark because all things at this moment are hateful to him. Carrie glares at him in melancholy scorn, and I begin to feel we are standing upon the brink of a fiery theological discussion, when Miss Kingsley's clear voice breaks the threatening silence.

"Oh, Mr. Brooke," she says, raising rapt, reproachful eyes to his, "if you must *think* such heresies, at least do not say them *here*! I am so sorry for you! I hope"—pitifully—"time will show you the beauty of many things to which you are now blind; but, until then, do not speak as you did just now,—not here. I cannot bear it, indeed!" Her appealing wail dies away into silence. She places her hand once more on Carrie's arm, as if in need of support. She is evidently suffering. I am deeply impressed. The unhappy young man is crushed!

Downfall of Brooke! ascent of Jones! ("It is Jones," think I.)

"No, no; certainly superstition is the wrong word," says that hero, coming confidently to the front, cheered by his rival's fall. "It is a religion full of grace and poetry, an ideal creed, fit only for those whose souls are fired with the pure sense of faith." He pauses, and draws his hand in a languid fashion across his brow. I am much taken with his style, and stand in eager expectation of what is to come next. I don't understand him in the least, but I have intellect enough to know that that is one of his chiefest charms. "There is," he goes on, "a concentration of the beautiful, a refinement of the culture of olden days, an *intensity*—that—er—"

An anguished exclamation checks him.

"Oh, *please* don't!" says Miss Kingsley, with a visible shudder, and tears in her voice. "It doesn't suit this place *at all*; it quite vulgarizes it. Do not destroy the relief we are enjoying in having got away for once from the æsthetic jargon and forced sentiment of the day to something that we can feel is *real*,—like this."

Ascent of Brooke! dismal downfall of Jones!

("It is *not* Jones," think I.)

"To the boat!" I cry cheerily, feeling much for these two young men. But Carrie and her friend will not be satisfied until they have inspected every hole and corner of the island, and sat under the largest holly in Europe, popularly supposed to be flourishing on Innisfallen, and wandered through the combination of ash, holly, hawthorn, and ivy, all growing so closely together as to appear born of one parent, while in silence I and the two stricken ones follow them, sitting when they sit, and rising when they rise, with a submission that might melt a block of granite. But what granite is as hard as the heart of a good woman?

Then again out upon the lake, with the oarsmen pulling steadily, and our souls filling with the sweetness of the scene. Again we get a view of Ross Castle, and, far behind it, a glimpse of

Mangerton, reddening in the sunshine. Down its steep sides is stealing a thin silver thread of water that flows from the Devil's Punch-Bowl and is now glinting and sparkling beneath Sol's bright rays.

"An' that's the Mouse Island there, foreinst ye out, ma'am," says James, as we go past a little oval isle, "where the white mice come from fust of all. They say 'twas the Chinese come down the Kinmare River be moonlight one night, many a long year ago, an' stole thim away from us."

Even this absurd legend is not too much for Carrie. She takes it without a grimace.

"Dear me! how strange!" she says, without so much as a blink of her hypocritical lids. "I wonder what they did with them?"

"Is that Ross Island?" I ask, to save her from going deeper into the mire.

"Yes, sir; 'tis the largest we have, an' 'tis joined to the land by a slip of a bridge. 'Tis three hundred and sixty-five acres,—one for ivery day in the year, ma'am," with a smile at Carrie, and an air of determined resistance to any one who shall attempt to draw his attention from her. "Ross Castle is on it, ma'am; but the new castle is over there, as ye may see, up by the town."

We all turn to take a look at Lord Kenmare's new residence, that rises up from behind its trees, tall and many-turreted, all in the gaudy red brick of Queen Anne's time.

"'Tis for all the world like a factory, wid thim piles o' chimbleys, isn't it now, ma'am?" says James, who appears to me to regard it with disfavor.

"It is, rather." And Carrie laughs.

"He's in England now, isn't he?" ask I, alluding to Lord Kenmare.

"Iss, sir. He got a threatenin' letter, ma'am, wid an illegant death's-head-an'-bloody-bones on it, an' it give him the sack. But"—growing preternaturally grave, not to say indignant, as he notes her surprised glance—" 'twas ne'er a Killarney boy that sint *that*, ma'am, but one o' thim divils o' Laguers

that won't let the ginthry alone. But sure he might be worse off whativer, for the queen has given him a new house over there," with an airy jerk of his thumb, that gives us to understand England is just behind Innisfallen, or thereabouts, "an' a splindid coach-an'-four. An' well she might, fegs, for 'twas the world an' all he thought of her when she come to visit him, twenty-two years ago."

"It was a great honor, his queen's coming to stay with him," says Carrie, whom Ritualism alone has hitherto kept from turning Home-Rule. To do her justice, one sensation at a time is sufficient for her.

"Well, no doubt," says James, but with reserve. His manner conveys the idea that perhaps the queen should have felt honored by an invitation from Lord Kenmare. "He was very kind to her whativer, ma'am, an' thought a powerful lot of her. He keeps the barge she sailed about on over these very lakes locked up in a house by itself iver since, in honor of her mimory. An' there's the cottage we'll show ye by an' by in Glena Bay, in which he gave her a bit to ate, by way of lunch, one day; for 'tis hungry work, ma'am, as ye'll find, this sight-seein'. Nary one is let into that cottage since, barrin' the care-taker. An' 'tis kept jist as the queen left it, savin' that now an' thin they add to the grandeur of it, maybe in the hopes she might come ag'in. But sorra fear: 't isn't grand enough we are for the likes of her!"

We have crossed the lake by this time, and are skirting along under the shadow of Tomies toward O'Sullivan's famous cascade. Above us on one side rises mass upon mass of tinted foliage, the deep, brilliant green of the arbutus, with its drooping burden of white flowers, catching the wandering gaze 'before the calmer shades of the dusk reds and sombre russets. There is an ever-varying beauty about Tomies that renders it always new and each day dearer,—a lifting or lowering of fleecy clouds upon its brows, a sudden rainbow athwart its breast, a play of hurrying sunbeams in

its heights and hollows. Who can say where the change lies? Yet every coming morn one wonders at the strangeness of its glories.

Stepping lightly ashore, we climb the rugged path that leads to the cascade. Over and around us are the sighing trees; glistening masses of mossy rocks form a wall of nature's own upon our right; to our left rushes a singing stream. Scarce any ray of sunlight makes its way into this sylvan solitude, where ferns and a tangled wilderness of blackberry and wild rose hold high festival, while through it all trembles a nervous music,—the herald, as it were, of some far-off rushing thunder. Then the sound grows louder, and then, all in a moment, we turn a corner and find ourselves face to face with the tumult of waters.

Over the great black boulders comes the mighty torrent, pale green at first beneath the dancing spray, then faintest yellow as it touches the rocks below in playful fury, and then at last darkest amber as it crashes into the stony hollows far beneath. With a deafening roar it hisses from crag to crag in a mad haste that looks like fiercest anger, until at last it dies away, and sinks exhausted into the arms of the tremulous stream that bears it away to the lake.

"How like a cruel, ungovernable temper it seems!" says Miss Kingsley, pensively. "Oh, it should be a warning to us all!" Here I cannot forbear a glance at her. Is our charming moralist uttering merely a pretty sentiment, or is there deeper meaning in her words,—a gentle hint to the belligerents who stand in dogged watchfulness of each other on her either hand? She bears my glance with the greatest fortitude.

"Yes, a warning to us to put aside all petty angers," she says, turning her eyes *fully* upon mine. Is there now an amused defiance in their soft depths? "I myself have a shocking temper," she says, in dove-like tones. She looks at me again. This time there is distinct laughter within those purple orbs. There is a faint flicker of her eyelashes,

and then they fall over the tell tales within.

The waterfall is filling Carrie with joy. She sees, she hears, nothing but it. She loses herself in it a little, I think, because she slips her hand into mine, with a fine disregard of the chances of being considered *still* in love with me that oftentimes oppresses her.

"It is almost *too much*, George, isn't it?" she says, in what is a whisper here but would be a roar anywhere else. The noise of the descending waters drowns all other sounds. We gaze at it in wondering delight, and mark how the clumps of waving ferns and tender mosses cling as for dear life to the sides of its rocky confines and bow their meek heads beneath its giant spray.

Impressed by its grandeur, we retrace our steps, and are soon again rowing merrily over the lake toward Glenna Bay, where the queen's cottage stands, and where Carrie had made some kind mention of permitting us to land and appease our appetites.

"How deep the lake seems!" says Muriel pleasantly. She is leaning over the edge of the boat in a graceful attitude, trailing her slender fingers through the rippling water.

"About here is the deepest part of the lake, miss," says James, condescending for once to notice her, as Carrie seems wrapped in thought, "here or a trifle lower down. Three hundred an' fifty feet it is in all, miss, as I'm tould,—higher than the highest steeple anywheres." Here he notices with joy that Carrie's interest in his conversation is awakened once more, and his handsome Irish eyes kindle as he moves his friendly glance from Muriel to her. "Twould take ye a fortnight, or maybe three weeks, to git to the bottom of it," he says to Carrie, with a sly laugh, full of a certainty that she will join in it. She does.

"Ah! *that's* the cottage," says Muriel, when we have passed Darby's Gardens and got well into the beautiful bay of Glenna. "What a little thing! but how prettily thatched!"

There is a tiny landing-place, at which

we go ashore, and walk up to inspect the rustic but charming resting-place the Earl of Kenmare had arranged for Her Majesty on her *one* visit to Ireland. Had that visit been repeated, and some little love to the warm-hearted people shown, would not much of the bloodshed of late years have been averted? It is too unhappy a question to be pursued. We leave it, then, and go up to the cottage where Her Majesty lunched in '61,—“just twenty-two years ago, ma'am,” said James, as we left the boat.

We walk all around it, and admire through the shutterless windows the pretty pink fluted cretonne coverings of the drawing-room walls, and all the little choice nick-nacks that lie about the rooms. There is an air of indescribable loneliness about it, only heightened by the idea that it is lying there, swept and garnished, waiting for an impossible comer. The cretonne we gaze upon is new, a dainty covering for the walls, but unworthy of a queen. In *her* time they were clothed with pink satin, lined with yellow sarcenet: I quote from James.

Seeing that hunger aggravates all evil feelings, I now suggest luncheon, in a tone that admits of no trifling, and soon a dainty meal is spread for us upon a broad strip of grass. We spread ourselves before it and fall to.

It is an excellent luncheon, and should have worked wonders, but some people are beyond all genial influences. Jones (to his credit be it said) thaws slightly beneath the bubbles of the champagne, but Brooke remains gloomy to the bitter end. Somehow I lose my faith in Brooke.

And now, too, the sunshine turns unfriendly. It sinks, to rise no more. Where has it gone? Perchance behind that huge, mournful cloud that now hangs in heavy grandeur over Tomies's devoted head.

“It looks like a squall,” I remark casually, whereupon they all gird up their loins and flee to the boat.

Carrie, who is a person full of energy, is the first to enter it.

“Oh, I *do* hope it won't be much!” says Miss Kingsley, still lingering on the

brink. “Do people ever get upset in these lakes?” She asks this nervously, drawing back from the boat, and looking up at Brooke with a hopefulness in his reply that must, I believe, contain in it some element of tenderness. She moves nearer to him, and lays her hand with a pretty, half-frightened gesture upon his arm. He thrills, and grows twice the man he was, beneath the ecstasy of that light touch.

“Oh, no! no *indeed*!” he says reassuringly. “You must not let yourself be unhappy for even an instant. There is no fear, none: *I* shall be near you.” He flushes crimson, and for one ecstatic moment lets his hand fall upon hers as it rests upon his arm. *Does* he squeeze it? I watch him narrowly, and so does Carrie, but neither of us, when comparing notes, can be sure. “There is no danger at all,” he says, his voice trembling with glad agitation.

“You are then prepared to swear that no one was ever drowned in this lake?” breaks in Jones, with a sardonic laugh.

“I am at least always prepared to assuage the fears of a lady,” returns Brooke severely.

“Even at the expense of truth?” asks Jones, with diabolical persistency.

I can see he is fuming. The sight of those little, fragile fingers clasped round Brooke's arm is more than he can peaceably endure. Somehow I feel for him.

“What has truth got to do with it?” asks Brooke angrily, but uncertainly.

“With your assurance? *nothing*,” says Jones. “There were two men drowned not very far from this only last year!” He gives Muriel a withering but anguished glance, and springs almost rudely past Brooke into the boat.

“Here, give me an oar!” he calls out roughly to one of the boatmen, as though he would have said, “Here, give me your sword to fall upon!”

“Oh, Mr. Jones, not *yet*!” cries Muriel, leaning toward him and holding out her hand,—that perjured hand! She has forsaken Brooke's support, and now seems to have centred all her hopes of safety upon the blighted Jones. “Not until you have helped me to my seat,”



she says quite anxiously. "No, no, Mr. Brooke; you do not know so much about these small boats as Mr. Jones, and I have often heard they are easily cap—capsized. Is *that* the word, Mr. Jones? If you won't mind holding my fur cape for a moment," with a heavenly glance at Brooke, "I think I will ask Mr. Jones to place me safely on that cushion over there. I can trust myself *altogether* to him," with a lovely smile at Jones, thrice-blessed Jones. "Do you know," bending forward to give her hand to Jones, and leaving it in his for the beatific time it takes her to slowly finish her sentence, "stepping down into anything always makes me feel giddy and as though I *must* fall forward into somebody's arms?"

This suggestion, I can see, is too much for Jones; he too grows giddy. Fearing lest he may fall forward into *her* arms, I strike boldly into the conversation, with a view to restoring order.

"Do *you* ever feel like that, Carrie?" I ask, in a tone that I hope is without latent meaning. But *who* can bamboozle his wife?

"*Always!*" she says, in a voice that admits of no compromise.

"So glad I am not the *only* coward in creation," says Miss Kingsley, smiling again at Jones, who is now as radiant as a rose in bloom, and, springing lightly into the boat, she subsides into the seat next me with a sigh of unmistakable relief. Is that sigh meant for *me*? I feel I am growing mixed. Is it Jones? is it Brooke? or is it—

"Carrie, you don't look comfortable there: come here, *close* to me," I say aloud, with a sternness that is foreign to my usual sweetness of demeanor.

"No; I think I'll stay here. I can't take my eyes off Tomies," returns Carrie dreamily, basely declining to come to my support. Whereupon I give myself up for lost. If any further attention is shown me by a certain person, what will *not* be done to me by certain two other persons? "Answers to be posted no later than Saturday, the 15th."

Jones has taken off his coat, and is

now rowing with all his might and main.

If doughty deeds my lady please,

Miss Kingsley certainly ought to be charmed. He pulls as vigorously as if his life depended upon each stroke, and looks as well as a stout young man *can* look in his shirt-sleeves. I fancy there is a grim satisfaction in the gaunt features of Brooke as he gazes at him.

I think I have forgotten to say that one of our youths is tall and slim (Brooke), the other short and stout (Jones), which facts, taking them as a whole, should redound to the credit of neither, as what one loses in height he gains in breadth, and *vice versa*. This appears to me to equalize all things; but who shall say how it appears to Miss Kingsley? And, after all, that is the principal thing to *them*.

To look at them, one would give the palm to Brooke, but I cannot help thinking there is a great deal in Jones besides his "too, too solid flesh." And, at all events, of one thing I am *quite* assured,—that there is a *very* great deal in Miss Kingsley.

A few drops fall pattering upon our uplifted faces. The sky has grown strangely dark. It is nearly five o'clock, I find by looking at my watch, and a shadow from the coming night already lies on all around. *Is it going to rain?*

"Divil a sign of rain!" says James, when appealed to anxiously because of certain feathers in hats. "Don't be afeared, ma'am: 'tis only the *paspiration* from the hills!"

Perhaps he is right, or perhaps he has whistled to the clerk of the weather-office to spare us; but, at all events, the mists disperse, and from behind them comes a weird light, grand, mysterious, that falls on Tomies in a pale brilliancy, and lights up all its vales and summits, and seems to tremble in mid-air. Straight down from heaven itself it comes, to rest lovingly upon the everlasting hills and soften into calmer outlines the sternness of their rugged grandeur.

Then this too fades, and far, far above us, half resting on the mountain-peaks, falls a dense mass of sullen clouds, gray, tinted with a sluggish blue. Straight out from the sky they stand, as though a man might put his hand behind them, and from them uprise fantastic towers and turrets that form themselves into ghostly castles, not all unlike the stately ruins that frown upon the Rhine; whilst in between all these flash gleams of richest crimson, blood-red from the vanishing sun, darting upward through the heavy gray, as it were flames from some wild Inferno.

"How weird! how wonderful!" says Carrie, in a low tone. We are all silent. The very boatmen rest upon their oars to gaze upon the gorgeous panorama. Then, after a little while, when we have grown almost oppressed by the unearthly beauty of it, the scene changes; the clouds lift and soar again once more heavenward, and Tomies comes out from behind them, purple and yellow and red as before.

A thin thread of smoke curls slowly upward from the centre of the large valley that almost divides it in two.

"Does any one live on Tomies?" asks Carrie, turning to James.

"Iss, ma'am,—one man, a tinant, a kind of care-taker of Herbert of Muckross. He's all be himself there. That's the man, ma'am, can't quarrel wid his neighbors. And, begorra, a fine thing 'tis for him, too," with a grin.

"It didn't save him, anyway," says the other boatman, opening his lips for the first time. "He said a word in court ag'in' one o' the boys" (Leaguers) "for stealin' a bit o' wood over there, an' they fired into his house one night last week, as he sat be his fire."

"Good gracious! they didn't kill him?" asks Carrie, in horror, yet turning her eyes with a desperate hope upon the thin line of smoke. If he is dead, who lit the fire? This is an eerie thought, suggestive of ghosts, and therefore full of joy.

"He wasn't kilt out an' out, ma'am, but 'twas a near shave. He had his little gossoon upon his knee, an', fegs,

the bullet wint right betwixt him an' the child. They do say the little chap has been a trifle deaf since. But sure he needn't care, since they left the life in him, glory be—"

"Oh, that wicked Land League!" says Carrie, with startling vehemence. "What misery it has brought upon this wretched country! *Hanging* is too good for the miscreants that belong to it!"

"Good heavens!" think I, "what rashness, to deliver herself of such sentiments as these in a loud voice in the midst of disaffected Kerry!" I gently press her toe, after which I catch her eye,—a rather irate eye, so I greatly fear I have hurt her.

"Take a good look at the man that isn't James," I say, in a careful whisper. "He is an advanced member of the society you have just been alluding to in tones of mild censure. Follow up your late remarks, and probably you will find yourself in another moment or so buffetting the angry waves."

"I don't see any waves," says Carrie, who is hopelessly unimpressed by my fervid remonstrance. "And as to suppressing my thoughts about that odious League, don't expect it, George; on such a subject I decline to temporize."

"Would you drown us *all*," I say indignantly, "for the sake of your principles?"

"Would you have me be *false* to my principles?" retorts she, fixing me with a stony gaze.

"I would have you remember that, whatever it may be to you, life is sweet to me, principles or no principles," say I.

"That is too loose a sentiment for me to entertain," returns she, with a scornful tilting of her little nose. It occurs to me at this moment that I used to think it a pretty nose. *Is it pretty?*

"Well, you can follow up your present wild course instead," say I ominously; "but when presently you find yourself on your downward course to that lowest part of the lake James told you of just now, I dare say you will repent."

"Downward course? lowest part of the lake? Is it the bottomless pit you are alluding to? Is this a sermon?" asks she flippantly. Whereupon we both laugh.

"You *are* such a goose!" she says radiantly, and gives me to understand by a faint gesture of her hand that she here relinquishes all faith in ever being able to make much of me. She goes back to her contemplation of Tomies and the spot where the murder was *not* committed.

"After all," she says, smiling at James, "you see that man, though alone on that mountain, *did* manage to quarrel with his neighbor."

James grins back at her in sympathy. "Tis hard to know who's yer neighbor, ma'am," says he, shaking his head.

"*Why* should neighbors quarrel? Why should any one quarrel?" demands Miss Kingsley pensively, looking at nobody in particular. Nobody in particular answers her.

"Thru' for ye, miss," says James vaguely, who is always glad to hear his own voice.

"I pity any poor man living up there all by himself," says Carrie, glancing toward Tomies, now looking lonely as the evening descends.

"O Solitude! where are thy charms?" say I, being much given to the utterance of unhackneyed quotations.

"Yet solitude *has* its charms," says Mr. Brooke, in a peculiar tone. "It enables one to escape from the world with one's sorrow and nurse it in secret. To be able to hug one's grief in private is a luxury known only to the miserable. Solitude, too," with slow and terrible emphasis, "enables one to escape from the society of those whose presence has grown to be not only distasteful, but a *curse*!"

A shivering silence. What is going to happen next? What means this fierce young man? Will Jones come to the scratch? Will he pick up the glove? I am pained to see that Carrie looks full of a certain glad excitement. Miss Kingsley trails her fingers through

the water, and seems absorbed in a happy abstraction.

"You are right there," says Jones, resting on his oar, the better to glare at his foe. "To feel assured that one need never again be offended by the sight of a detested somebody would be a boon sweet enough to render even isolation Paradise. There are *some*," with a deadly glance, "of whom I would gladly see the last."

"For once I can agree with you," says Brooke.

"There is at least *one*," continues Jones, who, I can see, is determined to push matters to a dangerous point. As he says this, it seems as though he edges somewhat in the direction of his adversary.

"There *is* one," retorts Brooke, making as decided a movement toward him.

Will they meet? Is it time to interfere? I sit trembling, in momentary expectation of seeing a mortal struggle between two misguided men, to be finished only by an annihilation of both as complete as that of the Kilkenny cats, when Miss Kingsley's low, clear laughter, full of gentle merriment, falls upon the air.

"Do look at this, Mr. Brooke," she says gayly, holding up her fingers to let some of the sparkling water-drops fall from them. "See what dear little circles they make as they fall. And *isn't* the lake cold? Just feel my hand: it might have been in ice instead of this clear water. Will *you* feel it, Mr. Jones? It is the strangest thing."

Where does the strangeness lie? And *is* a ripple on a lake a laughable thing? Yet, oh, how I admire that girl at this moment! I back her up with all my might. It is difficult to get up a laugh about nothing, yet I manage it. I even so far martyr myself as to feel the coldness of her soft hand when the others are quite done with it, which isn't for some time. Her little speech is a blessed relief; but for it I might have had to rise and fling myself between two heated enemies. And in an interference of

that sort, in a small boat, the peacemaker is the one most likely to get tipped over the side and plunged in the chilly water. Now, by a soft word wrath has been turned aside, and peace and a treacherous calm once more restored.

Mr. Jones is bending to his oar again. Mr. Brooke has taken a less aggressive attitude, and is sunk in a reverie that (to look at him) must be composed chiefly of recollections of midnight assassinations and murders in cold blood. Miss Kingsley has returned to the icing of her fingers and a tender contemplation of the scene around. Her eyes are uplifted to the pale-blue sky, her lips are parted. Of what is she thinking? How far have her thoughts flown? or are they still with us?

Beneath her eyelids deep  
Love, lying, seems asleep,—  
Love, swift to wake, to weep,  
To laugh, to gaze.

But is Dan Cupid really asleep? or is he waking in her breast for Jones or Brooke? There is a soft serenity about her face that masks it well and guards her secret, if any lie behind it.

And now the silence of evening has fallen upon us, and shadows from the mountains are darkening all the lake. There is a tremulous stillness in the air, a grayness on the purple hills. Again we pass Innisfallen, now sunk in gloom, and gaze with lingering eyes on the wooded sides of Ross. A flock of wild duck, startled by our approach, flutter angrily from the little bay in which they are preening themselves, and disappear round some shadowy corner. Then silence again, broken only by the monotonous music of the oars. And now we have passed the Mouse Island, on which two lonely corbies sit in solitary grandeur, watching us with motionless interest until we have gone beyond their vision; and so past the prison of The O'Donoghue and Heron and Lamb Islands; and now the men quicken their stroke, and presently there is a grating sound, and we know we have touched land and have come to the end of our first day's excursion.

*The Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ON THE BEACH.

I STOOD on the beach at twilight  
And looked out over the sea.  
So softly the wind caressed it  
That it seemed asleep to be.

Its quiet stilled my complaining,  
Its beauty soothed my care;  
And my soul flowed over with gladness,  
And blessed it, and called it fair,

And knew not that, out in the darkness,  
The same sweet, tranquil sea  
Held that in its iron keeping  
Which was dearer than life to me.

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

## LIFE IN A RUSSIAN PROVINCE.

## TWO PAPERS.—II.

THE unceasing care and vigilance bestowed by titled ladies in Courland upon the moral and intellectual development of their offspring are worthy of all praise; although the discipline to which these tiny scions of aristocracy are in most cases subjected is open to the charge of over-strictness. The work of instruction begins almost as soon as the little victims can lisp the first words of Lettish, which they learn from their *amme*, or nurse. A German *bonne* is procured betimes to teach them the language of their forefathers, and at the age of four they are considered ripe for the school-room, where a French or English governess takes charge of their further mental training—always under the minute inspection of the parents—until the mature age of seven is attained. At this period serious study commences, and the curriculum includes the usual routine of history, geography, etc., combined with the study of the German, French, English, and Russian languages, and, for the boys, Latin and Greek as well. Yet, notwithstanding this imposing programme, a cultivated and well-informed nobleman is something of a rarity in Courland. Perhaps, when so many subjects divide the attention of the pupil, it is hardly to be expected that he will obtain a very profound or correct knowledge of any of them; and when he goes to the university—Dorpat, Heidelberg, or Berlin—there is but little practical necessity for hard study. The patrician student well knows that, even if his ancestral fields be few, he is tolerably certain of securing a seat in some local government bureau, where high scholastic accomplishments will not be requisite for the fulfilment of his official duties. The question was once mooted in my hearing, why the needy sons of noblemen could not embrace some profession. "*Ja!*" growled a free-

thinking, cynical physician,—"*um nur Pastor zu werden muss man doch Etwas wissen!*" ("To be even a pastor one must know something!")

Of course there are exceptions to the general rule; but it is among the ladies chiefly that a higher intellectual tone prevails. In Mitau, many of the titled inhabitants of which travel much, it would not be difficult to find *salons* where intellectual conversation is the order of the day, and where the newest literature of Germany and France, often of England also, forms the topic of pleasant discussion and judicious criticism. One anecdote, however, on the other side of the question I cannot refrain from relating. A young baron, whose father had held an exceptionally high position in the province, was chaffed one day by some friends, a little better instructed than himself, upon a certain letter written by him and distinguished by unusually bad spelling. "*Aber, wer kann doch richtig schreiben?*" ("Well, but who can spell properly?") exclaimed the youth, with the most innocent expression of surprise and deprecation.

In addition to household duties, the lady of the castle receives any peasant-woman who may come to seek her counsel and aid: she not seldom, indeed, assumes the office of medical adviser, listening to the doleful catalogue of aches and pains, and dispensing such remedies, of which she always keeps a store, as she may deem conducive to their cure. Her prescriptions are often more highly esteemed than those of the district physician himself.

Curiosity is a marked characteristic of the ladies of Courland. No sooner was my arrival at G.-A.—made known than the castle was inundated with visitors, who dropped in to dine and spend the day, uninvited, according to social



custom. They were anxious to inspect the English lady and to ply her with questions on every imaginable subject.

"Relate to me somewhat of your family," was the formidable demand of one baroness.

"Ah, what a pretty dress!" said another, fingering the material of my gown. "Is it of silk or wool? How much a yard?"

"Describe to me country life in England. Do you know many country parsons there? Ah! *ich schwärme* for country parsons; they must be so nice, so interesting."

One young baroness amused me vastly. She had once paid a visit to a family in England, and had met at their country-house the great Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford. The baroness showed me with infinite pride his photograph, enclosed in a characteristic autograph letter of two lines or so. She proceeded to tell us how, being unacquainted with English customs, she had not, the first morning after her arrival at Lady ——'s, joined the family party at morning prayers. On descending the great staircase to repair to the dining-room for luncheon, she encountered the bishop.

"You were not at prayers this morning, baroness."

"No, my lord: I was not aware of your English custom."

"Ah!" sighed the prelate, "you have had a great loss; for I can assure you that it is a most rare and touching spectacle, that of a bishop of the Church of England reading family prayers!"

Poor baroness! she told me the story without the remotest appreciation of the humorous twinkle that *must* have accompanied the bishop's remark.

Parsimony is also a leading feature among these good people, and it is a trait not peculiar to either sex. This quality may in part be due to the fact that the estates are equally divided among the children, save in the exceptional case of a *majorat* property, which is entailed on the eldest son. The titled father makes it a point of honor to leave to each of his sons as large a fortune in money as he inherited himself,—probably to make up

for the subdivision of the land. It may be well imagined that where the family is numerous no small amount of economy must be necessary to enable the father to make the desired provision. He sometimes carries this excessive thrift into his arrangements for the entertainment of his friends. A certain count gave a large ball in the Casino at Mitau. Among the guests was an old professor, very moderately endowed with this world's goods, who brought with him an elderly bride, his first love and fourth wife. Being naturally anxious to regale her with all that was *recherché*, the professor laid no restraint upon his applications at the buffet. What was his blank astonishment, however, when, at the end of the entertainment, he received from a waiter a long *bill*!

On expressing my surprise at this incident to the Countess K——, she coolly said that her cousin was considered to have discharged his obligations toward his guests by providing rooms, lights, and decorations for their accommodation. The rest they might well be expected to furnish for themselves.

Social etiquette is excessively rigorous in Courland. Stiff bows form the nearest approach to cordiality ever permitted between young unmarried persons of opposite sexes. They have few opportunities afforded them of becoming intimately acquainted. Even the dance gives little facility for the growth of friendliness between the sexes, as it is customary for the cavalier to quit his partner immediately on the conclusion of valse or polka, having conducted her at once to her chaperon. Smoking occupies the leisure moments of the gentlemen when at a ball, while feminine small-talk engrosses the ladies. This formality pervades noble circles in all their ramifications. For girls, constant supervision from the moment of birth to that of betrothal is the rule; for boys the code is little less strict. Were an unmarried lady, much more a gentleman, to take a seat upon a sofa, such an act would be considered a flagrant breach of good manners. Indeed, when an evening party takes place, the hostess usually seats herself in state in

an inner room, or at least at the upper end of the assembly-room, and there receives her guests. Married ladies are invited to take their places near the hostess, while unmarried ones withdraw to the outer circle. The cotillon is the chief dance of the evening, and generally concludes the ball. As this dance is the only one that affords much scope for flirtation, it is always watched with interest by the dowagers and chaperons, and woe betide the hapless maiden who chances to draw particular attention upon herself while taking part in its complicated measures.

In singular contrast to all this tedious and, in many aspects, mischievous formality and restraint, is the freedom permitted to young couples from the moment of betrothal. After that ceremony, mawkish sentiment, ridiculous demonstrations, and a general absence of good taste and delicacy mark the behavior of *Bräutigam* and *Braut*. Billing and cooing, mingling of hands, twining of arms, caresses which ought to derive their highest value from the sacred privacy wherein exchanged,—all this is apt to render life a burden to the relatives of the high contracting parties; but it is not too much to state that these very public manifestations usually cease with the *brautzeit*, and the blissful pair soon settle down into prosaic complacency. What a rude shock to her sensibilities must a certain young baroness have sustained when, at an evening party at her mother's house, she hastened, blushing, trembling, blissful, and palpitating, to whisper the thrilling secret in the maternal ear, "Mamma, Staubenfels has just proposed, and I have said 'Yes.'"

"Oh!" was the mother's reply; "then he can help to hand round tea." Practical matron! she was already counting upon her future son-in-law to render a service which, but for his prospective alliance with the family, would have been a presumptuous, inadmissible familiarity.

Yet amid all the stiffness of the social code there crop up now and then traits of primitive simplicity as refreshing as

unexpected. For example, it is still the custom in Mitau to send out invitations by word of mouth, even to the most formal banquets. I remember a case where a coolness arose between two families because the man-servant of the one had taken a dislike to the members of the other: consequently, when Carlowitz was intrusted with the verbal invitations, he made a point of *forgetting* to invite the obnoxious family, who of course attributed the omission to a want of friendliness on the part of Carlowitz's noble mistress.

On the whole, life is a monotonous affair in Courland, especially in the country, where, until lately, the post-bag arrived only twice in a week. Yet the sameness seems to suit these indolent people, who appear to care little how the world wags, provided *their* rights and privileges remain intact. Certainly, since the tightening of the governmental cords, since the decree enforcing the acquirement of the Russian tongue, and the regulation that all public instruction shall be imparted in that language, a few patrician families have migrated to Germany; but the majority have apparently accepted the innovations with what grace they might. As a baroness remarked one day to her cousin, who was loudly lamenting the probable abolition of Lutheranism, the faith of their common ancestors, "Liebe Helene, it is true that they may deprive us of our language and our religion, but they will leave us our estates!"

If the land-owners represent the patrician element, the *literaten*, or members of the learned professions, represent *mind*; therefore they conceive that they possess a kind of hereditary right to look down upon a social superiority which is based merely upon inherited acres. I ought, however, to observe, *par parenthèse*, that in the matter of professions certain higher walks of the law are, or were until very recently, open exclusively to persons of noble birth, who in this one instance depart from their time-honored custom of contemning any pursuit unconnected either with a diplomatic career or with the

cultivation of their estates. Much of the bitterness of feeling existing between these two dominant classes is engendered by the nature of their respective social relations. Even among a portion of the community which has a right to call itself the most enlightened, the spirit of dependence is present, to warp and dwarf much that is good and worthy of esteem. The *literaten* hate the nobles, but they truckle to them; nor does the spirit of dependence affect the professional class as a class merely, it touches each member of it individually. In explanation of this, it will be necessary to describe the system on which professional men are maintained in the country districts. Take a district physician as an example. This functionary is elected by vote to a group of estates which includes a wide area of rough ground. Each land-owner contributes a certain sum annually to the doctor's support, and the noble on whose territory he is appointed to reside allots to him a dwelling-house, and supplies him with wood for his stove and fodder for his hard-worked horses. If he be married, the Frau Doktorin is patronized or snubbed by the Frau Gräfin, according to the will or disposition of the latter. Each item of the doctor's domestic expenditure is commented upon by the same august personage, and the education of the children criticised and domineered over, though often, it must be added, materially aided and advanced. The future career of the doctor's sons is canvassed by the Herr Graf, and, in short, every detail of the homely establishment is scrutinized by every member of the patron's family. In return for these numerous benefactions, the doctor is bound to pay a weekly visit to the mansion of each of his noble clients, on the chance of finding patients, either among the inhabitants of the *schloss* or among the peasants of the estate; for though the peasants pay their own physician and have the privilege of selecting him, it usually happens that the same individual is chosen by them as by their master.

As many versts lie between the near-

est neighbors in these thinly-populated districts, it may easily be imagined that this routine of duty is in itself no sinecure. But during a considerable part of the year the state of the weather is such as to render driving, whether in a small, uncovered sledge or in an open, springless carriage, a most arduous and fatiguing matter. Most British people are apt to fancy sledging to be a highly agreeable pastime, and they call to mind the engravings they have seen of elegant, picturesque vehicles flying rather than gliding over the snow and drawn by magnificent, fiery steeds. Such, indeed, is sledging in St. Petersburg or Berlin; but sledging in the wilds of Courland is quite another affair. Through the forests the track is generally pretty good, because level and sheltered; but in the open country, where the road goes up hill and down dale, it is with difficulty that the panting horse can drag its clumsy burden. The wind frequently deprives exposed points of their snowy covering, so that the sledge is painfully drawn over the sandy, gravelly steep, to be overturned, probably, in the drift which has filled the valley beneath. After much travelling, the snow hardens and wears into holes, and the slow progress becomes a succession of severe jolts. Should a partial thaw intervene, the roads are fit neither for sledge- nor carriage-driving; and to be dragged over a bleak hill-side, at less than a walking-pace, with a Russian north wind blowing cruelly in one's teeth, is no light or pleasant recreation. But why, it may be asked, do people drive in open sledges in such severe weather? Simply because the roads are seldom sufficiently good to allow of the passage of *kibitkas*, or covered sledges.

Such, then, is the poor doctor's daily round of duty; but his life is, nevertheless, not wholly devoid of enjoyment. The tracks are not always nearly impassable, nor does the north wind blow perpetually; and these enforced visits, which respectively occupy several hours and usually include luncheon or dinner, must afford some agreeable variety. The

hard-worked, weather-beaten man of physis doubtless finds a little amusement in smoking a cigar and discussing the crops with the Herr Baron, and in retailing the latest gossip, or it may even be scandal, in the Frau Baronin's *salon*. But the chief joy is the return home at nightfall to his family, who anxiously await him, eager to hear whatever news the father has gleaned in the course of his long rounds, and to impart, on their side, any little domestic incident which has taken place during the day, and which is sure to be listened to with interest by "*der gute papa*." Then comes the social meal, prepared by the careful hands of the loving *hausmutter*, or else by the inexperienced but solicitous Franziska or Ludmilla; for in family circles where the German element prevails, one can generally judge of the amount of affection bestowed upon Paterfamilias by the care expended upon the preparation of the repasts of which he is to partake. The evening usually passes away in reading aloud some entertaining work of fact or fiction; and I must frankly own that, so far as I have been enabled to judge, a class of literature finds its way to these remote country homes far superior to the style of books so greatly in favor with many of our British youths and maidens of a corresponding rank in society.

On Sundays and other high days the doctor frequently orders out his cumbersome equipage and drives with his family to the *pastorat*, or presbytery, to keep the feast with his old friend and crony the pastor, who has been his fellow-student at the university in days long past, and with whom he exchanges the familiar appellation of *Du*, common to all who have spent their college life together. But the *pastorat* well deserves a paragraph to itself.

This great institution represents the most liberal and primitive hospitality of a province renowned from time immemorial for the exercise of this princely and apostolic virtue. It is the place of rendezvous for old and young, gentle and simple, from the most remote spots whence it is by any possibility attainable.

Is Baron So-and-so travelling with his family in his lumbering coach-and-four to visit a distant relation, and does he wish to break the journey? He makes a little *détour*, and arrives at the *pastorat*, sure of a kind welcome and substantial refreshment. Has Count Such-a-one been paying a spontaneous visit, and has he found that his friend has departed for a day's hunting to a neighboring estate? He drives to the *pastorat* to console himself with a chat about the harvest-prospects and other interesting topics with the untiring, never-failing clergyman of the district. Do the lonely tutor and wearied governess wish to exchange for a few hours the stiff routine and cold formality of the baronial schloss for a little cheerful converse and social recreation? Let them repair to the *pastorat*, and, whatever may be their creed or nationality, they may count upon a hearty welcome to the homely, kindly family circle. Then what pen could do justice to the noble celebration of the seasons of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide in these hospitable dwellings?—when, after the religious services have been duly attended, noble and *bourgeois* meet together to beguile the time with dancing and merry games, for which ample facility is afforded by the spacious, uncarpeted rooms; when the elders join with the juveniles, and condescend to enjoy themselves thoroughly in simple, unsophisticated fashion? Birthdays are also great occasions of rejoicing, and attract large gatherings of bouquet-bearing friends. No invitations are issued for these festivities, as the dates of such anniversaries are well known throughout the country. The generous Frau Pastorin opens the gates of her ice-house, and takes therefrom sufficient stores to furnish many savory dishes; while the cook makes a raid upon the flour-sacks and grocery stores, with a view to the composition of sundry sauces, cakes, and other etceteras wherewith to crown the abundant banquet. These ample preparations made, the Frau Pastorin seats herself in state, to receive all who may present themselves, nothing doubting that

her feast will be honored with the full complement of guests.

But life, even in a Courland pastorat, is not entirely composed of Christmas *fêtes*, Easter celebrations, and birthday gatherings: it is therefore time to turn to the more serious affairs and occupations of our reverend entertainer. The Lutheran pastor in Courland usually commences his career, after leaving the university, by assuming the duties of tutor in some noble family until his probation-time is passed and he is eligible for ordination. It is during the tedious period of enforced sojourn in the rich man's house that he first learns the bitter lesson of dependence. After his ordination he is appointed *adjunct* to some elder brother in the ministry: as a rule, it is only after long and anxious years of waiting that he finally attains to the goal of his wishes,—the pastorat to which he at length leads *das treue mädchen* whose ring of betrothal he wears, and whom he had very likely courted in the careless student-days of long ago.

The pastor derives his income from various sources. The patrons of his living contribute a fixed amount in money and kind, while the tenants also pay certain tithes and dues. The glebe-land, moreover, substantially supplements other means of revenue. *Fürbitten*, or special prayers offered at the instigation of some member of the flock, are lucrative, though their object is too frequently a sadly trivial one,—the success of some speculation or the well-being of a favorite cow. The peasants, who are extremely fond of these *fürbitten*, need only pay twenty-five kopecks for the privilege, but it costs a nobleman five roubles at the very least. Baptisms, marriages, and burials bring their share to the fund, but at the latter ceremonies the Letts do not always request the services of the pastor. They not seldom prefer the ministrations of one of their own relatives, thereby avoiding an outlay of several roubles from their carefully-hoarded savings.

As each *kirchspiel*, or parish, extends over a considerable territory, it is

impossible for the pastor to visit each parishioner individually. He therefore makes *progresses* at such seasons of the year as are favorable to driving and sledging, having previously given notice of his intention to the congregation. On these occasions those who live in the same *gesinde*, or hamlet, assemble in the largest room they can select, to await the pastoral visit. The clergyman inquires into their condition, spiritual and temporal, prays with them, exhorts them, and catechises the children. This done, he receives the voluntary offerings of his people: these offerings consist of such gifts as a little corn, a smoked ham, a piece of butter, or a few eggs. Such an expedition is called a *gebetreise*, or prayer-journey. The profane sometimes reverse the accent and call it a *gêbetreise*, or give-journey.

The highest Lutheran court is the *Oberconsistorium*, which sits twice a year at St. Petersburg, and the dignity of *Oberconsistorialrath* is highly esteemed. The title of *probst*, the functions connected with which combine something akin to those of archdeacon and rural dean with us, is also a very honorable one, and is usually the reward of earnest labor and true merit.

I cannot speak very confidently of the spiritual tone prevailing among Lutheran pastors in Courland. "Religion in Courland is dead," said a young pastor to me one day. Perhaps he was applying his stricture more particularly to the nobles, who, as a class, are singularly remiss in the matter of outward religious observances; but it is certain that Rationalism has made great inroads among the educated portion of the community. As for the pastors themselves, they join much in worldly amusements, such as dancing and card-playing. It is no uncommon thing to see a pastor quit the pulpit or the altar and repair straight to the card-table. The only restriction upon Sunday dancing is confined to a prohibition if the pastor have that day administered the communion. Allowances must of course be made for the customs of the country, but there can be no injustice



in the inference that if the outward forms of piety lessen and fall into disuse, much of the inward inspiration must vanish with them. But I am reluctant to portray the unfavorable points and symptoms among the pastoral fraternity. There are bright exceptions to the rule; and I shall always remember with gratitude the happy days and merry evenings spent beneath the genial roof of the pious and venerable probst at the pastorat of G.-A.—

In approaching the subject of the peasantry I am attacking the most difficult part of my task. They are a puzzling class of people, a perfect bundle of contradictions. They are at once pious and immoral, faithful and treacherous, well instructed in the elements of learning and at the same time profoundly ignorant. They are extremely zealous in church-going and in the observance of all religious rites, thus setting a good example to the nobles. No road is bad enough, no wind sufficiently keen, no snow sufficiently deep, to prevent the Lett from harnessing his tiny, rough-coated horse to his sledge or *telega*, and driving, it may be, many versts, to obey the summons of the dismal bell which sends forth its doleful voice from the short, squat spire.

A Lettish congregation presents a singular spectacle to the English beholder. I shall not soon forget the picture which met my astonished gaze the first time I went to church at G.-A.—. The interior of the building was whitewashed and lighted by ugly white-glass windows. Some attempt was made at decoration in the shape of two rude altar-pieces, and the stone pulpit was adorned by figures of the four Evangelists. From the heavy sounding-board was suspended a very substantial brazen dove, which seemed to threaten a speedy descent upon the devoted head of the pastor.

The edifice was crowded to overflowing. On one side was an assemblage of rough-looking, sunburnt men, clothed in their summer costumes of coarse cloth, while the other half of the church was filled, even to the aisles, with

women, wearing the gayest shawls, their heads covered either with large white caps nearly crushed beneath the weight of many gorgeous ribbons, or else by brilliant, large-patterned kerchiefs folded cornerwise. Beneath the great borders of many of the caps bloomed branches of the most wonderful artificial flowers, which stuck out on each side of the forehead like horns. I soon discovered a bridal party standing near the altar. The bride wore a flaming scarlet shawl, and on her head was a myrtle wreath, from which depended streamers of coarse white tulle. She herself looked picturesque enough; but her *demoiselles d'honneur* were very grotesque in appearance: their wreaths, in the form of stiff hoops, reminded me of the glories round the heads of saints in the pictures to be seen in the shop-windows of small French towns. Among such a large assemblage I was surprised to see how very few possessed the smallest pretensions to good looks: the aspect of the men was dull and heavy, that of the women coarse and care-worn. All had a more or less dejected expression of countenance.

The congregational part of the service was heartily joined in by all, and the effect of so many harsh, uncultivated voices at full pitch was unlike anything I had ever heard before or expect to listen to again. The pastor intoned his part; the liturgy in many points closely resembles that of the English Church. During the sermon, and indeed the prayers also, numbers of the men strayed out of the church,—as I afterward learned, to the *krug*, or tavern, hard by, to fortify themselves with a dose of schnapps. This circumstance, among others, led me to suspect that it is not devotion alone that draws the Lettish peasants to the house of God upon every available occasion. It is almost their only opportunity for meeting together in large numbers, and they profit by it to arrange much business and to drive many bargains with each other. Going to church is to them what going on 'Change is to a Liverpool merchant.

All remained for the holy com-

munion, and upward of two hundred partook of it. A great semblance of devotion prevailed; and yet it was to be feared that as soon as the sacramental service was concluded at least half of the communicants would repair to the krug and drink until they could not stand.

As the worshippers, after carefully enveloping their books in large handkerchiefs, crowded into the church-yard, numerous greetings were exchanged, the elder women saluting the young maidens on cheek or lips, while the latter respectfully kissed the matrons' hands. Outside the church door was stationed a man with a drum, holding in his hand a printed paper, from which he read the announcement of a sale by auction to take place in the ensuing week on a neighboring estate.

For the accommodation and security of the peasants' horses, long rails ran parallel with the church-yard wall: to these the patient little beasts, still harnessed to their masters' telegas, were attached during the four- or five-hours' service.

The Lettish peasant usually concludes Sunday by a grand dance and carousal at the krug.

Truth-telling is hardly, if at all, understood by these degraded people, and their language possesses no equivalent for the word "honor." The same individual will often combine the greatest fidelity with the meanest dishonesty. A nurse, for example, in a noble family will tend her infant charge with a faithfulness and devotion which have become proverbial; yet she will not scruple to overreach her mistress in every possible way, pilfering right and left, and resorting to all kinds of duplicity to accomplish her underhand purposes.

The sense of shame seems unknown. On one occasion a Lettish Jew (not a pure Lett, therefore, but the anecdote is equally characteristic of both) sold to a cousin of Count K—— a number of apparently serviceable horses. After the bargain had been effected, however, a careful examination of the purchase revealed that every one of the animals

was in a bad state of health. A few days afterward, Count K—— met the horse-dealer in Mitau, demurely issuing from the synagogue. The count accosted him, and asked him what he had been doing.

"Praying," was the reply.

"Oh, indeed! praying. Then I hope you were praying that Count D——'s horses might recover?"

The Jew, nowise abashed, burst into a hearty laugh at the count's wit, and went off on excellent terms with himself.

On another occasion a peasant, this time a genuine Lett, was detected in very serious defalcations of hay, straw, corn, and other stores. The count, being of a humane disposition, told the delinquent that if he would confess he should be forgiven and retained on the estate. The culprit calmly requested time to consider the matter and to consult with his wife. He was accordingly remanded. The next day he reappeared before the count, and informed him that, on the whole, he thought it better to decline confession; adding, with singular frankness, that, even if disposed to own his thefts, they were so numerous that he really could not recollect them all. The man was of course dismissed; yet, strange to say, he incurred no serious disgrace, and often subsequently presented himself before the count and countess, seeking work or pecuniary aid, and rarely in vain. Here, in my opinion, lies one of the great faults in the dealings between lord and—I might almost say—*slave*. It is considered scarcely more shameful for a peasant to be detected in thieving than for a dog to be found out in the same fault. Contemptuous clemency little redounds to the credit of the master, for it is only another phase of arrogant assumption. No great praise is due to him who is so little disposed to recognize in his servant a fellow-creature, a fellow-immortal, as to exact from him no more than he would expect from the horse in his stable or the ox in his stall.

The tyranny under which the Letts

have bent for centuries may in a great measure account for their extreme fearfulness and dread of danger. A sudden fright will often produce a fit of epilepsy, sometimes even instantaneous death. Superstition prevails to a great extent. Many of the popular beliefs are similar to those of the Scandinavian peoples. Libations of every fresh brewing are poured out; and when the peasants bake, they always put into the oven a special cake wherewith to propitiate the spirit of evil. The latter offering is always placed outside the hut at night, and is sure to have disappeared before morning. It may reasonably be assumed that the wicked spirit disguises himself on these occasions in the form of a stray wolf or a hungry fox. The belief in the evil eye is also current among the Letts. Great faith is placed in a very singular exorcist of mischievous demons and unclean spirits. When a "*büreführer*," or leader of a tame bear, makes his appearance in a hamlet, the inhabitants subscribe a sufficient sum to make it worth his while to conduct the bear into all the stables, cow-houses, and piggeries, from which places the unearthly intruders are believed to take their instant flight at the first growl of their grisly foe.

Funeral obsequies are protracted to a great length, sometimes lasting as long as three days, if the means of the deceased person's relatives are sufficient to allow of long-continued feasting. In the case of a child, it is customary among the wealthier peasants to celebrate not only the interment, but also the wedding which would probably have taken place had the deceased lived to mature age,—a characteristic instance of the far-sightedness of the Letts, which also prompts them, when sickness has been pronounced mortal, to order the patient's coffin in readiness for his expected dissolution. Prudence, forethought, and thrift, indeed, prevail to an extent hardly to be expected if the indolence of the race be taken into account. Though the farmers who hold land from the nobles care little, as a rule, for making more exertion in cultivating

their fields than will insure a very moderate crop, yet they lay by most carefully a part of the profits yielded by the sale of their grain. Rye is the staple growth; next to that comes barley, then wheat. The last is largely exported, being comparatively little used in the province.

Until within the last twenty years or so it was unlawful for any but the nobles to possess land in their own right. This law was repealed by Alexander II. He, however, made grants of land to the peasantry exclusively, which they were at liberty to cultivate for themselves. This bounty had its drawback, for each allotment could only be held by the same peasant for a very short term of years, and therefore small encouragement was afforded for the improvement of the land, as one man would not care to labor for results the advantages of which would be reaped, not by himself, but by his successor.

Some of the marriage customs are interesting, and may best be illustrated by an account of a wedding which I attended on behalf of the Countess K——, who was not well enough to be present at the festivities which followed the actual ceremony.

The contracting parties were Krisch, the count's blacksmith, and Lage, the chief housemaid. The event took place on a very fine Sunday in June, and a holiday air pervaded the castle. We all dressed gayly, and immediately after breakfast descended into a vaulted room in the kitchen-regions, where the bridal party were to assemble and listen to a preliminary address. This ceremony is highly esteemed by the peasants, who attach to it nearly as much importance as to that performed in church by the pastor. It is called "opening the door," and it is always one of the oldest and most respectable of the bride's friends who is invited to pronounce the oration. The scene was novel and picturesque. On one side stood the bridal pair, surrounded by their relatives. The bride, a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed young woman, was dressed in a lavender-colored gown trimmed with many yards of

crimson silk *ruche*, the latter a wedding-gift from myself, and greatly prized, as it had travelled in my trunk all the way from England. A myrtle wreath, the present of the countess, crowned the dark, abundant hair; but its effect was impaired by the two lank streamers of tulle which supplied the place of a veil. The bridegroom was very plainly attired in an ordinary Sunday suit, embellished only by a tiny flower in the button-hole and a voluminous pink handkerchief wound round and round the collarless neck.

In contrast to the peasant-group was another, formed by the handsome young count, his fashionably-dressed consort, their eldest child,—a remarkably pretty little girl,—and one or two other members of the count's family. In the centre of the low, stone-roofed apartment stood the preacher for the nonce,—a handsome, venerable old peasant, picturesquely dressed in a drab coat, spotless white waistcoat, drab small-clothes, snowy stockings, and buckled shoes. His exhortation was a fluent outpouring of true rustic eloquence; but, as it was in Lettish, I understood but little of it.

The wedding-party drove to church in five carriages, and were followed by a brass band, which played until the procession stopped at the church-yard gate. The bride occupied a place in the carriage of the countess, who was to give her away; and the bridegroom was similarly placed in that of the count, who was to perform the same service for him,—the bridegroom being given away as well as the bride, according to Lettish custom. It is not etiquette for the bride's mother to accompany her daughter to church.

At the conclusion of the general service, the count and countess led the young couple to the altar; and the service which united them was of the briefest. On returning to the castle, the party was received by the same festive sounds which had cheered the departure for the church. Then followed another peasant-address, a psalm was sung, and dinner was served. According to custom, the count and countess would have headed the table, but they

withdrew to their own apartments. The rest of the day was spent in dancing.

At midnight I was sent for to perform a most important ceremony, called "putting on the cap." Dancing had ceased, and all the young unmarried men had left the room. They re-entered, bearing a lighted candle in each hand, and placed themselves at equal distances round the apartment. A polonaise was performed, in which each unmarried woman took it in turn to walk with the bride. On quitting her hand, each maiden took leave of her with a kiss. The polonaise concluded, all gathered round her in a close circle, while the matrons, coming forward, made a show of striving to tear her from her former companions. After apparently desperate struggles on both sides, the matrons prevailed, and led the young wife to a seat in their more honorable circle. I then removed the myrtle wreath, and replaced it with a cap of matronhood. Music was played during the whole ceremony. Supper ended the festivities. Throughout the whole day the greatest decorum prevailed, and nothing could exceed the innocent mirth and enjoyment of all the party. In return for my good offices in putting on the cap, I received a pair of coarse, knitted, worsted gloves.

Before concluding these imperfect sketches, I would say a very few words about the Jews, a very important class in Courland. Despised by all, they cling together, and hold fast by their own traditions. Trusted by no one, they cheat everybody,—gentiles, that is to say. To their own poor they are kind and charitable.

The system of cheating and overreaching seems to intrude itself into their very dealings with the God they profess to worship. Two singular instances of this I must mention. Our district doctor, or *staatsrath*, told me that he was once attending a little Jewish girl. Being about to write a prescription, he asked the child's first name, which had escaped his memory.

"Sarah," was the reply.

"Sarah?" echoed the *staatsrath*, now suddenly recalling the correct name:

"no; you said last week, when you first called me in, that her name was Miriam."

"Sarah," was the imperturbable answer.

Not caring to dispute the point, my friend wrote his prescription and departed. It was not until afterward that he was made aware that in cases of serious illness the Jews rename the patient. "You see," say they, "when God sends out the Angel of Death, he will instruct him to call for the soul of *Miriam*. But when the angel arrives he will find not *Miriam*, but *Sarah*. Therefore, having received no commands respecting the soul of *Sarah*, he will return whence he came, and leave us our child."

On a similar principle, they frequently *sell* the sick person for a nominal sum. "The Almighty," they argue, "desires to punish us by taking from us our most precious possession. But, if the invalid is no longer ours, he cannot take from us what is not our own." Ingenious reasoning, to say the least of it.

But it is time to take leave of these Courlanders. What will be their condition under the new order of things it is difficult to conjecture. That the prestige of the noble class is declining, cannot be denied. The *literaten* themselves are being overtaken by the Letts, many of whom, after a course of study at Dorpat, now occupy the position of pastors and doctors. Old barriers are being broken down. Russification is being enforced more strictly year by year. Lutheranism, as the established form of religion in the Baltic provinces, is being threatened. The idol of the people has been snatched away, and his successor is of a very different stamp. Time alone can solve the dismal problem; and in the mean while, in memory of the many kindnesses received, and of the numerous social pleasures dotted about the space of my two years' residence, I would fain record my humble wishes for the ultimate peace and prosperity of the province of Courland.

SARAH M. L. PEREIRA.

## A STUDY.

A LOW red farm-house, half-way down a slope  
Gay with pink clover set in riotous grass,—  
Here—on her knees a half-twined daisy rope—  
A shy child glances up to see you pass.

Beyond the nook where she sits, nested low,  
A meadow, daisy-sprinkled, stretches far:  
Across it what sweet wind-waves come and go!  
Beyond it what dark depths of woodland are,

Fringed on this nearest side by alder boughs,  
Whose sweet white blossoming toss is like sea-foam!  
Here hath my Lady Wren her dainty house,—  
Fairer than lace-hung palace her small home.

The place is full of secrets. Hist! the voice  
Of whispering waters, stealing green and cool  
'Twixt curtaining trees: there is no other noise,  
Save a low murmur from yon half-hid pool.

HOWARD GLYNDON.



## MY CHAPERON.

"Elle avait dix ans—et moi trente."

WOMEN'S voices were speaking, and this conversation drifted through the window:

"I tell you he won't be here to supper: it's no kind of use your beating up that cake. Guess he'll go in the four-o'clock train. I've just told Jimmy to kind of stay round,—like as not some one would have to drive over to the station."

"Sudden, ain't it?" said a voice farther back.

"Should think he might have told: just like men-folks! And there's that family that would have come to-morrow, only he said he'd rather pay more and have the house quiet."

"Oh, he's only going for five days," said the first voice; "but I don't know as we'd better have him back. He's going to take care of a lot of trunks and folks,—women-folks,—and they've all got banjos—"

"Trunks, and women-folks, and banjos! Why, Georgiana Hexom!"

The cake-maker had evidently come into the front room and dropped on to the nearest chair, exhausted from horror and amazement.

"Yes, banjos; and banjos, as far as I know anything, has to do with minstrels. Looks well for respectable farmers like us to be boarding minstrels!"

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Hexom feebly; "minstrels is black. Besides, father's sold his folks milk for years,—knows all about 'em—"

"Folks ain't always what they seem," said Georgiana, with the superior tone of a person who thinks she has the last word,—a word which the cleverest man or woman has yet to find.

"You can read it for yourself,—it's all up-stairs on a postal,—there's a postal and two letters,—Jimmy forgot 'em till this morning,—he brought 'em over Saturday night,—he had so much on his mind yesterday, what with rehearsing for

the Sunday-school concert and driving Mary Ann's boarders over to the Episcopal meeting-house."

Two letters and a postal. I rose from my hammock and went up-stairs. The postal, written in a commercial hand, ran thus:

"Don't fail us at the steamer,—Monday night. Be there early,—say half-past nine. Twenty-five in party,—sixteen girls,—all the club,—and some friends. Want you to share responsibility of trunks and making things pleasant. Take banjos. Event of a lifetime. 'Ship am a-waitin' at the golden gate.' JIM."

A square envelope, directed in a woman's hand, the heavy paper giving a perfumed suggestion that the woman's hand might have held a bunch of violets behind the pen:

"DEAR MR. HARDING,—We are invited as a club to spend three days with Miss Sherman at Bar Harbor. As a club we have accepted, and have sent your name in the list. With many regrets that you are not here to share our joy in anticipating, and with the hope that you will soon be here to share our pleasure,

"Sincerely your friend,

"LILIAN AMIES,

"Secretary of Banjo Club."

Another square envelope,—this one stamped on the back with three small owls, writing that ran up-hill and down, and plenty of capitals:

"DEAR SWEET NARROWBY,—Isn't it perfectly splendid? I can't wait till Monday. I have got a Kate Greenaway parasol, and I am to be your chaperon. I heard mamma say she thought you needed one. I never knew men to have chaperons. Perhaps no one ever

thought about it before. So many new things are found out every day,—such as the telephone and the tricycle. Mollie Hunt, across the street, has got a tricycle. I wish I had one. To be a chaperon is a great responsibility—” This last word ran off the page, and had the appearance of a bit of South Kensington embroidery. “Do you like the country? I suppose there are pigs? Pigs are pretty much all alike. I am so excited. Isn’t Miss Sherman lovely to invite us? Oh, you precious Narrowby! I’ll take such care of you! Seems as if I couldn’t wait. I’m going to take two white dresses, one thick and one thin.

“Ever your friend,

“ALICE.

“P.S.—Do you think a two-cent lead-pencil is just as good for me to sketch with as a ten-cent one?—Mamma always uses a ten-cent one.

“P.P.S.—Won’t we have fun?”

Jimmy drove me over to the station, asking, with a great show of interest, if the profession paid, and if I were end-man.

That Monday night I met my little chaperon, her mamma, Mrs. Howard, Jim, and the others, in a burst of pleasant excitement. A waving of hands to envying friends on the wharf, a gay good-night, a settling of bags and shawls and pretty maids, and the fashionable club of the season sailed away in the starlight.

Alice gave me a sealed envelope, and asked would I carry her shawl-strap into the state-room. Her shawl-strap held together a series of projections,—a substantial tin horn three feet long, a small banjo in its black cloth case, the Kate Greenaway parasol, a sketch-book, a white shade-hat, and Mrs. Howard’s black poke bonnet.

“I’ve got to go to bed at once,” said the child: “I can’t take care of you tonight. It’s horrid to be a little girl.”

The paper contained this one sentence, in quotations:

“*Advice to a young man.*—Let not the butterflies of fashion, either male or female, allure you from the one great object of your existence.”

The butterflies of fashion,—male and female! What were we twenty-five but butterflies of fashion,—male and female? Had I—had any of us a great object in our existence? I thought of the sixteen banjos on which we had been diligently playing for the last three months. This could not be called a great object, although our group was considered a great success as a drawing-room ornament, and the banjo is a highly respectable instrument, its pedigree dating back to somewhere among the Egyptians. The great object of my existence! It was a serious question,—still more serious to find I had no answer. The waves as they dashed under my state-room window seemed to be in sympathy with Alice,—every thud ceaselessly repeating, “Have an object in life,—shun butterflies.” I asked myself, sleepily, if Lilian Amies were most of a butterfly in the small felt hat she wore on the steamer, or in the large white hat she wore at the garden-party, or in the pompon bonnet she wore at church? In my dreams Alice stood on the hurricane-deck, her hair blowing out to the winds of the ocean, and through her horn, which grew longer and longer, until one end rested on the far-away Camden Hills, she tooted, “Narrowby, have an object,—shun butterflies!”

Alice on the hurricane-deck—her childish figure silhouetted against the summer sky—sounded a note of triumph at eleven the next morning. This time it was not a dream, but a signal of arrival. In the harbor a yacht sent up its colors, a salute was fired, more tooting from Alice, waving of handkerchiefs and parasols from the twenty-five, waving of handkerchiefs and parasols from the yacht. On shore Miss Sherman waited to welcome us. At lunch a small canoe freighted with a rose lay at each plate.

“I shall keep mine forever,” said Alice, “and so must you, Narrowby: it will mark an episode in your life.”

"What is an episode, sweetheart?"

"An episode is some kind of a time that doesn't happen but once."

"As for instance?"

"As for instance," said Alice thoughtfully, "Columbus discovering America. And, Narrowby,"—this in a very decided tone,—"I am not going to sit next to you on the drive: I don't wish to be oppressive." Alice had been studying her new rôle, and these were the hints she had gathered from various members of the club. A chaperon might mean a Christian martyr, or a married woman with very little discretion who went about with a lot of young people, or a selfish person who always selected the best young man and the best seat in the carriage, or a woman of a very accommodating disposition and a little deaf.

"I am not a Christian martyr," said Alice: "they were all burned at the stake long ago, poor things!—and I'm too young to be a married woman with very little discretion; and I can't be said to have the best seat in the carriage, either, as I generally have to sit in some one's lap; but I *am* accommodating, and, if I tried, I suppose I could be a little deaf. I certainly have got the best young man."

That afternoon we had a long drive and an hour on the cliffs. The blue harebells nodded over the rocky brinks, the tall pines stood erect in their Northern strength and glory, and the blue of the sky outrivalled the blue of the sea. Alice discreetly let me alone; but at dinner-time her small voice pleasantly announced at our door that the girls were not going to dress much the first evening. "I thought you'd like to know what to wear down," she said sweetly. "They've all got two extra dresses. Miss Hillard brought seven. She said 'one could never tell about the weather, and it was best to be safe.' She's got three hats and a bonnet."

"She brought that large trunk, and no end of small traps," grumbled Jim from within the room. "She had all kinds of bags and books and things

floating round on the steamer. I had to pick them up for her."

Alice lowered her voice. She had no intention of taking Jim into our confidence. "Narrowby," she asked, "will you go with me to-morrow to see Nancy?"

"Who is Nancy? A butterfly?"

"She is a little Indian girl. She lives in a tent, and she will be six in September."

"Robert Harding," said Jim, as I closed the door, "you amaze me. You spend as much time with that Howard child as if she were a grown-up young lady. Why do you let her call you that ridiculous name? All the girls are calling you 'Sweet Narrowby' among themselves."

Jim had a sister in the party.

The evening's programme held a banjo-concert,—ten graceful girls, five young men, one child-performer, and Mrs. Howard at the piano. This was the club. Alice and I always placed our chairs together, and were a mutual support,—she knowing all the airs and all the accompaniments. Outside, flashes of light darted by the window: a fairy-ship lay in port. The yacht Beauty was sending us a wonderful good-night. Against the dark sky she stood, outlined in a blaze of Chinese lanterns, and shooting stars were rising from her deck.

"It's perfectly 'squisite and 'squisitely lovely," said a small youth, carelessly balanced on the upper rails of the balcony. The youth was a lad of ten, with languishing dark eyes, his hair falling over his forehead in a fashionable fringe. I asked his name.

"Anderson." And the languishing eyes looked down upon me with an air of superior indifference.

"Mr. Anderson?"

"Call me Paul," came from above.

"Paul, allow me to introduce my friends. Mr. Anderson, Miss Amies. Mr. Anderson, Miss Alice Howard."

Paul, after a few polite remarks, abruptly asked Miss Amies if she had read all of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, "Through One Administration," "For the Major," and "But Yet a Woman."

Miss Amies had not, and begged me to take her away.

We heard later that Paul did not think much of the fireworks. He had seen fireworks that cost two thousand dollars. He had also seen a tin horn as large as one of the posts supporting the balcony; and he had been in Florida.

The air grew cooler. The girlish figures strolling on the veranda were half buried under snowy drifts of soft wraps. In the drawing-room some one was touching the strings of a harp with a master-hand. Below us the outlines of the yacht grew fainter and fainter, until the music and the fairy-ship faded together into night.

It was the evening of the second day. We were butterflies again, flitting down the stairway to our farewell dinner,—the male butterflies stiff in fine linen and broadcloth, the female butterflies a bewildering maze of "nun's veiling," muslin, satin, lace, embroidery, and roses. I longed for Georgiana Hexom and Jimmy. I felt that even in their prejudiced minds we should compare favorably with Mary Ann's Episcopal boarders. It had been a carnival-day. The forests had worn their richest green. Miss Hillard had worn her two most remarkable hats. The yacht had offered us a princely banquet. The waves of Bar Harbor had gently drifted us through a summer afternoon, and the morning clouds on Green Mountain had opened that we might look down from the summit on the glories of sea and land. From valley to mountain-top my chaperon's horn had sounded its note of rejoicing, until we sank it at last in the waters of a mountain-lake,—as a certain king of Thule once sank his golden goblet. The horn was sacred to the day.

Our farewell dinner ended in a dance. Alice wore the "thin white dress" mentioned in her letter, with a sweet supplement of wild roses. She gravely advised me not to be "too giddy," and disappeared on the arm of Mr. Paul Anderson, he having assured her in a tone of indirect compliment that the

other little girls in the house danced like "wabbling lumps of dough."

Seven tall, solemn-looking men came into the ball-room and sat in a row, suggesting the seven wise men of Gotham. One of them, leaning forward, said a few words to Alice. I was filled with curiosity. But my chaperon, being obliged to leave the ball early on account of her inconvenient bed-hour, gave me no opportunity to question her.

Before breakfast we went to the Indian encampment. "Alice," I asked, "why did you speak to that gentleman last night? I mean one of the seven men who sat in a row."

"I didn't speak first," said Alice. "I shouldn't have spoken at all, only I wanted to find out something, and I thought if anybody would know he would."

"Why *he* more than the rest of us?"

"I think he was a United States senator," said Alice. "Paul says all the senators come here in the summer. Who else could those men be?"

I could only echo, "Who else, to be sure?"

Alice continued, "The one who spoke to me said to the next one, 'Look at those children: they represent the rising generation.' And then the man said to me, 'Little girl, is there *anything* you don't know?' And I said, 'Yes, sir.' And I asked him what absorption and extermination meant. And he put on his glasses, and said, 'Little girl, you'd better go to bed.' And he said to the other man, 'Isn't it an awful state of affairs when children talk like that?' I don't see anything awful about it."

"It was rather surprising and unexpected," I said. "Little girls don't usually ask such questions; at least, ordinary little girls don't."

"I wish you'd tell me, Narrowby. I couldn't get a chance to ask you before. It's on account of Nancy that I wish to know." Alice took a printed slip from a small pocket-diary, and I read,—

"The only alternative which civiliza-

tion offers to the Indians is gradual absorption or extermination: there is no middle ground between these two extremes."

I read the slip to myself, and I read it aloud to gain time. Then I said in a weak way that I didn't know,—that I couldn't be expected to know more than seven United States senators.

"I only asked *one*," corrected Alice. "Besides, you must know,—you've read so many books, and you are always writing things down. Is it anything dreadful?"

I attempted a brief explanation of the present Indian situation.

Alice listened gravely, and remarked as I ended that she preferred Nancy in her present state, and that she didn't think it was nice to absorb or exterminate her.

We found Nancy. I offered her five cents. Alice, evidently intending to right such Indian wrongs as lay in her power, produced a bag of violet silk,—violet powder within, and without four artificial violets tied with a satin ribbon.

"Her relations, ever so far back, owned the whole of America, I believe," said Alice, in a suggestive way.

I replied meekly, "Yes, I believe they did," and felt as guilty as if I had murdered a whole tribe.

Meanwhile, Nancy, having secured the five cents and the bag, retreated to a corner and began to cry, evidently nervous from the fact that I was making a drawing of her small figure in Miss Alice Howard's sketch-book.

The yacht *Beauty* sailed early that morning. We, sailing at noon, overtook her. Our steamer fired a salute, and the *Beauty* returned the greeting by running up a banjo-case, which fluttered in the breeze like the ghost of our gay three days. We sent a song across the water as the outline of the yacht grew dimmer and dimmer:

Good-by, *Beauty*. Good-by, sweetheart.

'Cross dividing waves we greet you;

Soon again we hope to meet you;

May the ocean kindly treat you!

Good-by, *Beauty*. Good-by, sweetheart.

Bravo, *Beauty*! Bravo, sweetheart!

Banjo-signal gayly flying;

Back again to you we're crying,

Yours forever, living, dying.

Good-by, *Beauty*. Good-by, sweetheart.

"Narrowby," said Alice, slipping into my hand a cinnamon lozenge, "you look the way you do when you play the banjo."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Like a man playing a church organ," said Alice. "I heard a lady at Bar Harbor say, 'That young man in the front row, next to the little girl, looks exactly as if he were playing a church organ.'"

"And how does a man look doing that?"

"I never saw one," said Alice. "They always sit back to the people in church. But I know how you look,—very solemn and very happy."

I pressed my chaperon's hand in gratitude for her delicate appreciation of my feelings.

"Narrowby," continued Alice, "I've got a secret. If I can manage to keep it till to-morrow afternoon, I will come over to your house and tell you. Shall you be at home?"

I promised to be at home.

Wonderful scenery of the Maine coast! Wonderful wealth of youth and joy and beauty drifting by us that summer day and night, drifting by us through sunlight and moonlight, until at early dawn we found haven in Maine's fairest harbor!

Alice came at four that afternoon, bringing her secret in a basket. "It is something to remember Bar Harbor by," she said, "you are so fond of flowers, and you always can make things grow. I thought you'd like them better than anything I could buy of the Indians."

It was indeed "something to remember Bar Harbor by." It was a part of the place itself,—a cluster of harebells, flowers, leaves, stalks, and soil,—soil as sacred to me as the soil of the Holy Land to a way-worn pilgrim. The flowers were more or less wilted. One still bravely nodded its bonny blue head.



"I had a good deal of trouble to bring them here," said Alice. "They look rather drooping: I suppose it's the journey."

"My dear little chaperon," I said, "it is not the journey: it must be on account of MY secret. The effort not to betray me to you has been too much for their flower nerves."

"Oh, Narrowby!" cried Alice, "have YOU got a secret! Oh, tell me quick! It must be something beautiful. You are getting more and more the man-playing-a-church-organ look."

"It is the most beautiful thing in the world," I said; "and it happened that afternoon on the cliffs. It was there that Miss Lilian Amies promised to be my wife. The harebells must have overheard her—"

"Oh, you dear Narrowby!" said Alice. And she upset the flowers in the warmth of her congratulations. "And to think I've been chaperoning you for three days and never once suspected it! Oh, you sweet, precious Narrowby!"

HENRY LEWIS.

### THE POPPY'S FAULT.

HE plucked for me a poppy red  
 Among the corn:  
 "A sorry omen, love," I said,  
 "This pleasant morn."  
 He stooped and kissed me where we stood:  
 "Nay, sweet," said he,—  
 "For any omen must be good  
 'Twixt you and me!"

I wore the poppy on my breast  
 The livelong day;  
 But when the sun sank down the west  
 I passed that way,  
 And there I saw my lover stand  
 (The poppy's sign);  
 He held a fair young maiden's hand,—  
 Not mine!—not mine!

Unseen, with breaking heart, I sped  
 My homeward way,  
 And by and by the white moon shed  
 Her silver day.  
 I leaned upon the gate, and heard,  
 With blinding tears,  
 The timid twitter of a bird  
 That, waking, fears!

At last, a step! I seemed to dream,—  
 My heart stood dumb,—  
 As through the moonlight's happy gleam  
 I saw him come.

How soon my doubt and sorrow sped  
 Beneath his kiss!—  
 "It was the poppy's fault," I said,  
 "But never his!"

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

## CONFEDERATE POSTAGE-STAMPS.

NO event in the history of our nation is of greater importance or more thrilling interest to those Americans who have reached the period of middle life than the four years spent in the struggle for the preservation of the Federal Union. The war came not unexpectedly to the major portion of the residents of the South, and from the hour that the first shot was fired upon Fort Sumter the business men and leading men of the South began active preparations for a long siege. Arrangements for the establishment of new postal routes and the issuing of a series of postage-stamps, independent of the regular issues of the United States government, were at once begun.

Certain postmasters of the larger cities and towns took this matter into their own hands, and arranged for the issuing of provisional stamps for their local offices months before the designs for the regular Confederate stamps were made. The result of this sudden impulse was the production of no less than half a hundred varieties of provisional stamps, the designs for which, in the main, were exceedingly crude. Many of these early Confederate stamps consisted only of type framework, and were quite similar to the common post-mark. One of the first provisional stamps to be issued was that bearing the name of Madison, a small town in Madison County, Florida. This was issued by the postmaster of that town as early as December, 1860. It was composed of a type-set frame, with the value—3 cents—in the centre, printed in bronze on blue woven fools-cap paper. It is said that a five-cent stamp was also issued by the Madison

postmaster. The circulation of these Confederate provisionals being so limited, few, if any, remain at the present day. Early in 1861 the postmaster at Mobile issued a set of two stamps, a two-cent stamp printed in black, and a five-cent stamp printed in blue, on heavy paper. A copy of the Mobile stamp is here represented.



About the same time there appeared from Athens, Georgia, two stamps, of the value of five and ten cents, but differing slightly in design and color of paper on which they were printed. The one was printed in purple ink, and the other in a deep brick-red. The ten-cent stamp is fairly represented by the accompanying engraving. It will be noticed that the Athens stamp differs from that of Mobile in the publication of the postmaster's name on the stamp, "J. Crawford, P. M.," in the upper circle of the design.



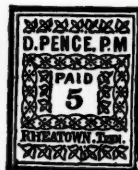
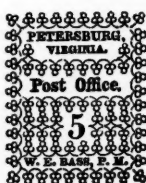
No sooner had these first specimens of provisional postage-stamps made their appearance than half the postmasters throughout the country south of Mason and Dixon's line changed the dating-stamps in their offices into postage-stamps. The design usually consisted of the dating-stamp of the office with the date left out and the figures of value either written or printed in its place. In certain instances the stamps were authenticated by the initials of the

postmaster written in colored ink across the stamp or on the back of the envelope.



Virginia, a copy of which is annexed.

The three Confederate provisional



Pence," printed across the top, and the former bearing the name of "R. E. Davis, P. M." The name of "W. E. Bass, P. M.," on the bottom of the Petersburg stamp appears in less prominent type than the other two. Representations of these similarly-designed stamps are here given.

The Knoxville, Tennessee, postmaster issued in 1861 six varieties of stamps,—the largest number of any Confederate post-office. These were all of the value of five cents, but different in design and color. The design was prepared by an engraver at Nashville, and is after the

The larger portion of these general provisionals that have no real artistic design are not unlike the stamp made by the postmaster at The Plains,

stamps, designed and issued by as many different postmasters, which most resemble each other, are those from the Petersburg and Pleasant Shade, Virginia, and Rheatown, Tennessee, post-offices. But few of these stamps were issued, and but half a score of each variety are now known to be in existence. The Petersburg stamp was printed in dull-red ink on rather thick, soft paper, and was of the value of five cents. The Pleasant Shade and Rheatown stamps were also printed in red, the latter having the name of the postmaster, "D.

design of the Nashville stamp. A circular stamp, not of engraved design, but in a printed frame, was also issued. It is said that the circular stamp was only for temporary use, having been made by a Knoxville printer while the design engraved by the Nashville man was being prepared. The circular stamp was bordered by eleven stars, while in the centre appeared the figure of value and the word PAID. The circle of stars was surrounded by an oval band inscribed "C. H. Charlton, P. M., Knoxville, Tennessee." Spandrels of ornamental scroll-work enclosed in a double-line frame also appeared on this unique stamp.

Five varieties of stamps were issued by the New Orleans postmaster, Mr. J. L. Riddell. Two of these stamps were of the two-cent value, and the other three of the five-cent. The colors were as follows: two-cent red, two-cent blue, five-cent brown, five-cent red on blue, five-cent brown on blue. These stamps were lithographed in sheets of forty stamps each, and were used exclusively in the New Orleans post-office. A fair example of the five-cent stamp is annexed.



There are but two copies of the stamp issued at Baton Rouge now in existence. They are considered very rare. The groundwork of the stamp is printed in green, and the border and lettering in carmine ink. It is a type-set design, with the inscription "P. O. Baton Rouge, Louisiana," above, a large 5 in the centre, and "J. McCormick," the name of the postmaster, below. Two designs of this stamp were issued, a two-cent red stamp and a five-cent red and green.

The postmaster at Greenville, Alabama, issued three stamps for his town during 1861,—two-, five-, and ten-cent stamps. These were printed on heavy glazed paper, the frame of the five-cent stamp being in blue ink, with the letters and inscription in red, while on the ten-cent stamp the frame is in red and the

letters in blue. The lettering was executed by hand, and the stamp, on the whole, is very ungraceful and inartistic, as will be seen by the illustration.



The Livingston stamp, also from the State of Alabama, shows real artistic taste in the design, and is in fact one of the best-designed stamps issued by the Confederacy. It was a fine lithograph, and was impressed in blue on white paper of an extra fine manufacture. The stamp was evidently the work of a thorough artist. The design is unique. The large figure 5 rests on a shield supported by an oak and laurel branch; above appears a many-rayed star. A border surrounds the entire design, and is inscribed "Paid" above, "Cents" below, and "Livingston Post-Office" at the sides. At each angle rests a cherub.



A five-cent stamp was issued for the Kingston, Tennessee, post-office in May, 1861. It is something like the Livingston stamp, the design being less artistic. The FIVE appears in the centre, with "cents" below in curved lines. The whole is surrounded by an outer frame of pearls. The stamp was printed on white paper in green ink. At various times during the year 1861, provisional stamps were also issued by the postmasters of Charleston, South Carolina (five varieties); Columbia, South Carolina; Fredericksburg, Virginia; Jackson, Mississippi; Lynchburg, Virginia; Marion, Virginia; Macon, Georgia; Memphis, Tennessee (three varieties); Pittsylvania, Virginia; Ringgold, Georgia; Uniontown, Virginia, and two or three other towns. These conclude the issues of the Confederate provisional stamps.

It was toward the close of 1861 that the Confederate government produced its first set of stamps for general

use throughout the Confederate States. This first issue was printed during the fall and winter of 1861 and the spring of 1862, and was engraved at a large expense by a bank-note company. The set comprised five stamps, of the following denominations and colors:

- Two-cents green.
- Five-cents green.
- Five-cents blue.
- Ten-cents blue.
- Ten-cents red.

On the two-cent stamp appeared a fair likeness of Andrew Jackson. The head of Jefferson Davis was engraved on the two five-cent stamps, the design being made from a fine photograph furnished by Mr. Davis. The ten-cent stamps bore the head of James Madison.

In 1863 the Confederate government issued a new and more complete series of postage-stamps, and the dies of the 1861 issue were destroyed by order of President Davis. The new series were of finer design than the original issue, and compare favorably with the well-executed specimens of the postage-stamp of to-day. The 1863 issue consisted of the following:

- One-cent orange.
- Two-cents red.
- Five-cents blue.
- Ten-cents blue.
- Twenty-cents green.

The head of Calhoun appears upon the one-cent stamp, and is a fair likeness. Jackson's face is on the two-cent stamp; while a portrait of Jefferson Davis, similar to that on the 1861 issue, covers the face of the five- and ten-cent stamps. The head of Washington is on the twenty-cent stamp.

Nearly all the Confederate postage-stamps were destroyed. When the Union soldiers entered the Southern towns, the unused stamps and dies were either destroyed or turned over to the authorities at Washington, together with Confederate notes and bonds. What stamps are now in existence that tell upon their face the story of the war are either preserved in museums or jealously guarded by private collectors.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## Prize-Day in a French Public School.

OUR foreign household was in an unusual state of excitement. So, too, was the quiet French town in which we lived. Flags were waving from the roof of the theatre, the hôtel-de-ville, and the big, bare, ugly college buildings. The blare of inartistic music, resembling that of a circus-band, filled the summer air.

Our young American had made his bravest toilet, and, with the semi-military *képi* or school-cap on his head, and wearing for the first time in his life kid gloves, was wending his way with us through the narrow and picturesque Norman streets toward the theatre. The whole town, as well as many of the neighboring country folk, seemed to be going in the same direction,—mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts, cousins, all in their best dress, and all with the same alert, interested, and even excited air we were quite conscious we had ourselves. Nevertheless, we felt sure that none of them could feel quite as we did, for this experience was not so new and strange to them as to us foreigners, who for the first time were to see our young American prove his scholarship among a host of students speaking another language than his own.

The theatre was densely crowded. The stage-boxes were occupied by the wives and families of the chief dignitaries of the town, the galleries and floor-seats by a curiously-mixed audience of white-capped and blue-bloused peasants and plainly-dressed people of the town, with now and then a Parisian toilet indicating some visitor from the capital. As we took our seats, our eyes turned quickly to the stage. Then instantly our young American's mamma gave utterance to a queer sound which the others declared was an inarticulate gasp, but which she insists was only the word "Look!"

No wonder she gasped! For there, in full view, gracefully and prominently displayed among the French flags with which the stage was profusely draped, was the most glorious object American eyes can behold in a foreign land.

"The stars and stripes!" cried mamma. "And Charlie is the only American in the school!"

On the stage were seated the dignitaries of the town, the mayor and aldermen, as well as distinguished guests from other towns. "Monsieur le Principal," a dignified gentleman in long black robe and violet scarf, was prominent among his corps of professors, all wearing the same robes, with different-colored scarfs according to the collegiate degrees they had received. The band was playing in one of the galleries. The front seats were filled with boys of between ten years and eighteen, in charge of *pions*, or school-ushers, all well dressed and wearing white gloves. The *internes*, or boarders in the college building, all wore the semi-military uniform of French public schools,—black bound and trimmed with red,—the *externes*, or day-pupils, being distinguished from them by being dressed in their "Sunday best" civilian garb. Charlie was among them, bright as an 1884 dollar, and telegraphed with eloquent eyes to his mother at sight of his country's flag.

Stimulating merit by reward is the rule in France; and all the world knows what stupendous ambitions feel amply recompensed by the right to wear a bit of red ribbon in the button-hole! To stimulate scholarship by the giving of prizes is thus the rule of all French schools, from the *école laïque*, or common free school, attended chiefly by children of poor parents, up to the highest classes of the government "college," such as this whose "prize-day" we were witnessing. Every year, at the close of school for the long vacation, the local newspapers give long accounts



of the "*distribution solennelle des prix*," as it is called, with lists of the prize-winners. In the provinces especially the occasion is regarded as of vastly more importance than are our school-examinations in America. "Examinations" such as ours, a "cram" of classes for a mechanical display, is not a habit of French schools, being considered no real test of scholarship. The French republic is young in the work of educating its children, but is putting its strength to the undertaking with a deep sense of its dignity and importance.

In the centre of the stage was a large table, upon which were ranged the prizes,—all books, in various styles of binding, each stamped in gold letters with the name and device of the college. How many glistening eyes were fixed upon those tempting piles! how many young hearts beat with hopes that were as yet *only* hopes!—a pupil never feeling quite sure of his prize until his name is called.

After the introductory music, an address was delivered by the professor whose year it was to address the prize-winners. This professor was a small, dark man, whose olive skin and excitable, nervous manner would have revealed his origin in the south of France, near the mountains and olives of Spain, even if the rolling accents of his perfect French had not. Among other good things in his address was the remark that he would be like the slaves who, in Roman triumphs, rode behind the conqueror in his chariot to whisper, amid universal plaudits, "Remember, you are but man!" and would remind the successful pupils before him that they were but strivers to whom, in the course of their striving, had come one little triumph; but, etc., etc.

After this address came one from the mayor. This gentleman read his address, which was interspersed with complimentary remarks on the principal and his corps of professors; and one curious feature to us was the flourish of truly French courtesy with which each one, as reference was made to him, rose from his seat, advanced, and shook

hands with the orator! Following this address came more music from the band. Then came the real business of the day. There was a rustling all through the house; everybody seemed to bend a trifle forward; pallors and flushes came upon young faces.

So much interest is felt in general education in France that frequently additions are made to the usual prizes by gentlemen who have the advancement of a certain branch of knowledge at heart. Thus bequests are often made for the establishment of annual prizes for a certain class in science, so that often the winner gains a prize extremely valuable in itself aside from its honor. Upon this occasion the first name called was that of a youth of eighteen, the winner of an "outside" prize in Greek, of so many volumes that he descended from the stage his arms piled so high that his face was almost hidden. Before he reached his seat his name was again called as winner of his class-prize for mathematics. The manner of prize-giving is very simple, the winner merely ascending the stage to receive his award from the hands of the *maire* or one of the *conseillers municipaux*. A prize is given for each study in each class, so that a student may work for as many prizes as he chooses,—for the history prize, the mathematical, Latin, Greek, etc. By a method of marking each lesson at its proper value of marks with each recitation, the natural bias of each young mind becomes easily apparent. A pupil sometimes goes on taking the same prize for the same studies, as he rises through class after class, year after year, thus prophesying unmistakably to all who watch his career the direction of his larger one in the world.

One would have to be present at one of these *distributions solennelles des prix* to realize how vitally the audience enters into the interest of it. Every time a name was called which had been called once or twice before, loud applause sounded through the theatre, as if these young prize-winners were favorite gladiators in an old Roman arena. We had not forgotten our young countryman

among all these foreign names, these De la Troumiers, Duvals, Saint-Sauveurs; nevertheless it came upon us like an electric shock to hear a familiar name, although in a foreign accent, followed by the rolling, sonorous sound, "*Amérique du Nord*." So our North-American Charlie went blushing up the stage to receive the Latin prize of his class, his brown head looking curiously un-French as it rose into full view. Scarcely had he reached his seat with his volumes of "*Histoire Romaine*," when his name was called again to receive the prize of his class for history. Then how everybody clapped and thumped as, before his seat was reached, that same foreign name was called again as winner of the prize for Greek! Only a few minutes later, and the audience again applauded, this time so warmly that a pair of North-American legs seemed quite to take fright and regularly to wobble as they mounted the stage to receive a fourth prize. A smothered giggle burst from the Americans in the audience. Mamma's fan flew up to hide a crimson face. For Charlie had actually taken the *English prize* of his class,—English evidently being supposed a foreign language to a North American. No wonder his legs wobbled as he went up to receive his "*Mémoires de Benjamin Franklin*;" and little wonder that he said to his mamma, as he rejoined us after the *distribution solennelle* was over and the crowd dispersing to the sound of "*La Marseillaise*," "You will never need to correct my English again, will you, *maman*?"

The truth is that Charlie's long residence in France has made him sometimes rather queer in his use of his mother-tongue, and he has consequently been nurtured and admonished by his mother in it with faithful frequency.

Now, when she says to him, as she sometimes must, "Charlie, in English we don't say *cautiouslyment*, we say '*cautiously*,'" he is always ready to respond, "Of course. Don't I know?—for haven't I the *Prix d'Anglais*?"

One day Charlie came home from school in a "state of mind."

"What do you think Monsieur Agis, one of the *pions*, told our class to-day?" he asked indignantly. "He told them that the United States would have been an English colony to-day but for the French and Lafayette, and that French was the principal language of the country, being spoken both in Canada and New Orleans. I rose in my seat to ask him if he had never heard of George Washington; to which he answered, 'Oh, yes, Vashington was a brave man; but it was the French who beat the English.'"

Whereupon Charlie's mamma told us a little anecdote of her experience in Italy:

"You Americans have so much better accent in speaking our language than the English have," said an Italian lady to her one day. "I suppose it is because an Italian discovered you."

M. B. W.

#### The Eyes or the Ears?

M. GOUNOD has lately given his "*Redemption*" for the benefit of the factories for the blind in Paris, and in the programme inserted a letter, from which we quote:

"If I had to choose one of those two terrible calamities, deafness or blindness, I do not think that I should hesitate an instant. . . . But blindness!" (he goes on, after enumerating the privations deafness would entail upon a musician and composer), "the privations it implies! the sacrifices it imposes! the virtual imprisonment of not being able to walk alone! the dismal darkness of never beholding the face of nature! the silence and solitude of being unable to read and write! As long as he can read a book, a deaf man remains in close communication with the whole circle of human thought. . . . A thousand times rather, then, be deaf than blind!"

These two evils are almost invariably compared with the same conclusion,—i.e., that deafness is the lighter form of affliction. It is conceded that deafness entails a somewhat lonely and melancholy lot; but then most pleasant experiences, it is said, address the eye

rather than the ear. A deaf man has not only the world of books, but nature herself, for inspirer and comforter; he can, besides, see the forms and faces of those whom he loves. Then he escapes a thousand minute annoyances and interruptions which acute hearing renders inevitable. He loses conversation, of course, and some of the minor voices of nature,—in the summer symphony of the bird's note, the rustle of the breeze, and the hum of insects; he loses music, although if he is a musician he may read music and compose it with an inner sense of its beauty and harmony. And how slight—so the argument runs—are such losses compared with those which blindness brings!

Nevertheless, the real measure of the worth of our senses lies in those early-formed and deeply-seated preferences which have gone to make up our habits and temperaments, and they must be consulted before we can be certain which we might lose—our eyes or our ears—with the least depressing and embittering tendency. It becomes practically a question of two ennuis and which can be the better borne; and this depends on what best satisfies our instincts and stimulates our heart within us,—the beauty of the outside world and its occupations, or table-talk, children's prattle, all the glad voices and utterances of animate things. Both Madame du Deffand and Madame Récamier became blind at the very acme of their careers,—the former almost thirty years before her death, and the latter ten. To neither of these women did her blindness bring the least loss of personal influence; each enjoyed to the end the society of the friends who adored her, who came to tell everything which went on in Paris, to surround her with delicate ministrations, and to delight, soothe, and absorb her with a devotion not only more constant but more ostentatious from the very circumstance of her deprivation. Undoubtedly both these women were saddened to a degree by the fact of their blindness; but compare their position with what it would have been had they been deaf instead.

Those brilliant Frenchmen who flocked to their *salons* would have left their best things unsaid rather than have shouted them through an ear-trumpet, and, although these charming women would no doubt have experienced continued kindness from those nearest them, the cravings of their hearts would have been unanswered, and they would have been pained to the soul by the emptiness, vacancy, and failure of their decline. Harriet Martineau was a strong woman, eager for ideas on political economy and kindred topics, and novel and original ideas of this class can well be proclaimed through an ear-trumpet. She very sensibly put by any feeling of mortification, and was not on the lookout for flippant comments upon her somewhat striking appearance in a London drawing-room, solemnly shouted at in turn by one great man after another on the great questions of the day. Beethoven, on the contrary, fled from society. Commanding genius although he was, and little as could be imparted to him by the prattle of a coterie, he yet missed it, and preferred to remain where he need not be perpetually reminded of his infirmity.

We grant that blindness entails the loss of most essentials of daily useful existence; but blindness once accepted as a fate, there remain many compensations. Other senses put out feelers, as it were, to take the place of sight, and all the instincts are rendered more acute. Deafness is, strange to say, a nervous disease, more wearing to the sufferer than the usual forms of blindness, and, instead of the other faculties becoming more active from the torpidity of the sense of hearing, the brain itself is apt to be confused and benumbed by a sort of permanent congestion which is the result or cause of this disease. The cramping limitations which beset the deaf must be acknowledged,—the loss of sympathy as well, for every one is more or less personally aggrieved at the deafness of another. Let nature and art affect us as they may, it is, after all, the personal, the particular, which gives life its charm, and it is the first

effect of deafness to sunder the unfortunate from those he loves. Still, the impelling instinct of all the world is like Gound's, who exclaims, "A thousand times rather be deaf than blind!"

L. W.

### The Dummy.

THERE is one member of society whose claims to sympathetic respect have not, it seems to me, been sufficiently regarded. Unobtrusive, but always present when wanted, patient under neglect, in no wise puffed up by attention, always ready to resign any position, however advantageous, in favor of another, useful, often indispensable, but never making capital of this fact, equal to any demands, however inordinate, this being has yet no recognized position in society. I speak of the dummy. Always ready to take a fourth hand at whist, the games that Dummy has played must be indeed innumerable. Even had he been, in the beginning, of a low order of intellect, it is incredible that his merely mechanical knowledge of the fall of the cards is not almost faultless. And if we credit him with the taste and talent for the game natural in so determined a whist-player, we must come to the conclusion that his individual skill is something stupendous. Yet when matched against competent adversaries with a most incompetent partner, observe the perfect equanimity with which he submits to the most suicidal play. Scorning to conceal his cards from the rest of the table, he plays a game which disarms criticism and defies abuse. And what base advantage is taken of Dummy's frankness! What sordid calculations are founded upon a study of Dummy's hand! Even the best players will not hesitate to follow a scheme contrary to all the recognized rules of good play when Dummy is to the right or the left of them, exposing alike his strength and his weakness. And yet with what exemplary patience and self-control does Dummy view the slaughter of his own and his partner's hand! With what perfect good temper are his valuable cards sacrificed to estab-

lish the short-sighted places of a partner with not one-tenth his experience! Then to what onslaughts of facetiousness is he exposed! Each person at the table provokes some mirth at the expense of Dummy. Not witty himself, he is the cause of unlimited wit in others. Yet he never retaliates, and neither is his silence sullenness, for he is always ready to take a hand again with the same party. Yet who so easily ousted from his position for a new-comer? Let such a one stroll carelessly toward a whist-table, and the cry is, "Come, sit down, and take Dummy's place." Does patient and unobtrusive merit anywhere else meet with so little recognition?

But the dummy of the whist-table is not the only one to whom we are indebted. Go into a tailor's or a fashionable dress and cloak establishment, and who are these individuals standing about, faultlessly attired and irreproachable in demeanor, ready to be of assistance to either buyer or seller, absolutely impartial in their presentation of the articles cast upon their shoulders, save for the air of distinction which a fine figure unavoidably imparts, and which is apt to fade away upon the ordinary wearer? Moreover, we have seen, when the thermometer was at ninety degrees, a large supply of cloaks and mantles thrown upon one unhappy dummy, one over the other, who wore the last with the same elegance with which she had adopted the first. Indeed, they are exposed to sudden changes of clothing uncalled for by even a New-England climate. Entering a salesroom occupied by these discreet figures, there is no air of loneliness, yet neither is there confusion or interference.

Well dressed and well conducted, they would be ornaments in any ballroom, yet are their social gifts uniformly disregarded, while the trifling omission of a conspicuous head in their anatomy is one which should not prejudice us, who have learned how often that article is worse than useless in many social circles.

In my early childhood I was deeply fascinated by a cap-dummy. Unlike most of its race, it had a well-shaped head and most artistic features. My grandmother used it to fit her caps on; and this head and neck, so much larger than even my largest doll, was a most delectable companion. I think it perhaps softened my feelings toward the whole race of dummies. It is very likely owing to early association with that creature, whose striking physiognomy was necessarily supplemented by a good deal of imagination, that I have been moved to raise my voice in their defence. Certain it is that they seem to me deserving of more attention. Is there not in their history and habits a field for investigation, for description, possibly for fiction? If I have contributed a little to the impartiality of their future treatment, I have done enough.

A. E.

## Which?

Scene—The Conciergerie. Time—Thermidor.

Two hundred prisoners lay there, waiting for Judicial butchery. As in the hall their feet Tramped up and down, Death's huge flail seemed to beat

On the last ears of harvest. Big with fate, Clouds lowered over Paris. The *coupe-tête* Sweated and toiled, and yet two hundred lay Ready, expectant, innocent. Each day A coarse, fierce, brutal, cruel man appeared, Smoking a pipe; removed it; stroked his beard, And, spelling over the day's list, called out Name after name, pronounced half wrong, no doubt.

These were the victims named for that day's cart.

Each rose at once, all ready to depart, Without a shudder,—without groan or tear,— Each one embraced his friends, and answered, "Here!"

What use to tremble at a daily call? Death stood so near—was so well known to all, Men of low birth and men of lineage high Walked with an equal fortitude—to die,

All brave alike—noble or Girondist.

It chanced the jailer with the fatal list, Reading it out to the sad crowd one day, Called out one name distinctly: Charles Leguay. Two men at once stepped forward side by side: "Present!" two voices to his call replied. He burst out laughing:

"I can pick and choose!"

One was a *bourgeois*, old, in square-toed shoes, Cold and respectable; with powdered wig; Of some provincial law-court the last twig, Ex-deputy of the Third Estate, perchance. The other—with calm brow and fiery glance— Was a young handsome officer, still dressed In his torn uniform.

"Ha! ha! I'm blest But this is funny!" roared the man who read The daily death-list. Then he stopped, and said,—

"Have both got the same name?—the two of you?"

"We are both ready."

"No! that will not do!" Replied the jailer. "One's enough for me. Explain yourselves. I'll settle it. Let me see."

But both were Charles. Both bore the name Leguay.

Both had been sentenced the preceding day.

The jailer rolled his eyes and scratched his head.

"The devil take me if I know," he said, "Which of the two of you I'd better pick. Here, citizens,—you settle it; but be quick, For Samson don't like waiting for his cart."

The young man drew the older man apart. Few words sufficed. Two questions, and no more:

"Married?"

"Ah, yes!"

"How many children?"

"Four."

"Well! Are you ready? Speak! Which is to die?"

"*Marchons!*" the officer replied,—"'tis I!"

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

(Translated by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.)



## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"At Home in Italy." By Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"THERE is a large class of Americans," Mrs. Bianciardi writes, "who desire for themselves, and still more for their children, the privileges of observation and culture which European life affords, and the number is increasing every year." And her book is full of suggestions for those who desire to find something better in the way of homes than the occasional and transient quarters the mere tourist accepts as most convenient. Practical experience is, nevertheless, the one thing which it is beyond the prevision of even the wisest to transmit. Every one's circumstances are exceptional, and one of the best results perhaps of foreign life or travel is that what one actually gains is at first hand. If one could get what one wants out of books, there would be few marked results of all these endless journeyings to and fro. And one of the chief advantages of these pleasant little books about foreign life is the opportunity they afford the returned traveller to quietly compare his own experiences with those here described. Mrs. Bianciardi is fairly just in her survey of the pleasures and advantages of Italian life, although disposed to glide over many of the crying evils and dangers, for instance, like the bad drainage, and the necessity for an almost inspired insight into what may threaten the health and lives of strangers. The bad reputation of the Italian climate she is inclined to attribute to the insular prejudice of the British, who find nothing fit to breathe save their own damp, cold air. She considers summer the season above all others for Italian residence, except, of course, in Rome and Naples, and draws a delightful picture of the villa-life just outside of Florence, where for twenty to fifty dollars a month a family may have a whole house to themselves in the midst of the most delightful surroundings.

Mrs. Bianciardi has her little word to say about Mr. Henry James and his persistent disparagement of his own country, which has aroused a prejudice against us abroad. Any outburst of honest indignation against his misleading statements she declares to be worse than

useless, since every refutation is met by "the more or less politely signified assertion that naturally we are prejudiced against him." Clever as Mr. Henry James is, we had not hitherto supposed that his neat and pithy sayings had done more than to delight a small part of the civilized world. But we now see that his strictures are felt most by those who possibly deserve them least,—that is, by those half-expatriated Americans of whom he is a "conspicuous representative." Mr. James does not suffer from this "thin-skinned sensitiveness to foreign misconception," the author goes on to say, "because he is not troubled with any impedimenta in the shape of affections. To him the Fourth of July is merely 'the day on which, of all days in the year, the great republic has her acutest fit of self-consciousness!' He has not a 'miasmatic conscience,' perhaps, but he has an asphyxiated heart. No wonder that the New England air is too 'cold and thin' for his breathing."

"Vacation Cruising in Chesapeake and Delaware Bays." By J. B. Rothrock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE average American has too little individuality or preference for particular ideas and pursuits outside of his everyday routine to be impelled toward new and untried places when he seeks summer recreations. He cherishes an unsatisfied ambition until he has seen the famous resorts of the world, and, finding so much to do that others have done, he has neither time nor inclination to seek out new places and explore fresh fields of interest. Hence, when, as in Professor Rothrock's book, the beaten track is departed from, the public ought to feel grateful for an opportunity to gain a clear glimpse of a part of the world which lies very close to us, yet is far more remote from our imaginations than the larger part of Europe. Chesapeake Bay is, however, an interesting bit of water, even on a map, and any child who has a bright fancy or has been well enough taught to understand the charm of geography will have wondered what those far reaches lead to which indent the shores. Professor Rothrock has given us

a pleasant book about the Chesapeake, the James River, and Delaware Bay, but has not made it so minute and particular in its descriptions as the reader (who does not exactly wish his ignorance to be taken for granted, but yet likes a fair chance to enlighten it if he need) would like. A yachtman may gossip endlessly, too, concerning himself and his yacht; for it is not a yachtman in general that one desires to read about, but a yachtman in particular. "Feed me with facts; I dote on facts," the modern reader cries, like one of Arthur Helps's Friends in Council. And on a yacht no experience is too insignificant to be slurred over. The really interesting things are actually about how people live, how they sleep, what they eat and drink, and what everything costs; and a naturalist in particular ought to be well aware of this. What is science, after all, but a record of the infinite details of all phenomena systematically arranged? Yet Professor Rothrock remarks on one occasion, "I do not know where the mercury would have stood, because I never carry a thermometer when on a Southern cruise in summer, for it is simply exasperating to know just how much heat one is enduring." Now, clearly, a scientific man, above all others, should carry along a thermometer, and experiment upon his own sensations for the comfort of stay-at-homes. Chesapeake Bay has, of course, the best reputation for all sorts of game and fish, and of the latter our author enumerates pike, yellow-reds, perch, and catfish as being the easy prey of the line or net. In Delaware Bay he encounters, as a naturalist should, a fish never seen in those waters before; and wherever he explores the coast he gives interesting facts in connection with the flora of the region. His clear, concise directions to yachtmen are worthy of all praise, and the whole volume is readable and enjoyable. His cruise in the lower Chesapeake and up the James River brings up many an association of the war, as names hardly heard by Northern ears for twenty years are enumerated as he passes by. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the whole book is the analysis given of an oyster and its little world of sensations and experiences, its friends and foes, for with the latter it is so beleaguered that, after careful calculations, it is affirmed that out of a million eggs laid only one oyster attains maturity and finds itself carried to market. This suggestion, taken in connection with the fact that,

after all the perils the bivalve passes through, the profit at *first hand* of the Delaware-Bay crop each year is about two million four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, opens a wide vista to the imagination concerning the capabilities of the parent mollusk.

#### Fiction.

"The San Rosario Ranch." By Maud Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The Crime of Henry Vane." By J. S., of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Archibald Malmaison." By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

"Piccadilly. A Fragment of Contemporary Biography." By Laurence Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Tinkling Cymbals." By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"A Palace-Prison; or, The Past and the Present." New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

"A Hard Heart." From the German of Golo Raimund by S. H. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

THERE is something epic in Miss Maud Howe's new book, and its breadth of conception allows its jumble of incidents and accidents, its faults and follies of taste and style, all to meet and blend with a certain largeness of result which might indicate its being the typical work of a typical American girl. The author has gone far from the scenes of her first book to draw her inspiration for the second, and, as the typical American writer should do, has made use of the exceptional opportunities the country offers for immense contrasts. She has chosen California for a background, and against this, with its crude color and brilliant and startling diversities of effects, has projected the figure of her heroine, Millicent Almsford, who is, we may say, a real heroine. After travelling "from the coast of the Adriatic Sea to the shores of the Pacific Ocean with no companion save her maid and her own painful thoughts," she introduces all the subtleties and refinements, besides the agnosticism, of a high civilization, into the simple, bountiful life of San Rosario Ranch, adopting only in return what pleases her by its picturesqueness, local color, and stimulating effect upon her own consciousness. Still, she is "homesick for Italy,—for Venice,"—until the influence comes which makes her new home an idyllic heaven and earth. Graham, the hero of the book, is a painter,

and, like all women's painters, selfishly devoted to his art and subordinating to it all the tender and gracious experiences of life. There is an effort at depicting Graham as the easy master of rather heroic qualities: his very speech is intended to suggest a half-knightly quality of mind, which makes him seem to bend to woman while he actually holds himself above and beyond her influence. He nevertheless yields to the charm of Millicent, and they become lovers. The rest of the story we could hardly tell, for it contains much strange matter. Joy and hope and love raise Millicent into altitudes she had never dreamed of winning again, for already her life had been shattered into fragments by a painful history. She has, in fact, gone through too much sorrow, too much disillusion, not to have a heart and body too sensitive to endure fresh blows. Graham puts her aside that his career as an artist may not be impeded by his love for her, and just when he finds that, after all,

It was not song that taught me love,  
But it was love which taught me song,

Millicent dies. There is much that is neither sound nor sane in the ideals of the book, and, taken in detail, there are points to be derided and condemned. Millicent's past history is more than unfortunate, since a woman who enters into a secret marriage cuts the ground from under her own feet, and ought not to complain if she finds no substantial hold in life. Millicent is, besides, a spoiled child, an egotist, and much that she essays and proclaims is vague and foolish. But, as we have already said, there is a freshness and spontaneity about the work which give it worth, and seem to promise much for the writer if she will study methods and not only enlarge and enrich but discipline her ideas and experience.

"The Crime of Henry Vane" is, no doubt, the fashionable crime of the period. But some of the heavier causes of human misery, like financial ruin, domestic unhappiness, or insanity, are apt to lie behind the tragedy, and cause men, without any of the eloquent arguments of a Cato or a Hamlet, to cut short their lives with the modern substitute for the "bare bodkin." "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," is as true as in Shakespeare's time; and even the proof that a man has committed suicide after a woman has refused him is not enough to make us believe he cut off his

career for purely romantic reasons. Such a catastrophe needs an interpreting fact, like inherited madness, even more than the death of a defaulter or an insolvent debtor. And Henry Vane was no doubt a little mad from his twenty-first birthday, which ushered in for him a series of heavy calamities,—his rejection by his first love, loss of his only sister, his father's financial reverses, followed by his death and the consequent hopeless insanity of his mother. The story has to do with the young man's retrieval of his father's fortune, which is effected by one of those pleasing but purely chimerical processes that dazzle the imagination and make us wish that the secret of the miracle might have been imparted to the promoters of the various collapsed railroads that make a net-work over the United States at the present epoch. But why dwarf Henry Vane's heroic achievements? At the age of twenty-five or so he had not only paid all his father's creditors in full, but had made a fortune for himself of a million and a half. Few follies had interfered with his close application to business, and his sole recreation had been the study of mediæval history and Italian poetry. He had had time to recover from his early love, and it might have seemed that, once freed from the despotism of a fixed idea of making enough money to keep his unfortunate mother from want, he would have fallen sensibly and heartily in love. Like too many of the heroes of novels of the present day, however, he had gone through the disease of the age, and it was impossible for him to fall sensibly and heartily in love. Still, he was attracted to a certain degree by a young lady bearing the engaging name of Miss Baby Thomas. The point of view from which this episode will be regarded is likely to vary with the age, the sex, and the experience of the reader. For a flirtation-manual nothing could be more clear, explicit, and graceful than the conversations set down between these two. The literary work of the book is an enjoyable contrast to that found in any other of the novels of the month. But the sadness, vacancy, and failure of the story are left wholly unredeemed. The idea of this "study with a moral," as it is called, no doubt is that Henry Vane had lived half submerged in the sombre gulfs of sadness, and that coming up to pluck at a gracious blossom of hope and love which grew on the verge, and failing, the nothingness of his future possibilities smote him and made him ready to slip

silently down and end all without further pain or question. Still, a wide survey of human action and motive must accompany real tragedy; and in the case of Henry Vane the feelings have been too feebly touched for the reader to feel more than shocked and a little impatient at his final act. It is evident, from the author's linking his hero's grievous disaster to the incident of losing one and breaking another of his shirt-studs, that he has never heard the story of a man who committed suicide while engaged at his toilet, first writing on a slip of paper and appending it to his clothes, "Tired of buttoning and unbuttoning."

There is just sufficient scientific evidence of the possibility of a condition of alternate states of consciousness to prevent "Archibald Malmaison's" being too palpably absurd a fiction of the author's imagination. And, having conceded so much, nobody need dispute the fact that Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written a powerful story, almost the more striking from the fact that it shows the marks of having been hastily thrown off while the author was at a white heat, his mind under the domination of one idea. With so grotesque a subject there was much that was better left to be dimly hinted at, for certain horrors seen in an intermittent flicker of twilight shadows move the imagination more than if they were clearly indicated. We will not mar the story by a pointless and misleading recital of its incidents, but advise the reader who loves a sensation to go to the book itself, which may be read with wonder and horror to its last line. And of how many books can that be said?

Mr. Oliphant's "Piccadilly" is very readable and bright in its way, although not equal to his "Altiora Peto" or "Irene Macgillicuddy,"—which set the fashion for the frivolous book of the period, where the ideas, follies, and worldlinesses of the times are supposed to be shown up with some gentle satire and much engaging cleverness. Mr. Oliphant's books rather suggest studies for novels than are novels themselves. He has ample material, but does not assort, blend, and finally arrange it with a view to producing a clear effect. His plot, such as it is, moves on in a whirlwind of devices and caprices. He sees his end, no doubt, himself, and flies to attain it with a hop, skip, and jump, indifferent, apparently, as to whether the reader can follow him or not. He is, in fact, too clever by half; and his books suffer the disadvantage of

being thrown together without those toilsome processes which make the characters and story live before the writer and thus gain a deep hold on the sympathies of the reader. His present study of Lady Broadhem ought to be far more interesting than it is. A brilliant and ambitious woman controlling her world, immersed in financial operations which keep her in feverish dependence upon news of the stock-operations in the city, sub-letting houses to rich parvenus with the promise of gaining their admission into exclusive sets, she is well sketched and felicitously shown off. But, from the absence of those careful touches which enable the reader to realize a character like hers, she remains simply a clever sketch instead of becoming a vivid and effective personage. The book abounds in lively suggestions and what is called epigram.

We fear that Mr. Edgar Fawcett will lose more than a leaf from the garland of laurels he has gained of late by a production so crude, so ill written, and so distinctly displeasing as "Tinkling Cymbals." His effects have been hitherto gained by the bold drawing and exaggerated lights and shadows which belong to scene-painting rather than to high art; but he has generally displayed a preference for subjects which aroused interest and sympathy. Not so in his present book, where—possibly with the exception of Mrs. Romilly—we meet a set of people from whom in actual life we should flee, and who in a book possess but this one virtue, that they may be still more easily dismissed by throwing the volume out of sight. If the author's object were caricature, there is so lamentable an absence of humor in the scenes where a canting minister and his circle of worshippers are introduced that his caricature is a signal failure. His heroine is quite as lively an instance of "sounding brass" as the Rev. Dr. Pringley himself, and, liberal as have been the concessions to modern heroines in the way of enabling them to dismiss pleasing traditions, we must venture to suggest that in the case of Miss Leah Romilly the final limit has been reached. Mr. Fawcett seems anxious, too, to show us that Newport is not altogether the paradise that his contemporary novelists have made it out to be. He throws a blighting eclipse over its gayety and proves it to be not only vulgar but tiresome. The general dreariness of effect is unfortunate, for it would require satire of the keenest and a story of



the most absorbing kind to carry off the faults of style which torment the reader on every page. Slipshod English is, alas! so common that the reviewer, weary of his task, finally passes it by. Many engaging writers are careless, accepting without thought tricks of false speech formed by guess and established by custom. But Mr. Fawcett's style is apparently the result of much energetic effort, since such grotesque and monstrous modes of expression do not come easily to the bidding. To accept them would be an avowal not only of ignorance, but of the worst taste. What does Mr. Fawcett mean, for example, by "a commandant engagement"? "She had got to think herself *deferentially* persecuted." "One's sight need not be lifted too high to span his dimensions." "A few nurses with children were to be glimpsed." "It expressed an actual exorbitance of amiability." We entreat Mr. Fawcett, who studies so much with a careful eye, to study Mrs. Malaprop anew, remembering that her contributions to the English language were never supposed to be witty in themselves, but to be the cause of wit in others.

It seems to us that the writer of "A Palace-Prison" has erred in putting her facts concerning the treatment of the insane into the form of fiction. Novels with a humanitarian purpose have effected great results, but in those cases it has been necessary first to alter and move public opinion and to arouse sympathy. This result is not needed when any reform in the management of insane asylums is concerned. The thing is to have the wrongs and abuses described here clearly proved, and to create a special channel for the energies of those who hate evil and evil-workers. The story is, however, sufficiently well told to rouse horror and pain in the most dormant and to stir the liveliest sense of pity.

German novelists seem hardly to supply the demand made upon them by the foreign reader, and since the great harvest reaped when the fresh ground was first broken by the translator, there remain only the gleanings. But "A Hard Heart" is an extremely pleasant and readable story, told with simplicity of purpose and turning on questions of real heart and feeling. The character of Frau Sybilla is forcibly presented: strong and for a time relentless in bearing her own woes and in making others suffer, she at last listens to the voice of

her conscience, and alters the course of things for those she can make happy. There is no doubt of the popularity of these German stories, and it lies, we believe, in their reflection of the simple elementary emotions of human beings. The men are not dilettanti, who play with ideas until they forget the feelings which ought to lie behind them, and the women limit their range of thought to what lies within their reach. Thus their hopes and fears, loves and passions, are certain to offer a pleasing and idyllic effect which is refreshing to the reader after the more elaborate efforts to do and be and suffer made by our *blasé* and aesthetically-minded heroes and heroines.

#### Books Received.

Critical and Exegetical Hand-Book to the Epistle to the Romans. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The Dance of Modern Society. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Repudiation. By George Walton Green. (Economic Tracts, No. 11.) New York: The Society for Political Education.

Stories by American Authors. Vols. I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Relation of Animal Diseases to the Public Health, and their Prevention. By Frank S. Billings, D.V.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Wall Street in History. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Illustrated. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The True Theory of the Sun. By Thomas Bassnett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Six Centuries of Work and Wages: The History of English Labor. By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Studies in History. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Memories of Rufus Choate, with Some Consideration of his Studies, Methods, and Opinions, and of his Style as a Speaker and Writer. By Joseph Neilson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Bacon. By R. W. Church. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Book of New-England Legends and Folk-Lore, in Prose and Poetry. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Sold by subscription only.)



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